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THE POETICAL
WORKS OF JOHN MILTON
IN TWO VOLUMES
VOL. II.

THE

POETICAL WORKS OF

John Milton

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WITH A LIFE OF THE AUTHOR BY

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In Paradiſum amiſſam ſummi poetæ Johannis Miltoni.*

QUI legis Amiſſam Paradiſum, grandia magni
Carmina Miltoni, quid niſi cuncta legis?
Res cunctas, et cunctarum primordia rerum,
Et fata, et fines continet iſte liber.
Intima panduntur magni penetralia mundi;
Scribitur et toto quicquid in orbe latet;
Terræque, tractuſque maris, cœlumque profundum
Sulphureumque Erebi flammivomumque ſpecus;
Quæque colunt terras, portumque et Tartara cæca,
Quæque colunt ſummi lucida regna poli;
Et quodcunque ullis concluſum eſt finibus uſquam,
Et ſine fine Chaos, et ſine fine Deus;
Et ſine fine magis, ſi quid magis eſt ſine fine,
In Chriſto erga homines conciliatus amor.
Hæc qui ſperaret quis crederet eſſe futurum?
Et tamen hæc hodie terra Britanna legit.
O quantos in bella duces! quæ protulit arma!
Quæ canit, et quanta, prælia dira tuba.
Cœleſtes acies! atque in certamine cœlum!
Et quæ cœleſtes pugna deceret agros!
Quantus in ætheriis tollit ſe Lucifer armis,
Atque ipſo graditur vix Michaele minor!
Quantis, et quam funeſtis concurritur iris
Dum ferus hic ſtellas protegit, ille rapit!
Dum vulſos montes ceu tela reciproca torquent,
Et non mortali deſuper igne pluunt:
Stat dubius cui ſe parti concedat Olympus,
Et metuit pugnæ non ſupereſſe ſuæ,
At ſimul in cœlis Meſſiæ inſignia fulgent,
Et currus animes, armaque digna Deo,
Horrendumque rotæ ſtrident, et ſæva rotarum
Erumpunt torvis fulgura luminibus,
Et flammæ vibrant, et vera tonitrua rauco
Admiſtis flammis inſonuere Polo,
Excidit attonitis mens omnis, et impetus omnis
Et caſſis dextris irrita tela cadunt.

* Publiſhed with the ſecond edition of Paradiſe Loſt, in 1674.

Ad pœnas fugiunt, et ceu foret Orcus aſylum
Infernis certant condere ſe tenebris.
Cedite Romani ſcriptores, cedite Graii
Et quos fama recens vel celebravit anus.
Hæc quicunque leget tantum ceciniſſe putabit
Mæonidem ranas, Virgilium culices.

SAMUEL BARROW, M. D.

ON PARADISE LOST.

WHEN I beheld the poet blind, yet bold,
In ſlender book his vaſt deſign unfold,
Meſſiah crown'd, God's reconcil'd decree,
Rebelling angels, the forbidden tree,
Heav'n, hell, earth, chaos, all; the argument
Held me awhile miſdoubting his intent,
That he would ruine (for I ſaw him ſtrong)
The ſacred truths to Fable and old ſong
(So Sampſon grop'd the temple's poſts in ſpite)
The world o'erwhelming to revenge his ſight.
Yet as I read, ſoon growing leſs ſevere,
I lik'd his project, the ſucceſs did fear;
Through that wide field how he his way ſhould find
O'er which lame faith leads underſtanding blind;
Leſt he perplex'd the things he would explain,
And what was eaſy he ſhould render vain.
Or if a work ſo infinite he ſpann'd,
Jealous I was that ſome leſs ſkilful hand
(Such as diſquiet always what is well,
And by ill imitating would excel)
Might hence preſume the whole creation's day
To change in ſcenes, and ſhow it in a play.
Pardon me, mighty poet, nor deſpiſe
My cauſeleſs, yet not impious, ſurmiſe.
But I am now convinc'd, and none will dare
Within thy labours to pretend a ſhare.
Thou haſt not miſs'd one thought that could be fit,
And all that was improper doſt omit:
So that no room is here for writers left,
But to detect their ignorance or theft.
That majeſty which through thy work doth reign
Draws the devout, deterring the profane.

And things divine thou treat'ſt of in ſuch ſtate
As them preſerves, and thee, inviolate.
At once delight and horror on us ſeize,
Thou ſing'ſt with ſo much gravity and eaſe,
And above human flight doſt ſoar aloft
With plume ſo ſtrong, ſo equal, and ſo ſoft.
The bird nam'd from that paradiſe you ſing
So never flags, but always keeps on wing.
Where could'ſt thou words of ſuch a compaſs find?
Whence furniſh ſuch a vaſt expanſe of mind?
Juſt heav'n thee like Tireſias to requite
Rewards with prophecy thy loſs of ſight.
Well mighteſt thou ſcorn thy readers to allure
With tinkling rhyme, of thy own ſenſe ſecure;
While the town-bayes writes all the while and ſpells,
And like a pack-horſe tires without his bells:
Their fancies like our buſhy points appear,
The poets tag them, we for faſhion wear.
I too tranſported by the mode offend,
And while I meant to praiſe thee muſt commend.*
Thy verſe created like thy theme ſublime,
In number, weight, and meaſure, needs not rhyme.

ANDREW MARVEL.

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* See note in *Life*, p. cvii.

"THE VERSE."

"THE meaſure is Engliſh Heroic Verſe, without Rime, as that of Homer in Greek, and of Virgil in Latin; Rime being no neceſſary Adjunct or true Ornament of Poem or good Verſe, in longer Works eſpecially, but the Invention of a barbarous Age, to ſet off wretched matter and lame Meeter; grac't indeed ſince by the uſe of ſome famous modern Poets, carried away by Cuſtom, but much to thir own vexation, hindrance, and conſtraint, to expreſs many things otherwiſe, and for the moſt part worſe then elſe they would have expreſt them. Not without cauſe, therefore, ſome both Italian and Spaniſh Poets of prime note, have rejected Rime both in longer and ſhorter Works, as have alſo, long ſince, our beſt Engliſh Tragedies, as a thing of itſelf, to all judicious eares, triveal and of no true muſical delight; which conſiſts only in apt Numbers, fit quantity of Syllables, and the ſenſe variouſly drawn out from one verſe into another, not in the jingling ſound of like endings, a fault avoyded by the learned Ancients both in Poetry and all good Oratory. This neglect then of Rime, ſo little is to be taken for a defect, though it may ſeem ſo perhaps to vulgar readers, that it rather is to be eſteem'd an example ſet, the firſt in Engliſh, of ancient liberty recover'd to Heroic Poem from the troubleſom and modern bondage of Rimeing."

PARADISE LOST.

A POEM

IN TWELVE BOOKS.

PARADISE LOST.

BOOK I. THE ARGUMENT.

THE firſt Book propoſes, firſt in brief, the whole Subject, *Mans diſobedience, and the loſs thereupon of Paradiſe wherein he was plac't:* Then touches *the prime cauſe of his fall, the Serpent, or rather* Satan *in the Serpent; who revolting from God, and drawing to his ſide many Legions of Angels, was by the command of God driven out of Heaven with all his Crew into the great Deep.* Which action paſt over, the Poem haſts into the midſt of things, preſenting *Satan with his Angels now fallen into Hell,* deſcrib'd here, *not in the Center* (for Heaven and Earth may be ſuppos'd as yet not made, certainly not yet accurſt) *but in a place of utter darkneſs, fitlieſt call'd* Chaos: *Here* Satan *with his Angels lying on the burning Lake, thunder-ſtruck and aſtoniſht, after a certain ſpace recovers, as from confuſion, calls up him who next in Order and Dignity lay by him; they confer of thir miſerable fall.* Satan *awakens all his Legions, who lay till then in the ſame manner confounded; They riſe, thir Numbers, array of Battel, thir chief Leaders nam'd, according to the Idols known afterwards in* Canaan *and the Countries adjoyning. To theſe* Satan *directs his Speech, comforts them with hope yet of regaining Heaven, but tells them laſtly of a new World and new kind of Creature to be created, according to an ancient Propheſie or report in Heaven;* for that Angels were long before this viſible Creation, was the opinion of many ancient Fathers. *To find out the truth of this Propheſie, and what to determin thereon he refers to a full Councel. What his Aſſociates thence attempt.* Pandemonium *the Palace of* Satan *riſes, ſuddenly built out of the Deep: The infernal Peers there ſit in Councel.*

BOOK II. THE ARGUMENT.

THE Conſultation begun, Satan *debates whether another Battel be to be hazarded for the recovery of Heaven: ſome adviſe it, others diſſuade: A third propoſal is prefer'd, mention'd before by* Satan, *to ſearch the truth of that Propheſie or Tradition in Heaven concerning another world, and another kind of creature equal or not much inferiour to themſelves, about this time to be created: Thir doubt who ſhall be ſent on this difficult ſearch:* Satan *thir chief undertakes alone the voyage, is honourd and applauded. The Councel thus ended, the reſt betake them ſeveral wayes and to ſeveral imployments, as thir inclinations lead them, to entertain the time till* Satan *return. He paſſes on his Journey to Hell Gates, finds them ſhut, and who ſat there to guard them, by whom at length they are op'nd, and diſcover to him the great Gulf between Hell and Heaven; with what difficulty he paſſes through, directed by* Chaos, *the Power of that place, to the ſight of this new World which he ſought.*

BOOK III. THE ARGUMENT.

GOD ſitting on his Throne ſees Satan *flying towards this world, then newly created; ſhews him to the Son who ſat at his right hand; foretells the ſucceſs of* Satan *in perverting mankind; clears his own Juſtice and Wiſdom from all imputation, having created Man free and able enough to have withſtood his Tempter; yet declares his purpoſe of grace towards him, in regard he fell not of his own malice, as did* Satan, *but by him ſeduc't. The Son of God renders praiſes to his Father for the manifeſtation of his gracious purpoſe towards Man; but God again declares, that Grace cannot be extended towards Man without the ſatisfaction of divine Juſtice; Man hath offended the majeſty of God by aſpiring to God-head, and therefore with all his Progeny devoted to death muſt dye, unleſs ſome one can be found ſufficient to anſwer for his offence, and undergo his Puniſhment. The Son of God freely offers himſelf a Ranſome for Man: the Father accepts him, ordains his incar-*

nation, pronounces his exaltation above all Names in Heaven and Earth; commands all the Angels to adore him; they obey, and hymning to thir Harps in full Quire, celebrate the Father and the Son. Meanwhile Satan *alights upon the bare Convex of this Worlds outermoſt Orb; where wandring he firſt finds a place ſince call'd The Lymbo of Vanity; what perſons and things fly up thither; thence comes to the Gate of Heaven, deſcrib'd aſcending by ſtaires, and the waters above the Firmament that flow about it: His paſſage thence to the Orb of the Sun; he finds there* Uriel *the Regient of that Orb, but firſt changes himſelf into the ſhape of a meaner Angel; and pretending a zealous deſire to behold the new Creation and Man whom God had plac't here, inquires of him the place of his habitation, and is directed; alights firſt on Mount* Niphates.

BOOK IV. THE ARGUMENT.

SATAN *now in proſpect of* Eden, *and nigh the place where he muſt now attempt the bold enterprize which he undertook alone againſt God and Man, falls into many doubts with himſelf, and many paſſions, fear, envy, and deſpare; but at length confirms himſelf in evil, journeys on to Paradiſe, whoſe outward proſpect and ſcituation is diſcribed, overleaps the bounds, ſits in the ſhape of a Cormorant on the Tree of life, as higheſt in the Garden to look about him. The Garden deſcrib'd;* Satans *firſt ſight of* Adam *and* Eve; *his wonder at thir excellent form and happy ſtate, but with reſolution to work thir fall; overhears thir diſcourſe, thence gathers that the Tree of knowledge was forbidden them to eat of, under penalty of death; and thereon intends to found his Temptation, by ſeducing them to tranſgreſs: then leaves them a while, to know further of thir ſtate by ſome other means. Meanwhile* Uriel *deſcending on a Sun-beam warns* Gabriel, *who had in charge the Gate of Paradiſe, that ſome evil ſpirit had eſcap'd the Deep, and paſt at Noon by his Sphere in the ſhape of a good Angel down to Paradiſe, diſcovered after by his furious geſtures in the Mount.* Gabriel *promiſes to find him ere morning. Night coming on,* Adam *and* Eve, *diſcourſe of going to thir reſt: thir Bower deſcrib'd; thir Evening worſhip.* Gabriel *drawing forth his Bands of Night-*

watch to walk the round of Paradiſe, appoints two ſtrong Angels to Adams *Bower, leaſt the evill ſpirit ſhould be there doing ſome harm to* Adam *or* Eve *ſleeping; there they find him at the ear of* Eve, *tempting her in a dream, and bring him, though unwilling to* Gabriel; *by whom queſtion'd, he ſcornfully anſwers, prepares reſiſtance, but hinder'd by a Sign from Heaven, flies out of Paradiſe.*

BOOK V. THE ARGUMENT.

MORNING *approach't,* Eve *relates to* Adam *her troubleſome dream; he likes it not, yet comforts her: They come forth to thir day labours: Thir Morning Hymn at the Door of thir Bower. God to render Man inexcuſable ſends* Raphael *to admoniſh him of his obedience, of his free eſtate, of his enemy near at hand; who he is, and why his enemy, and whatever elſe may avail* Adam *to know.* Raphael *comes down to Paradiſe, his appearance deſcrib'd, his coming diſcern'd by* Adam *afar off, ſitting at the door of his Bower; he goes out to meet him, brings him to his lodge, entertains him with the choyceſt fruits of Paradiſe got together by* Eve; *thir diſcourſe at Table:* Raphael *performs his meſſage, minds* Adam *of his ſtate and of his enemy; relates at* Adams *requeſt who that enemy is, and how he came to be ſo, beginning from his firſt revolt in Heaven, and the occaſion thereof; how he drew his Legions after him to the parts of the North, and there incited them to rebel with him, perſwading all but only* Abdiel *a Seraph, who in Argument diſwades and oppoſes him, then forſakes him.*

BOOK VI. THE ARGUMENT.

RAPHAEL *continues to relate how* Michael *and* Gabriel *were ſent forth to battel againſt* Satan *and his Angels. The firſt Fight deſcrib'd:* Satan *and his Powers retire under Night: He calls a Councel, invents deviliſh Engines, which in the ſecond dayes Fight put* Michael *and his Angels to ſome diſorder; but they at length pulling up Mountains overwhelm'd both the force and Machins of* Satan: *Yet the Tumult not ſo ending, God on the third*

day ſends Meſſiah *his Son, for whom he had reſerv'd the glory of that Victory: Hee in the Power of his Father coming to the place, and cauſing all his Legions to ſtand ſtill on either ſide, with his Chariot and Thunder driving into the midſt of his Enemies, purſues them unable to reſiſt towards the wall of Heaven; which opening, they leap down with horrour and confuſion into the place of puniſhment prepar'd for them in the Deep:* Meſſiah *returns with triumph to his Father.*

BOOK VII. THE ARGUMENT.

RAPHAEL *at the requeſt of* Adam *relates how and wherefore this world was firſt created; that God, after the expelling of* Satan *and his Angels out of Heaven, declar'd his pleaſure to create another World and other Creatures to dwell therein; ſends his Son with Glory and attendance of Angels to perform the work of Creation in ſix dayes: the Angels celebrate with Hymns the performance thereof, and his reaſcention into Heaven.*

BOOK VIII. THE ARGUMENT.

ADAM *inquires concerning celeſtial Motions, is doubtfully anſwer'd, and exhorted to ſearch rather things more worthy of knowledg:* Adam *aſſents, and ſtill deſirous to detain* Raphael, *relates to him what he remember'd ſince his own Creation, his placing in Paradiſe, his talk with God concerning ſolitude and fit ſociety, his firſt meeting and Nuptials with* Eve, *his diſcourſe with the Angel thereupon; who after admonitions repeated departs.*

BOOK IX. THE ARGUMENT.

SATAN *having compaſt the Earth, with meditated guile returns as a miſt by Night into Paradiſe, enters into the Serpent ſleeping.* Adam *and* Eve *in the Morning go forth to their labours, which* Eve *propoſes to divide in ſeveral places, each labouring apart:*

Adam *conſents not, alledging the danger, leſt that Enemy, of whom they were forewarn'd, ſhould attempt her found alone:* Eve *loath to be thought not circumſpect or firm enough, urges her going apart, the rather deſirous to make tryal of her ſtrength;* Adam *at laſt yields: The Serpent finds her alone; his ſubtle approach, firſt gazing, then ſpeaking, with much flattery extolling* Eve *above all other Creatures.* Eve *wondring to hear the Serpent ſpeak, aſks how he attain'd to human ſpeech and ſuch underſtanding not till now; the Serpent anſwers, that by taſting of a certain Tree in the Garden he attain'd both to Speech and Reaſon, till then void of both:* Eve *requires him to bring her to that Tree, and finds it to be the Tree of Knowledge forbidden: The Serpent now grown bolder, with many wiles and arguments induces her at length to eat; ſhe pleas'd with the taſte deliberates awhile whether to impart thereof to* Adam *or not, at laſt brings him of the Fruit, relates what perſwaded her to eat thereof:* Adam *at firſt amaz'd, but perceiving her loſt, reſolves through vehemence of love to periſh with her; and extenuating the treſpaſs, eats alſo of the Fruit: The Effects thereof in them both; they ſeek to cover thir nakedneſs; then fall to variance and accuſation of one another.*

BOOK X. THE ARGUMENT.

MANS *tranſgreſſion known, the Guardian Angels forſake Paradiſe, and return up to Heaven to approve thir vigilance, and are approv'd, God declaring that The entrance of* Satan *could not be by them prevented. He ſends his Son to judge the Tranſgreſſors, who deſcends and gives Sentence accordingly; then in pity cloaths them both, and reaſcends.* Sin *and* Death *ſitting till then at the Gates of Hell, by wondrous ſympathie feeling the ſucceſs of* Satan *in this new World, and the ſin by Man there committed, reſolve to ſit no longer confin'd in Hell, but to follow* Satan *their Sire up to the place of Man: To make the way eaſier from Hell to this World to and fro, they pave a broad Highway or Bridge over* Chaos, *according to the Track that* Satan *firſt made; then preparing for Earth, they meet him proud of his ſucceſs returning to Hell; their mutual gratulation.* Satan *arrives at* Pandemo-

nium, *in full of aſſembly relates with boaſting his ſucceſs againſt Man; inſtead of applauſe is entertained with a general hiſs by all his audience, transform'd with himſelf alſo ſuddenly into Serpents, according to his doom giv'n in Paradiſe; then deluded with a ſhew of the forbidden Tree ſpringing up before them, they greedily reaching to take of the Fruit, chew duſt and bitter aſhes. The proceedings of* Sin *and* Death; *God foretels the final Victory of his Son over them, and the renewing of all things; but for the preſent commands his Angels to make ſeveral alterations in the Heavens and Elements.* Adam *more and more perceiving his fall'n condition heavily bewailes, rejects the condolement of* Eve; *ſhe perſiſts and at length appeaſes him: then to evade the Curſe likely to fall on thir Ofspring, propoſes to* Adam *violent wayes, which he approves not, but conceiving better hope, puts her in mind of the late Promiſe made them, that her Seed ſhould be reveng'd on the Serpent, and exhorts her with him to ſeek Peace of the offended Deity, by repentance and ſupplication.*

BOOK XI. THE ARGUMENT.

THE Son of God preſents to his Father the Prayers of our firſt Parents now repenting, and intercedes for them: God accepts them, but declares that they muſt no longer abide in Paradiſe; ſends Michael *with a Band of Cherubim to diſpoſſeſs them; but firſt to reveal to* Adam *future things:* Michaels *coming down.* Adam *ſhews to* Eve *certain ominous ſigns; he diſcerns* Michaels *approach, goes out to meet him: the Angel denounces thir departure.* Eve's *Lamentation.* Adam *pleads, but ſubmits: The Angel leads him up to a high Hill, ſets before him in viſion what ſhall happ'n till the Flood.*

BOOK XII. THE ARGUMENT.

THE Angel Michael *continues from the Flood to relate what ſhall ſucceed; then, in the mention of* Abraham, *comes by degrees to explain, who that Seed of the Woman ſhall be, which was promiſed* Adam *and* Eve *in the Fall; his Incarnation, Death,*

Reſurrection, and Aſcention; the ſtate of the Church till his ſecond Coming. Adam *greatly ſatisfied and recomforted by theſe Relations and Promiſes deſcends the Hill with* Michael; *wakens* Eve, *who all this while had ſlept, but with gentle dreams compos'd to quietneſs of mind and ſubmiſſion.* Michael *in either hand leads them out of Paradiſe, the fiery Sword waving behind them, and the Cherubim taking thir Stations to guard the Place.*

PARADISE LOST.

A POEM

IN TWELVE BOOKS.

A

Paradiſe Loſt.

BOOK I.

OF Mans Firſt Diſobedience, and the Fruit
Of that Forbidden Tree, whoſe mortal taſt
Brought Death into the World, and all our woe,
With loſs of *Eden*, till one greater Man
Reſtore us, and regain the bliſsful Seat,
Sing Heav'nly Muſe, that on the ſecret top
Of *Oreb*, or of *Sinai*, didſt inſpire
That Shepherd, who firſt taught the choſen Seed,
In the Beginning how the Heav'ns and Earth
Roſe out of *Chaos:* or if *Sion* Hill
Delight thee more, and *Siloa's* Brook that flow'd
Faſt by the Oracle of God; I thence
Invoke thy aid to my adventrous Song,
That with no middle flight intends to ſoar
Above th' *Aonian* Mount, while it purſues
Things unattempted yet in Proſe or Rhime.
And chiefly Thou O Spirit, that doſt prefer
Before all Temples th' upright heart and pure,

Inſtruct me, for Thou know'ſt; Thou from the firſt
Waſt preſent, and with mighty wings outſpread
Dove-like ſatſt brooding on the vaſt Abyſs
And mad'ſt it pregnant: What in me is dark
Illumine, what is low raiſe and ſupport;
That to the highth of this great Argument
I may aſſert Eternal Providence,
And juſtifie the wayes of God to men.

Say firſt, for Heav'n hides nothing from thy view
Nor the deep Tract of Hell, ſay firſt what cauſe
Mov'd our Grand Parents in that happy State,
Favour'd of Heav'n ſo highly, to fall off
From their Creator, and tranſgreſs his Will
For one reſtraint, Lords of the World beſides?
Who firſt ſeduc'd them to that fowl revolt?
Th' infernal Serpent; he it was, whoſe guile
Stird up with Envy and Revenge, deceiv'd
The Mother of Mankinde, what time his Pride
Had caſt him out from Heav'n, with all his Hoſt
Of Rebel Angels, by whoſe aid aſpiring
To ſet himſelf in Glory above his Peers,
He truſted to have equal'd the moſt High,
If he oppos'd; and with ambitious aim
Againſt the Throne and Monarchy of God
Rais'd impious War in Heav'n and Battel proud
With vain attempt. Him the Almighty Power
Hurld headlong flaming from th' Ethereal Skie
With hideous ruine and combuſtion down
To bottomleſs perdition, there to dwell
In Adamantine Chains and penal Fire,
Who durſt defie th' Omnipotent to Arms.
Nine times the Space that meaſures Day and Night

To mortal men, he with his horrid crew
Lay vanquiſht, rowling in the fiery Gulfe
Confounded though immortal: But his doom
Reſerv'd him to more wrath; for now the thought
Both of loſt happineſs and laſting pain
Torments him; round he throws his baleful eyes
That witneſs'd huge affliction and diſmay
Mixt with obdurate pride and ſtedfaſt hate:
At once as far as Angels kenn he views
The diſmal Situation waſte and wilde,
A Dungeon horrible, on all ſides round
As one great Furnace flam'd, yet from thoſe flames
No light, but rather darkneſs viſible
Serv'd only to diſcover ſights of woe,
Regions of ſorrow, doleful ſhades, where peace
And reſt can never dwell, hope never comes
That comes to all; but torture without end
Still urges, and a fiery Deluge, fed
With ever-burning Sulphur unconſum'd:
Such place Eternal Juſtice had prepar'd
For thoſe rebellious, here their Priſon ordain'd
In utter darkneſs, and their portion ſet
As far remov'd from God and light of Heav'n
As from the Center thrice to th' utmoſt Pole.
O how unlike the place from whence they fell!
There the companions of his fall, o'rewhelm'd
With Floods and Whirlwinds of tempeſtuous fire,
He ſoon diſcerns, and weltring by his ſide
One next himſelf in power, and next in crime,
Long after known in *Paleſtine*, and nam'd
Beëlzebub. To whom th' Arch-Enemy,
And thence in Heav'n call'd Satan, with bold words

Breaking the horrid ſilence thus began.
If thou beeſt he; But O how fall'n! how chang'd
From him, who in the happy Realms of Light
Cloth'd with tranſcendent brightnes didſt outſhine
Myriads though bright: If he whom mutual league,
United thoughts and counſels, equal hope,
And hazard in the Glorious Enterprize,
Joynd with me once, now miſery hath joynd
In equal ruin: into what Pit thou ſeeſt
From what highth fal'n, ſo much the ſtronger provd
He with his Thunder: and till then who knew
The force of thoſe dire Arms? yet not for thoſe
Nor what the Potent Victor in his rage
Can elſe inflict do I repent or change,
Though chang'd in outward luſtre; that fixt mind
And high diſdain, from ſence of injur'd merit,
That with the mightieſt rais'd me to contend,
And to the fierce contention brought along
Innumerable force of Spirits arm'd
That durſt diſlike his reign, and me preferring,
His utmoſt power with adverſe power oppos'd
In dubious Battel on the Plains of Heav'n,
And ſhook his throne. What though the field be loſt?
All is not loſt; the unconquerable Will,
And ſtudy of revenge, immortal hate,
And courage never to ſubmit or yield:
And what is elſe not to be overcome?
That Glory never ſhall his wrath or might
Extort from me. To bow and ſue for grace
With ſuppliant knee, and deifie his power
Who from the terrour of this Arm ſo late
Doubted his Empire, that were low indeed,

That were an ignominy and ſhame beneath
This downfall; ſince by Fate the ſtrength of Gods
And this Empyreal ſubſtance cannot fail,
Since through experience of this great event
In Arms not worſe, in foreſight much advanc't,
We may with more ſucceſsful hope reſolve
To wage by force or guile eternal Warr
Irreconcileable, to our grand Foe,
Who now triumphs, and in th' exceſs of joy
Sole reigning holds the Tyranny of Heav'n.
So ſpake th' Apoſtate Angel, though in pain,
Vaunting aloud, but rackt with deep deſpare:
And him thus anſwer'd ſoon his bold Compeer.
O Prince, O Chief of many Throned Powers,
That led th' imbattelld Seraphim to Warr
Under thy conduct, and in dreadful deeds
Fearleſs, endanger'd Heav'ns perpetual King;
And put to proof his high Supremacy,
Whether upheld by ſtrength, or Chance, or Fate,
Too well I ſee and rue the dire event,
That with ſad overthrow and foul defeat
Hath loſt us Heav'n, and all this mighty Hoſt
In horrible deſtruction laid thus low,
As far as Gods and Heav'nly Eſſences
Can Periſh: for the mind and ſpirit remains
Invincible, and vigour ſoon returns,
Though all our Glory extinct, and happy ſtate
Here ſwallow'd up in endleſs miſery.
But what if he our Conquerour, (whom I now
Of force believe Almighty, ſince no leſs
Then ſuch could hav orepow'rd ſuch force as ours)
Have left us this our ſpirit and ſtrength intire

Strongly to ſuffer and ſupport our pains,
That we may ſo ſuffice his vengeful ire,
Or do him mightier ſervice as his thralls
By right of Warr, what e're his buſineſs be
Here in the heart of Hell to work in Fire,
Or do his Errands in the gloomy Deep;
What can it then avail though yet we feel
Strength undiminiſht, or eternal being
To undergo eternal puniſhment?
Whereto with ſpeedy words th' Arch-fiend reply'd.
Fall'n Cherube, to be weak is miſerable
Doing or Suffering: but of this be ſure,
To do ought good never will be our taſk,
But ever to do ill our ſole delight,
As being the contrary to his high will
Whom we reſiſt. If then his Providence
Out of our evil ſeek to bring forth good,
Our labour muſt be to pervert that end,
And out of good ſtill to find means of evil;
Which oft times may ſucceed, ſo as perhaps
Shall grieve him, if I fail not, and diſturb
His inmoſt counſels from their deſtind aim.
But ſee the angry Victor hath recall'd
His Miniſters of vengeance and purſuit
Back to the Gates of Heav'n: The Sulphurous Hail
Shot after us in ſtorm, oreblown hath laid
The fiery Surge, that from the Precipice
Of Heav'n receiv'd us falling, and the Thunder,
Wing'd with red Lightning and impetuous rage,
Perhaps hath ſpent his ſhafts, and ceaſes now
To bellow through the vaſt and boundleſs Deep.
Let us not ſlip th' occaſion, whether ſcorn,

Or ſatiate fury yield it from our Foe.
Seeſt thou yon dreary Plain, forlorn and wilde,
The ſeat of deſolation, voyd of light,
Save what the glimmering of theſe livid flames
Caſts pale and dreadful? Thither let us tend
From off the toſſing of theſe fiery waves,
There reſt, if any reſt can harbour there,
And reaſſembling our afflicted Powers,
Conſult how we may henceforth moſt offend
Our Enemy, our own loſs how repair,
How overcome this dire Calamity,
What reinforcement we may gain from Hope,
If not what reſolution from deſpare.

Thus Satan talking to his neereſt Mate
With Head up-lift above the wave, and Eyes
That ſparkling blaz'd, his other Parts beſides
Prone on the Flood, extended long and large
Lay floating many a rood, in bulk as huge
As whom the Fables name of monſtrous ſize,
Titanian, or *Earth-born*, that warr'd on *Jove*,
Briarios or *Typhon*, whom the Den
By ancient *Tarſus* held, or that Sea-beaſt
Leviathan, which God of all his works
Created hugeſt that ſwim th' Ocean ſtream:
Him haply ſlumbring on the *Norway* foam
The Pilot of ſome ſmall night-founder'd Skiff,
Deeming ſome Iſland, oft, as Sea-men tell,
With fixed Anchor in his ſkaly rind
Moors by his ſide under the Lee, while Night
Inveſts the Sea, and wiſhed Morn delayes:
So ſtretcht out huge in length the Arch-fiend lay
Chain'd on the burning Lake, nor ever thence

Had ris'n or heav'd his head, but that the will
And high permiſſion of all-ruling Heaven
Left him at large to his own dark deſigns,
That with reiterated crimes he might
Heap on himſelf damnation, while he ſought
Evil to others, and enrag'd might ſee
How all his malice ſerv'd but to bring forth
Infinite goodneſs, grace and mercy ſhewn
On Man by him ſeduc't, but on himſelf
Treble confuſion, wrath and vengeance pour'd.
Forthwith upright he rears from off the Pool
His mighty Stature; on each hand the flames
Drivn backward ſlope their pointing ſpires, & rowld
In billows, leave i'th' midſt a horrid Vale.
Then with expanded wings he ſtears his flight
Aloft, incumbent on the duſky Air
That felt unuſual weight, till on dry Land
He lights, if it were Land that ever burn'd
With ſolid, as the Lake with liquid fire;
And ſuch appear'd in hue, as when the force
Of ſubterranean wind tranſports a Hill
Torn from *Pelorus*, or the ſhatter'd ſide
Of thundring *Ætna*, whoſe combuſtible
And fewel'd entrals thence conceiving Fire,
Sublim'd with Mineral fury, aid the Winds,
And leave a ſinged bottom all involv'd
With ſtench and ſmoak: Such reſting found the ſole
Of unbleſt feet. Him followed his next Mate,
Both glorying to have ſcap't the *Stygian* flood
As Gods, and by their own recover'd ſtrength,
Not by the ſufferance of ſupernal Power.

Is this the Region, this the Soil, the Clime,

Said then the loſt Arch Angel, this the ſeat
That we muſt change for Heav'n, this mournful
For that celeſtial light? Be it ſo, ſince hee [gloom
Who now is Sovran can diſpoſe and bid
What ſhall be right: fardeſt from him is beſt
Whom reaſon hath equald, force hath made ſupream
Above his equals. Farewel happy Fields
Where Joy for ever dwells: Hail horrours, hail
Infernal world, and thou profoundeſt Hell
Receive thy new Poſſeſſor: One who brings
A mind not to be chang'd by Place or Time.
The mind is its own place, and in it ſelf
Can make a Heav'n of Hell, a Hell of Heav'n.
What matter where, if I be ſtill the ſame,
And what I ſhould be, all but leſs then hee
Whom Thunder hath made greater? Here at leaſt
We ſhall be free; th' Almighty hath not built
Here for his envy, will not drive us hence:
Here we may reign ſecure, and in my choyce
To reign is worth ambition though in Hell:
Better to reign in Hell, than ſerve in Heav'n.
But wherefore let we then our faithful friends,
Th' aſſociates and copartners of our loſs
Lye thus aſtoniſht on th' oblivious Pool,
And call them not to ſhare with us their part
In this unhappy Manſion, or once more
With rallied Arms to try what may be yet
Regaind in Heav'n, or what more loſt in Hell?
So *Satan* ſpake, and him *Bëëlzebub*
Thus anſwer'd. Leader of thoſe Armies bright,
Which but th' Omnipotent none could have foyld,
If once they hear that voyce, their livelieſt pledge

Of hope in fears and dangers, heard ſo oft
In worſt extreams, and on the perilous edge
Of battel when it rag'd, in all aſſaults
Their ſureſt ſignal, they will ſoon reſume
New courage and revive, though now they lye
Groveling and proſtrate on yon Lake of Fire,
As we erewhile, aſtounded and amaz'd,
No wonder, fall'n ſuch a pernicious highth.
He ſcarce had ceas't when the ſuperiour Fiend
Was moving toward the ſhore; his ponderous ſhield
Ethereal temper, maſſy, large and round,
Behind him caſt; the broad circumference
Hung on his ſhoulders like the Moon, whoſe Orb
Through Optic Glaſs the *Tuſcan* Artiſt views
At Ev'ning from the top of *Feſale*,
Or in *Valdarno*, to deſcry new Lands,
Rivers or Mountains in her ſpotty Globe.
His Spear, to equal which the talleſt Pine
Hewn on *Norwegian* hills, to be the Maſt
Of ſome great Ammiral, were but a wand,
He walkt with to ſupport uneaſie ſteps
Over the burning Marle, not like thoſe ſteps
On Heavens Azure, and the torrid Clime
Smote on him ſore beſides, vaulted with Fire;
Nathleſs he ſo endur'd, till on the Beach
Of that inflamed Sea, he ſtood and call'd
His Legions, Angel Forms, who lay intrans't
Thick as Autumnal Leaves that ſtrow the Brooks
In *Vallombroſa*, where th' *Etrurian* ſhades
High overarch't imbowr; or ſcatterd ſedge
Afloat, when with fierce Winds *Orion* arm'd
Hath vext the Red-Sea Coaſt, whoſe waves ore-
threw

Buſiris and his *Memphian* Chivalrie,
While with perfidious hatred they purſu'd
The Sojourners of *Goſhen*, who beheld
From the ſafe ſhore their floating Carkaſes
And broken Chariot Wheels, ſo thick beſtrown
Abject and loſt lay theſe, covering the Flood,
Under amazement of their hideous change.
He call'd ſo loud, that all the hollow Deep
Of Hell reſounded. Princes, Potentates,
Warriers, the Flowr of Heav'n, once yours, now loſt,
If ſuch aſtoniſhment as this can ſieze
Eternal ſpirits; or have ye chos'n this place
After the toyl of Battel to repoſe
Your wearied vertue, for the eaſe you find
To ſlumber here, as in the Vales of Heav'n?
Or in this abject poſture have ye ſworn
To adore the Conquerour? who now beholds
Cherube and Seraph rowling in the Flood
With ſcatter'd Arms and Enſigns, till anon
His ſwift purſuers from Heav'n Gates diſcern
Th' advantage, and deſcending tread us down
Thus drooping, or with linked Thunderbolts
Transfix us to the bottom of this Gulfe.
Awake, ariſe, or be for ever fall'n.

They heard, and were abaſht, and up they ſprung
Upon the wing, as when men wont to watch
On duty, ſleeping found by whom they dread,
Rouſe and beſtir themſelves ere well awake.
Nor did they not perceave the evil plight
In which they were, or the fierce pains not feel;
Yet to their Generals Voyce they ſoon obeyd
Innumerable. As when the potent Rod

Of *Amrams* Son in *Egypts* evill day
Wav'd round the Coaſt, up call'd a pitchy cloud
Of *Locuſts*, warping on the Eaſtern Wind,
That ore the Realm of impious *Pharaoh* hung
Like Night, and darken'd all the Land of *Nile*:
So numberleſs were thoſe bad Angels ſeen
Hovering on wing under the Cope of Hell
'Twixt upper, nether, and ſurrounding Fires;
Till, as a ſignal giv'n, th' uplifted Spear
Of their great Sultan waving to direct
Thir courſe, in even ballance down they light
On the firm brimſtone, and fill all the Plain;
A multitude, like which the populous North
Pour'd never from her frozen loyns, to paſs
Rhene or the *Danaw*, when her barbarous Sons
Came like a Deluge on the South, and ſpread
Beneath *Gibraltar* to the *Lybian* ſands.
Forthwith from every Squadron and each Band
The Heads and Leaders thither haſt where ſtood
Their great Commander; Godlike ſhapes and forms
Excelling human, Princely Dignities,
And Powers that earſt in Heaven ſat on Thrones;
Though of their Names in heav'nly Records now
Be no memorial, blotted out and ras'd
By thir Rebellion, from the Books of Life.
Nor had they yet among the Sons of *Eve*
Got them new Names, till wandring ore the Earth,
Through Gods high ſufferance for the tryal of man,
By falſities and lyes the greateſt part
Of Mankind they corrupted to forſake
God their Creator, and th' inviſible
Glory of him, that made them, to transform

Oft to the Image of a Brute, adorn'd
With gay Religions full of Pomp and Gold,
And Devils to adore for Deities:
Then were they known to men by various Names,
And various Idols through the Heathen World.
Say, Muſe, their Names then known, who firſt, who laſt,
Rous'd from the ſlumber, on that fiery Couch,
At thir great Emperors call, as next in worth
Came ſingly where he ſtood on the bare ſtrand,
While the promiſcuous croud ſtood yet aloof?
The chief were thoſe who from the Pit of Hell
Roaming to ſeek their prey on earth, durſt fix
Their Seats long after next the Seat of God,
Their Altars by his Altar, Gods ador'd
Among the Nations round, and durſt abide
Jehovah thundring out of *Sion*, thron'd
Between the Cherubim; yea, often plac'd
Within his Sanctuary it ſelf their Shrines,
Abominations; and with curſed things
His holy Rites, and ſolemn Feaſts profan'd,
And with their darkneſs durſt affront his light.
Firſt *Moloch*, horrid King beſmear'd with blood
Of human ſacrifice, and parents tears,
Though for the noyſe of Drums and Timbrels loud
Their childrens cries unheard, that paſt through fire
To his grim Idol. Him the *Ammonite*
Worſhipt in *Rabba* and her watry Plain,
In *Argob* and in *Baſan*, to the ſtream
Of utmoſt *Arnon*. Nor content with ſuch
Audacious neighbourhood, the wiſeſt heart
Of *Solomon* he led by fraud to build

His Temple right againſt the Temple of God
On that opprobrious Hill, and made his Grove
The pleaſant Vally of *Hinnom*, *Tophet* thence
And black *Gehenna* call'd, the Type of Hell.
Next *Chemos*, th' obſcene dread of *Moabs* Sons,
From *Aroer* to *Nebo*, and the wild
Of Southmoſt *Abarim*; in *Heſebon*
And *Horonaim*, *Seons* Realm, beyond
The flowry Dale of *Sibma* clad with Vines,
And *Eleale* to th' *Aſphaltick* Pool.
Peor his other Name, when he entic'd
Iſrael in *Sittim* on their march from *Nile*
To do him wanton rites, which coſt them woe.
Yet thence his luſtful Orgies he enlarg'd
Even to that Hill of ſcandal, by the Grove
Of *Moloch* homicide, luſt hard by hate;
Till good *Joſiah* drove them thence to Hell.
With theſe came they, who from the bordring flood
Of old *Euphrates* to the Brook that parts
Egypt from *Syrian* ground, had general Names
Of *Baalim* and *Aſhtaroth*, thoſe male,
Theſe Feminine. For Spirits when they pleaſe
Can either Sex aſſume, or both; ſo ſoft
And uncompounded is their Eſſence pure,
Not ti'd or manacl'd with joynt or limb,
Nor founded on the brittle ſtrength of bones,
Like cumbrous fleſh; but in what ſhape they chooſe
Dilated or condens't, bright or obſcure,
Can execute their aerie purpoſes,
And works of love or enmity fulfill.
For thoſe the Race of *Iſrael* oft forſook
Their living ſtrength, and unfrequented left

His righteous Altar, bowing lowly down
To beſtial Gods; for which their heads as low
Bow'd down in Battel, ſunk before the Spear
Of deſpicable foes. With theſe in troop
Came *Aſtoreth*, whom the *Phœnicians* call'd
Aſtarte, Queen of Heav'n, with creſcent Horns;
To whoſe bright Image nightly by the Moon
Sidonian Virgins paid their Vows and Songs,
In *Sion* alſo not unſung, where ſtood
Her Temple on th' offenſive Mountain, built
By that uxorious King, whoſe heart though large,
Beguil'd by fair Idolatreſſes, fell
To Idols foul. *Thammuz* came next behind,
Whoſe annual wound in *Lebanon* allur'd
The *Syrian* Damſels to lament his fate
In amorous dittyes all a Summers day,
While ſmooth *Adonis* from his native Rock
Ran purple to the Sea, ſuppos'd with blood
Of *Thammuz* yearly wounded: the Love-tale
Infected *Sions* daughters with like heat,
Whoſe wanton paſſions in the ſacred Porch
Ezekiel ſaw, when by the Viſion led
His eye ſurvay'd the dark Idolatries
Of alienated *Judah*. Next came one
Who mourn'd in earneſt, when the Captive Ark
Maim'd his brute Image, head and hands lopt off
In his own Temple, on the grunſel edge,
Where he fell flat, and ſham'd his Worſhipers:
Dagon his Name, Sea Monſter, upward Man

[451] *Ran purple*] "Occaſioned doubtleſs by a ſort of minium or red earth waſhed into the river by the violence of the rain." See *Maundrell's* Travels, p. 34.

And downward Fiſh: yet had his Temple high
Rear'd in *Azotus*, dreaded through the Coaſt
Of *Paleſtine*, in *Gath* and *Aſcalon*,
And *Accaron* and *Gazas* frontier bounds.
Him follow'd *Rimmon*, whoſe delightful Seat
Was fair *Damaſcus*, on the fertil Banks
Of *Abbana* and *Pharphar*, lucid ſtreams.
He alſo againſt the houſe of God was bold:
A Leper once he loſt and gain'd a King,
Ahaz his ſottiſh Conquerour, whom he drew
Gods Altar to diſparage and diſplace
For one of *Syrian* mode, whereon to burn
His odious offrings, and adore the Gods
Whom he had vanquiſht. After theſe appear'd
A crew who under Names of old Renown,
Oſiris, *Iſis*, *Orus* and their Train
With monſtrous ſhapes and ſorceries abus'd
Fanatic *Egypt* and her Prieſts, to ſeek
Thir wandring Gods diſguis'd in brutiſh forms
Rather then human. Nor did *Iſrael* ſcape
Th' infection when their borrow'd Gold compos'd
The Calf in *Oreb*: and the Rebel King
Doubl'd that ſin in *Bethel* and in *Dan*,
Lik'ning his Maker to the Grazed Ox,
Jehovah, who in one Night when he paſs'd
From *Egypt* marching, equal'd with one ſtroke
Both her firſt born and all her bleating Gods.
Belial came laſt, then whom a Spirit more lewd
Fell not from Heaven, or more groſs to love
Vice for it ſelf: To him no Temple ſtood
Or Altar ſmoak'd; yet who more oft then hee
In Temples and at Altars, when the Prieſt

Turns Atheiſt, as did *Elys* Sons, who fill'd
With luſt and violence the houſe of God.
In Courts and Palaces he alſo Reigns
And in luxurious Cities, where the noyſe
Of riot aſcends above thir loftieſt Towrs,
And injury and outrage: And when Night
Darkens the Streets, then wander forth the Sons
Of *Belial*, flown with inſolence and wine.
Witneſs the Streets of *Sodom*, and that night
In *Gibeah*, when hoſpitable Dores
Yielded thir Matrons to prevent worſe rape.
Theſe were the prime in order and in might;
The reſt were long to tell, though far renown'd,
Th' *Ionian* Gods, of *Javans* Iſſue held
Gods, yet confeſt later then Heav'n and Earth
Thir boaſted Parents; *Titan* Heav'ns firſt born
With his enormous brood, and birthright ſeis'd
By younger *Saturn*, he from mightier *Jove*
His own and *Rheas* Son like meaſure found;
So *Jove* uſurping reign'd: theſe firſt in *Creet*
And *Ida* known, thence on the Snowy top
Of cold *Olympus* rul'd the middle Air
Thir higheſt Heav'n; or on the *Delphian* Cliff,
Or in *Dodona*, and through all the bounds
Of *Doric* Land; or who with *Saturn* old
Fled over *Adria* to th' *Heſperian* Fields,
And ore the *Celtic* roam'd the utmoſt Iſles.
All theſe and more came flocking; but with looks
Down caſt and damp, yet ſuch wherein appear'd
Obſcure ſom glimps of joy, to have found thir chief
Not in deſpair, to have found themſelves not loſt
In loſs it ſelf; which on his count'nance caſt

Like doubtful hue: but he his wonted pride
Soon recollecting, with high words, that bore
Semblance of worth not ſubſtance, gently rais'd
Their fainted courage, and diſpel'd their fears.
Then ſtrait commands that at the warlike ſound
Of Trumpets loud and Clarions be uprear'd
His mighty Standard; that proud honour claim'd
Azazel as his right, a Cherube tall:
Who forthwith from the glittering Staff unfurld
Th' Imperial Enſign, which full high advanc't
Shon like a Meteor ſtreaming to the Wind
With Gemms and Golden luſtre rich imblaz'd,
Seraphic arms and Trophies: all the while
Sonorous mettal blowing Martial ſounds:
At which the univerſal Hoſt upſent
A ſhout that tore Hells Concave, and beyond
Frighted the Reign of *Chaos* and old Night.
All in a moment through the gloom were ſeen
Ten thouſand Banners riſe into the Air
With Orient Colours waving: with them roſe
A Forreſt huge of Spears: and thronging Helms
Appear'd, and ſerried Shields in thick array
Of depth immeaſurable: Anon they move
In perfect *Phalanx* to the *Dorian* mood
Of Flutes and ſoft Recorders; ſuch as rais'd
To highth of nobleſt temper Heros old
Arming to Battel, and in ſtead of rage
Deliberate valour breath'd, firm and unmov'd
With dread of death to flight or foul retreat,
Nor wanting power to mitigate and ſwage
With ſolemn touches, troubl'd thoughts, and chaſe
Anguiſh and doubt and fear and ſorrow and pain

From mortal or immortal minds. Thus they
Breathing united force with fixed thought
Mov'd on in ſilence to ſoft Pipes that charm'd
Thir painful ſteps o're the burnt ſoyle; and now
Advanc't in view they ſtand, a horrid Front
Of dreadful length and dazling Arms, in guiſe
Of Warriers old with order'd Spear and Shield,
Awaiting what command thir mighty Chief
Had to impoſe: He through the armed Files
Darts his experienc't eye, and ſoon traverſe
The whole Battalion views, thir order due,
Thir viſages and ſtature as of Gods,
Thir number laſt he ſumms. And now his heart
Diſtends with pride, and hardning in his ſtrength
Glories: For never ſince created man,
Met ſuch imbodied force, as nam'd with theſe
Could merit more then that ſmall infantry
Warr'd on by Cranes: though all the Giant brood
Of *Phlegra* with th' Heroic Race were joyn'd
That fought at *Theb's* and *Ilium*, on each ſide
Mixt with auxiliar Gods; and what reſounds
In Fable or *Romance* of *Uthers* Son
Begirt with *Britiſh* and *Armoric* Knights;
And all who ſince, Baptiz'd or Infidel
Jouſted in *Aſpramont* or *Montalban*,
Damaſco, or *Marocco*, or *Trebiſond*,
Or whom *Biſerta* ſent from *Afric* ſhore
When *Charlemain* with all his Peerage fell
By *Fontarabbia*. Thus far theſe beyond
Compare of mortal proweſs, yet obſerv'd
Thir dread Commander: he above the reſt
In ſhape and geſture proudly eminent

Stood like a Towr; his form had yet not loſt
All her Original brightneſs, nor appear'd
Leſs then Arch Angel ruind, and th' exceſs
Of Glory obſcur'd: As when the Sun new ris'n
Looks through the Horizontal miſty Air
Shorn of his Beams, or from behind the Moon
In dim Eclips diſaſtrous twilight ſheds
On half the Nations, and with fear of change
Perplexes Monarchs. Dark'n'd ſo, yet ſhon
Above them all th' Arch Angel: but his face
Deep ſcars of Thunder had intrencht, and care
Sat on his faded cheek, but under Browes
Of dauntleſs courage, and conſiderate Pride
Waiting revenge: cruel his eye, but caſt
Signs of remorſe and paſſion to behold
The fellows of his crime, the followers rather
(Far other once beheld in bliſs) condemn'd
For ever now to have their lot in pain,
Millions of Spirits for his fault amerc't
Of Heav'n, and from Eternal Splendors flung
For his revolt, yet faithfull how they ſtood,
Thir Glory witherd. As when Heavens Fire
Hath ſcath'd the Forreſt Oaks, or Mountain Pines,
With ſinged top their ſtately growth though bare
Stands on the blaſted Heath. He now prepar'd
To ſpeak; whereat their doubl'd Ranks they bend
From Wing to Wing, and half encloſe him round
With all his Peers: attention held them mute.
Thrice he aſſayd, and thrice in ſpite of ſcorn,
Tears ſuch as Angels weep, burſt forth: at laſt
Words interwove with ſighs found out their way.
O Myriads of immortal Spirits, O Powers

Matchleſs, but with th' Almighty; and that ſtrife
Was not inglorious, though th' event was dire,
As this place teſtifies, and this dire change
Hateful to utter: but what power of mind
Foreſeeing or preſaging, from the Depth
Of knowledge paſt or preſent, could have fear'd,
How ſuch united force of Gods, how ſuch
As ſtood like theſe, could ever know repulſe? 630
For who can yet beleeve, though after loſs,
That all theſe puiſſant Legions, whoſe exile
Hath emptied Heav'n, ſhall faile to re-aſcend
Self-rais'd, and repoſſeſs their native ſeat.
For me, be witneſs all the Hoſt of Heav'n,
If counſels different, or danger ſhun'd
By me, have loſt our hopes. But he who reigns
Monarch in Heav'n, till then as one ſecure
Sat on his Throne, upheld by old repute,
Conſent or cuſtome, and his Regal State 640
Put forth at full, but ſtill his ſtrength conceal'd,
Which tempted our attempt, and wrought our fall.
Henceforth his might we know, and know our own
So as not either to provoke, or dread
New warr, provok't; our better part remains
To work in cloſe deſign, by fraud or guile
What force effected not: that he no leſs
At length from us may find, who overcomes
By force, hath overcome but half his foe. 649
Space may produce new Worlds; whereof ſo rife
There went a fame in Heav'n that he ere long
Intended to create, and therein plant
A generation, whom his choice regard
Should favour equal to the Sons of Heaven:

Thither, if but to prie, ſhall be perhaps
Our firſt eruption, thither or elſewhere:
For this Infernal Pit ſhall never hold
Cæleſtial Spirits in Bondage, nor th' Abyſſe
Long under darkneſs cover. But theſe thoughts
Full Counſel muſt mature: Peace is deſpaird,
For who can think Submiſſion? Warr then, Warr
Open or underſtood muſt be reſolv'd.

He ſpake: and to confirm his words, out-flew
Millions of flaming ſwords, drawn from the thighs
Of mighty Cherubim; the ſudden blaze
Far round illumin'd hell: highly they rag'd
Againſt the Higheſt, and fierce with graſped arms
Claſh'd on their ſounding ſhields the din of war,
Hurling defiance toward the vault of Heav'n.

There ſtood a Hill not far whoſe grieſly top
Belch'd fire and rowling ſmoak; the reſt entire
Shon with a gloſſie ſcurff, undoubted ſign
That in his womb was hid metallic Ore,
The work of Sulphur. Thither wing'd with ſpeed
A numerous Brigad haſten'd. As when bands
Of Pioners with Spade and Pickaxe arm'd
Forerun the Royal Camp, to trench a Field,
Or caſt a Rampart. *Mammon* led them on,
Mammon, the leaſt erected Spirit that fell
From heav'n, for ev'n in heav'n his looks & thoughts
Were always downward bent, admiring more
The riches of Heav'ns pavement, trod'n Gold,
Then aught divine or holy elſe enjoy'd
In viſion beatific: by him firſt
Men alſo, and by his ſuggeſtion taught,
Ranſack'd the Center, and with impious hands

Rifl'd the bowels of thir mother Earth
For Treaſures better hid. Soon had his crew
Op'nd into the Hill a ſpacious wound
And dig'd out ribs of Gold. Let none admire
That riches grow in Hell; that ſoyle may beſt
Deſerve the pretious bane. And here let thoſe
Who boaſt in mortal things, and wondring tell
Of *Babel*, and the works of *Memphian* Kings,
Learn how thir greateſt Monuments of Fame,
And Strength and Art are eaſily outdone
By Spirits reprobate, and in an hour
What in an age they with inceſſant toyle
And hands innumerable ſcarce perform.
Nigh on the Plain in many cells prepar'd,
That underneath had veins of liquid fire
Sluc'd from the Lake, a ſecond multitude
With wondrous Art founded the maſſie Ore,
Severing each kinde, and ſcum'd the Bullion droſs:
A third as ſoon had form'd within the ground
A various mould, and from the boyling cells
By ſtrange conveyance fill'd each hollow nook,
As in an Organ from one blaſt of wind
To many a row of Pipes the ſound-board breaths.
A non out of the earth a Fabrick huge
Roſe like an Exhalation, with the ſound
Of Dulcet Symphonies and voices ſweet,
Built like a Temple, where *Pilaſters* round
Were ſet, and Doric pillars overlaid
With Golden Architrave; nor did there want
Cornice or Freeze, with boſſy Sculptures grav'n,
The Roof was fretted Gold. Not *Babilon*,
Nor great *Alcairo* ſuch magnificence

Equal'd in all thir glories, to inſhrine
Belus or *Serapis* thir Gods, or ſeat
Thir Kings, when *Ægypt* with *Aſſyria* ſtrove
In wealth and luxurie. Th' aſcending pile
Stood fixt her ſtately highth, and ſtrait the dores
Op'ning thir brazen foulds diſcover wide
Within, her ample ſpaces, o're the ſmooth
And level pavement: from the arched roof
Pendant by ſuttle Magic many a row
Of Starry Lamps and blazing Creſſets fed
With *Naphtha* and *Aſphaltus* yeilded light
As from a ſky. The haſty multitude
Admiring enter'd, and the work ſome praiſe
And ſome the Architect: his hand was known
In Heav'n by many a Towred ſtructure high,
Where Scepter'd Angels held thir reſidence,
And ſat as Princes, whom the ſupreme King
Exalted to ſuch power, and gave to rule,
Each in his Herarchie, the Orders bright.
Nor was his name unheard or unador'd
In ancient *Greece*; and in *Auſonian* land
Men call'd him *Mulciber*; and how he fell
From Heav'n, they fabl'd, thrown by angry *Jove*
Sheer o're the Chryſtal Battlements: from Morn
To Noon he fell, from Noon to dewy Eve,
A Summers day; and with the ſetting Sun
Dropt from the Zenith like a falling Star,
On *Lemnos* th' *Ægæan* Ile: thus they relate,
Erring; for he with this rebellious rout
Fell long before; nor aught avail'd him now
To have built in Heav'n high Towrs; nor did he
By all his Engins, but was headlong ſent [ſcape

With his induſtrious crew to build in hell.
Mean while the winged Haralds by command
Of Sovran power, with awful Ceremony
And Trumpets ſound throughout the Hoſt proclaim
A ſolemn Councel forthwith to be held
At *Pandæmonium*, the high Capital
Of Satan and his Peers: thir ſummons call'd
From every Band and ſquared Regiment
By place or choice the worthieſt; they anon
With hunderds and with thouſands trooping came
Attended: all acceſs was throng'd, the Gates
And Porches wide, but chief the ſpacious Hall
(Though like a cover'd field, where Champions bold
Wont ride in arm'd, and at the Soldans chair
Defi'd the beſt of *Panim* chivalry
To mortal combat or carreer with Lance)
Thick ſwarm'd, both on the ground and in the air,
Bruſht with the hiſs of ruſſling wings. As Bees
In ſpring time, when the Sun with Taurus rides,
Poure forth thir populous youth about the Hive
In cluſters; they among freſh dews and flowers
Flie to and fro, or on the ſmoothed Plank,
The ſuburb of thir Straw-built Cittadel,
New rub'd with Baume, expatiate and confer
Thir State affairs. So thick the aerie crowd
Swarm'd and were ſtraitn'd; till the Signal giv'n,
Behold a wonder! they but now who ſeemd
In bigneſs to ſurpaſs Earths Giant Sons
Now leſs then ſmalleſt Dwarfs, in narrow room
Throng numberleſs, like that Pigmean Race
Beyond the *Indian* Mount, or Faerie Elves,
Whoſe midnight Revels, by a Forreſt ſide

Or Fountain ſome belated Peaſant ſees,
Or dreams he ſees, while over head the Moon
Sits Arbitreſs, and neerer to the Earth
Wheels her pale courſe, they on thir mirth & dance
Intent, with jocond Muſic charm his ear;
At once with joy and fear his heart rebounds.
Thus incorporeal Spirits to ſmalleſt forms
Reduc'd thir ſhapes immenſe, and were at large,
Though without number ſtill amidſt the Hall
Of that infernal Court. But far within
And in thir own dimenſions like themſelves
The great Seraphic Lords and Cherubim
In cloſe receſs and ſecret conclave ſat.
A thouſand Demy-Gods on golden ſeats,
Frequent and full. After ſhort ſilence then
And ſummons read, the great conſult began.

The End of the Firſt Book.

Paradiſe Loſt.

BOOK II.

HIGH on a Throne of Royal State, which far
Outſhon the wealth of *Ormus* and of *Ind*,
Or where the gorgeous Eaſt with richeſt hand
Showrs on her Kings *Barbaric* Pearl and Gold,
Satan exalted ſat, by merit rais'd
To that bad eminence; and from deſpair
Thus high uplifted beyond hope, aſpires
Beyond thus high, inſatiate to purſue
Vain Warr with Heav'n, and by ſucceſs untaught
His proud imaginations thus diſplaid.

Powers and Dominions, Deities of Heav'n,
For ſince no deep within her gulf can hold
Immortal vigor, though oppreſt and fall'n,
I give not Heav'n for loſt. From this deſcent
Celeſtial vertues riſing, will appear
More glorious and more dread then from no fall,
And truſt themſelves to fear no ſecond fate:
Mee though juſt right, and the fixt Laws of Heav'n
Did firſt create your Leader, next, free choice,
With what beſides, in Counſel or in Fight,
Hath bin achievd of merit, yet this loſs

Thus farr at leaſt recover'd, hath much more
Eſtabliſht in a ſafe unenvied Throne
Yeilded with full conſent. The happier ſtate
In Heav'n, which follows dignity, might draw
Envy from each inferior; but who here
Will envy whom the higheſt place expoſes
Formoſt to ſtand againſt the Thunderers aime
Your bulwark, and condemns to greateſt ſhare
Of endleſs pain? where there is then no good
For which to ſtrive, no ſtrife can grow up there
From Faction; for none ſure will claim in hell
Precedence, none, whoſe portion is ſo ſmall
Of preſent pain, that with ambitious mind
Will covet more. With this advantage then
To union, and firm Faith, and firm accord,
More then can be in Heav'n, we now return
To claim our juſt inheritance of old,
Surer to proſper then proſperity
Could have aſſur'd us; and by what beſt way,
Whether of open Warr or covert guile,
We now debate; who can adviſe, may ſpeak.

He ceas'd, and next him *Moloc*, Scepter'd King
Stood up, the ſtrongeſt and the fierceſt Spirit
That fought in Heav'n; now fiercer by deſpair:
His truſt was with th' Eternal to be deem'd
Equal in ſtrength, and rather then be leſs
Car'd not to be at all; with that care loſt
Went all his fear: of God, or Hell, or worſe
He reckd not, and theſe words thereafter ſpake.

My ſentence is for open Warr: Of Wiles,
More unexpert, I boaſt not: them let thoſe
Contrive who need, or when they need, not now.

For while they ſit contriving, ſhall the reſt,
Millions that ſtand in Arms, and longing wait
The Signal to aſcend, ſit lingring here
Heav'ns fugitives, and for thir dwelling place
Accept this dark opprobrious Den of ſhame,
The Priſon of his Tyranny who Reigns
By our delay? no, let us rather chooſe
Arm'd with Hell flames and fury all at once
O're Heav'ns high Towrs to force reſiſtleſs way,
Turning our Tortures into horrid Arms
Againſt the Torturer; when to meet the noiſe
Of his Almighty Engin he ſhall hear
Infernal Thunder, and for Lightning ſee
Black fire and horror ſhot with equal rage
Among his Angels; and his Throne it ſelf
Mixt with *Tartarean* Sulphur, and ſtrange fire,
His own invented Torments. But perhaps
The way ſeems difficult and ſteep to ſcale
With upright wing againſt a higher foe.
Let ſuch bethink them, if the ſleepy drench
Of that forgetful Lake benumme not ſtill,
That in our proper motion we aſcend
Up to our native ſeat: deſcent and fall
To us is adverſe. Who but felt of late
When the fierce Foe hung on our brok'n Rear
Inſulting, and purſu'd us through the Deep,
With what compulſion and laborious flight
We ſunk thus low? Th' aſcent is eaſie then;
Th' event is fear'd; ſhould we again provoke
Our ſtronger, ſome worſe way his wrath may find
To our deſtruction: if there be in Hell
Fear to be worſe deſtroy'd: what can be worſe

Then to dwell here, driv'n out from bliſs, condemn'd
In this abhorred deep to utter woe;
Where pain of unextinguiſhable fire
Muſt exerciſe us without hope of end
The Vaſſals of his anger, when the Scourge
Inexorably, and the torturing houre
Calls us to Penance? More deſtroy'd then thus
We ſhould be quite aboliſht and expire.
What fear we then? what doubt we to incenſe
His utmoſt ire? which to the highth enrag'd,
Will either quite conſume us, and reduce
To nothing this eſſential, happier farr
Then miſerable to have eternal being:
Or if our ſubſtance be indeed Divine,
And cannot ceaſe to be, we are at worſt
On this ſide nothing; and by proof we feel
Our power ſufficient to diſturb his Heav'n,
And with perpetual inrodes to Allarme,
Though inacceſſible, his fatal Throne:
Which if not Victory is yet Revenge.
He ended frowning, and his look denounc'd
Deſperate revenge, and Battel dangerous
To leſs then Gods. On th' other ſide up roſe
Belial, in act more graceful and humane;
A fairer perſon loſt not Heav'n; he ſeemd
For dignity compos'd and high exploit:
But all was falſe and hollow; though his Tongue
Dropt Manna, and could make the worſe appear
The better reaſon, to perplex and daſh
Matureſt Counſels: for his thoughts were low;
To vice induſtrious, but to Nobler deeds
Timorous and ſlothful: yet he pleas'd the eare,

And with perſwaſive accent thus began.
I ſhould be much for open Warr, O Peers,
As not behind in hate; if what was urg'd
Main reaſon to perſwade immediate Warr,
Did not diſſwade me moſt, and ſeem to caſt
Ominous conjecture on the whole ſucceſs;
When he who moſt excels in fact of Arms,
In what he counſels and in what excels
Miſtruſtful, grounds his courage on deſpair
And utter diſſolution, as the ſcope
Of all his aim, after ſome dire revenge.
Firſt, what Revenge? the Towrs of Heav'n are fill'd
With Armed watch, that render all acceſs
Impregnable; oft on the bordering Deep
Encamp thir Legions, or with obſcure wing
Scout farr and wide into the Realm of night,
Scorning ſurprize. Or could we break our way
By force, and at our heels all Hell ſhould riſe
With blackeſt Inſurrection, to confound
Heav'ns pureſt Light, yet our great Enemie
All incorruptible would on his Throne
Sit unpolluted, and th' Ethereal mould
Incapable of ſtain would ſoon expel
Her miſchief, and purge off the baſer fire
Victorious. Thus repuls'd, our final hope
Is flat deſpair; we muſt exaſperate
Th' Almighty Victor to ſpend all his rage,
And that muſt end us, that muſt be our cure,
To be no more; ſad cure; for who would looſe,
Though full of pain, this intellectual being,
Thoſe thoughts that wander through Eternity,
To periſh rather, ſwallowd up and loſt

In the wide womb of uncreated night,
Devoid of ſenſe and motion? and who knows,
Let this be good, whether our angry Foe
Can give it, or will ever? how he can
Is doubtful; that he never will is ſure.
Will he, ſo wiſe, let looſe at once his ire,
Belike through impotence, or unaware,
To give his Enemies thir wiſh, and end
Them in his anger, whom his anger ſaves
To puniſh endleſs? wherefore ceaſe we then?
Say they who counſel Warr, we are decreed,
Reſerv'd and deſtin'd to Eternal woe;
Whatever doing, what can we ſuffer more,
What can we ſuffer worſe? is this then worſt,
Thus ſitting, thus conſulting, thus in Arms?
What when we fled amain, purſu'd and ſtrook
With Heav'ns afflicting Thunder, and beſought
The Deep to ſhelter us? this Hell then ſeem'd
A refuge from thoſe wounds: or when we lay
Chain'd on the burning Lake? that ſure was worſe.
What if the breath that kindl'd thoſe grim fires
Awak'd ſhould blow them into ſevenfold rage
And plunge us in the Flames? or from above
Should intermitted vengeance Arme again
His red right hand to plague us? what if all
Her ſtores were op'n'd, and this Firmament
Of Hell ſhould ſpout her Cataracts of Fire,
Impendent horrors, threatning hideous fall
One day upon our heads; while we perhaps
Deſigning or exhorting glorious Warr,
Caught in a fierie Tempeſt ſhall be hurl'd
Each on his rock transfixt, the ſport and prey

Of racking whirlwinds, or for ever ſunk
Under yon boyling Ocean, wrapt in Chains;
There to converſe with everlaſting groans,
Unreſpited, unpitied, unrepreevd,
Ages of hopeleſs end; this would be worſe.
Warr therefore, open or conceal'd, alike
My voice diſſwades; for what can force or guile
With him, or who deceive his mind, whoſe eye
Views all things at one view? he from heav'ns highth
All theſe our motions vain, ſees and derides;
Not more Almighty to reſiſt our might
Then wiſe to fruſtrate all our plots and wiles.
Shall we then live thus vile, the race of Heav'n
Thus trampl'd, thus expell'd to ſuffer here
Chains & theſe Torments? better theſe then worſe
By my advice; ſince fate inevitable
Subdues us, and Omnipotent Decree
The Victors will. To ſuffer, as to doe,
Our ſtrength is equal, nor the Law unjuſt
That ſo ordains: this was at firſt reſolv'd,
If we were wiſe, againſt ſo great a foe
Contending, and ſo doubtful what might fall.
I laugh, when thoſe who at the Spear are bold
And vent'rous, if that fail them, ſhrink and fear
What yet they know muſt follow, to endure
Exile, or ignominy, or bonds, or pain,
The ſentence of thir Conquerour: This is now
Our doom; which if we can ſuſtain and bear,
Our Supream Foe in time may much remit
His anger, and perhaps thus farr remov'd
Not mind us not offending, ſatisfi'd
With what is puniſh't; whence theſe raging fires

Will ſlack'n, if his breath ſtir not thir flames.
Our purer eſſence then will overcome
Thir noxious vapour, or enur'd not feel,
Or chang'd at length, and to the place conformd
In temper and in nature, will receive
Familiar the fierce heat, and void of pain;
This horror will grow milde, this darkneſs light,
Beſides what hope the never-ending flight
Of future days may bring, what chance, what change
Worth waiting, ſince our preſent lot appeers
For happy though but ill, for ill not worſt,
If we procure not to our ſelves more woe.
Thus *Belial* with words cloath'd in reaſons garb
Counſel'd ignoble eaſe, and peaceful ſloath,
Not peace: and after him thus *Mammon* ſpake.
Either to diſinthrone the King of Heav'n
We warr, if warr be beſt, or to regain
Our own right loſt: him to unthrone we then
May hope, when everlaſting Fate ſhall yeild
To fickle Chance, and *Chaos* judge the ſtrife:
The former vain to hope argues as vain
The latter: for what place can be for us
Within Heav'ns bound, unleſs Heav'ns Lord ſupream
We overpower? Suppoſe he ſhould relent
And publiſh Grace to all, on promiſe made
Of new Subjection; with what eyes could we
Stand in his preſence humble, and receive
Strict Laws impos'd, to celebrate his Throne
With warbl'd Hymns, and to his Godhead ſing
Forc't Halleluiahs; while he Lordly ſits
Our envied Sovran, and his Altar breathes
Ambroſial Odours and Ambroſial Flowers,

Our ſervile offerings. This muſt be our taſk
In Heav'n, this our delight; how wearisom
Eternity ſo ſpent in worſhip paid
To whom we hate. Let us not then purſue
By force impoſſible, by leave obtain'd
Unacceptable, though in Heav'n, our ſtate
Of ſplendid vaſſalage, but rather ſeek
Our own good from our ſelves, and from our own
Live to our ſelves, though in this vaſt receſs,
Free, and to none accountable, preferring
Hard liberty before the eaſie yoke
Of ſervile Pomp. Our greatneſs will appear
Then moſt conſpicuous, when great things of ſmall,
Uſeful of hurtful, proſperous of adverſe
We can create, and in what place ſo e're
Thrive under evil, and work eaſe out of pain
Through labour and endurance. This deep world
Of darkneſs do we dread? how oft amidſt
Thick clouds and dark doth Heav'ns all-ruling Sire
Chooſe to reſide, his Glory unobſcur'd,
And with the Majeſty of darkneſs round
Covers his Throne; from whence deep thunders roar
Muſt'ring thir rage, and Heav'n reſembles Hell?
As he our Darkneſs, cannot we his Light
Imitate when we please? This Deſart ſoile
Wants not her hidden luſtre, Gemms and Gold;
Nor want we ſkill or art, from whence to raiſe
Magnificence; and what can Heav'n ſhew more?
Our torments alſo may in length of time
Become our Elements, theſe piercing Fires
As ſoft as now ſevere, our temper chang'd
Into their temper; which muſt needs remove

The ſenſible of pain. All things invite
To peaceful Counſels, and the ſettl'd State
Of order, how in ſafety beſt we may
Compoſe our preſent evils, with regard
Of what we are and where, diſmiſſing quite
All thoughts of Warr: ye have what I adviſe.
He ſcarce had finiſht, when ſuch murmur fill'd
Th' Aſſembly, as when hollow Rocks retain
The ſound of bluſtring winds, which all night long
Had rous'd the Sea, now with hoarſe cadence lull
Sea-faring men orewatcht, whoſe Bark by chance
Or Pinnace anchors in a craggy Bay
After the Tempeſt: Such applauſe was heard
As *Mammon* ended, and his Sentence pleas'd,
Adviſing peace: for ſuch another Field
They dreaded worſe then Hell: ſo much the fear
Of Thunder and the Sword of *Michael*
Wrought ſtill within them; and no leſs deſire
To found this nether Empire, which might riſe
By pollicy, and long proceſs of time,
In emulation oppoſite to Heav'n.
Which when *Beëlzebub* perceiv'd, then whom,
Satan except, none higher ſat, with grave
Aſpect he roſe, and in his riſing ſeem'd
A Pillar of State; deep on his Front engraven
Deliberation ſat and publick care;
And Princely counſel in his face yet ſhon,
Majeſtick though in ruin: ſage he ſtood
With *Atlantean* ſhoulders fit to bear
The weight of mightieſt Monarchies; his look
Drew audience and attention ſtill as Night
Or Summers Noon-tide air, while thus he ſpake.

Thrones and imperial Powers, off-ſpring of
Ethereal Vertues; or theſe Titles now [heav'n,
Muſt we renounce, and changing ſtile be call'd
Princes of Hell? for ſo the popular vote
Inclines, here to continue, and build up here
A growing Empire; doubtleſs; while we dream,
And know not that the King of Heav'n hath doom'd
This place our dungeon, not our ſafe retreat
Beyond his Potent arm, to live exempt
From Heav'ns high juriſdiction, in new League
Banded againſt his Throne, but to remaine
In ſtricteſt bondage, though thus far remov'd,
Under th' inevitable curb, reſerv'd
His captive multitude: For he, be ſure,
In highth or depth, ſtill firſt and laſt will Reign
Sole King, and of his Kingdom looſe no part
By our revolt, but over Hell extend
His Empire, and with Iron Scepter rule
Us here, as with his Golden thoſe in Heav'n.
What ſit we then projecting Peace and Warr?
Warr hath determin'd us, and foild with loſs
Irreparable; tearms of peace yet none
Voutſaf't or ſought; for what peace will be giv'n
To us enſlav'd, but cuſtody ſevere,
And ſtripes, and arbitrary puniſhment
Inflicted? and what peace can we return,
But to our power hoſtility and hate,
Untam'd reluctance, and revenge though ſlow,
Yet ever plotting how the Conquerour leaſt
May reap his conqueſt, and may leaſt rejoyce
In doing what we moſt in ſuffering feel?
Nor will occaſion want, nor ſhall we need

With dangerous expedition to invade
Heav'n, whoſe high walls fear no aſſault or Siege,
Or ambuſh from the Deep. What if we find
Some eaſier enterprize? There is a place
(If ancient and prophetic fame in Heav'n
Err not) another World, thè happy ſeat
Of ſom new Race call'd *Man*, about this time
To be created like to us, though leſs
In power and excellence, but favour'd more
Of him who rules above; ſo was his will
Pronounc'd among the Gods, and by an Oath,
That ſhook Heav'ns whol circumference, confirm'd.
Thither let us bend all our thoughts, to learn
What creatures there inhabit, of what mould,
Or ſubſtance, how endu'd, and what thir Power,
And where thir weakneſs, how attempted beſt,
By force or ſuttlety: Though Heav'n be ſhut,
And Heav'ns high Arbitrator ſit ſecure
In his own ſtrength, this place may lye expos'd
The utmoſt border of his Kingdom, left
To their defence who hold it: here perhaps
Som advantagious act may be achiev'd
By ſudden onſet, either with Hell fire
To waſte his whole Creation, or poſſeſs
All as our own, and drive as we were driven,
The punie habitants, or if not drive,
Seduce them to our Party, that thir God
May prove thir foe, and with repenting hand
Aboliſh his own works. This would ſurpaſs
Common revenge, and interrupt his joy
In our Confuſion, and our Joy upraiſe
In his diſturbance; when his darling Sons

Hurl'd headlong to partake with us, ſhall curſe
Thir frail Originals, and faded bliſs,
Faded ſo ſoon. Adviſe if this be worth
Attempting, or to ſit in darkneſs here
Hatching vain Empires. Thus *Beëlzebub*
Pleaded his deviliſh Counſel, firſt devis'd
By *Satan*, and in part propos'd: for whence,
But from the Author of all ill could Spring
So deep a malice, to confound the race
Of mankind in one root, and Earth with Hell
To mingle and involve, done all to ſpite
The great Creatour? but thir ſpite ſtill ſerves
His glory to augment. The bold deſign
Pleas'd highly thoſe infernal States, and joy
Sparkl'd in all thir eyes; with full aſſent
They vote: whereat his ſpeech he thus renews.
Well have ye judg'd, well ended long debate,
Synod of Gods, and like to what ye are,
Great things reſolv'd; which from the loweſt deep
Will once more lift us up, in ſpight of Fate,
Neerer our ancient Seat; perhaps in view
Of thoſe bright confines, whence with neighbouring
And opportune excurſion we may chance [Arms
Re-enter Heav'n; or elſe in ſome milde Zone
Dwell not unviſited of Heav'ns fair Light
Secure, and at the brightning Orient beam
Purge off this gloom; the ſoft delicious Air,
To heal the ſcarr of theſe corroſive Fires
Shall breath her balme. But firſt whom ſhall we ſend
In ſearch of this new world, whom ſhall we find
Sufficient? who ſhall tempt with wandring feet
The dark unbottom'd infinite Abyſs

And through the palpable obſcure find out
His uncouth way, or ſpread his aerie flight
Upborn with indefatigable wings
Over the vaſt abrupt, ere he arrive
The happy Ile; what ſtrength, what art can then
Suffice, or what evaſion bear him ſafe
Through the ſtrict Senteries and Stations thick
Of Angels watching round? Here he had need
All circumſpection, and wee now no leſs
Choice in our ſuffrage; for on whom we ſend,
The weight of all and our laſt hope relies.
This ſaid, he ſat; and expectation held
His look ſuſpence, awaiting who appeer'd
To ſecond, or oppoſe, or undertake
The perilous attempt; but all ſat mute,
Pondering the danger with deep thoughts; & each
In others count'nance red his own diſmay
Aſtoniſht: none among the choice and prime
Of thoſe Heav'n-warring Champions could be found
So hardie as to proffer or accept
Alone the dreadful voyage; till at laſt
Satan, whom now tranſcendent glory rais'd
Above his fellows, with Monarchal pride
Conſcious of higheſt worth, unmov'd thus ſpake.
O Progeny of Heav'n, Empyreal Thrones,
With reaſon hath deep ſilence and demurr
Seis'd us, though undiſmaid: long is the way
And hard, that out of Hell leads up to Light;
Our priſon ſtrong, this huge convex of Fire,
Outrageous to devour, immures us round
Ninefold, and gates of burning Adamant
Barr'd over us prohibit all egreſs.

Theſe paſt, if any paſs, the void profound
Of uneſſential Night receives him next
Wide gaping, and with utter loſs of being
Threatens him, plung'd in that abortive gulf.
If thence he ſcape into what ever world,
Or unknown Region, what remains him leſs
Then unknown dangers and as hard eſcape.
But I ſhould ill become this Throne, O Peers,
And this Imperial Sov'ranty, adorn'd
With ſplendor, arm'd with power, if aught propos'd
And judg'd of public moment, in the ſhape
Of difficulty or danger could deterre
Me from attempting. Wherefore do I aſſume
Theſe Royalties, and not refuſe to Reign,
Refuſing to accept as great a ſhare
Of hazard as of honour, due alike
To him who Reigns, and ſo much to him due
Of hazard more, as he above the reſt
High honourd ſits? Go therefore mighty powers,
Terror of Heav'n, though fall'n; intend at home,
While here ſhall be our home, what beſt may eaſe
The preſent miſery, and render Hell
More tollerable; if there be cure or charm
To reſpite or deceive, or ſlack the pain
Of this ill Manſion: intermit no watch
Againſt a wakeful Foe, while I abroad
Through all the coaſts of dark deſtruction ſeek
Deliverance for us all: this enterprize
None ſhall partake with me. Thus ſaying roſe
The Monarch, and prevented all reply,
Prudent, leaſt from his reſolution rais'd
Others among the chief might offer now

(Certain to be refus'd) what erſt they feard;
And ſo refus'd might in opinion ſtand
His rivals, winning cheap the high repute
Which he through hazard huge muſt earn. But they
Dreaded not more th' adventure then his voice
Forbidding; and at once with him they roſe;
Thir riſing all at once was as the ſound
Of Thunder heard remote. Towards him they bend
With awful reverence prone; and as a God
Extoll him equal to the higheſt in Heav'n:
Nor fail'd they to expreſs how much they prais'd,
That for the general ſafety he deſpis'd
His own: for neither do the Spirits damn'd
Looſe all thir vertue; leaſt bad men ſhould boaſt
Thir ſpecious deeds on earth, which glory excites,
Or cloſe ambition varniſht o're with zeal.
Thus they thir doubtful conſultations dark
Ended rejoycing in thir matchleſs Chief:
As when from mountain tops the duſky clouds
Aſcending, while the North wind ſleeps, o'reſpread
Heav'ns chearful face, the lowring Element
Scowls ore the dark'nd lantſkip Snow, or ſhowre;
If chance the radiant Sun with farewell ſweet
Extend his ev'ning beam, the fields revive,
The birds thir notes renew, and bleating herds
Atteſt thir joy, that hill and valley rings.
O ſhame to men! Devil with Devil damn'd
Firm concord holds, men onely diſagree
Of Creatures rational, though under hope
Of heavenly Grace; and God proclaiming peace,
Yet live in hatred, enmitie, and ſtrife
Among themſelves, and levie cruel warres,

Waſting the Earth, each other to deſtroy:
As if (which might induce us to accord)
Man had not helliſh foes anow beſides,
That day and night for his deſtruction waite.
The *Stygian* Councel thus diſſolv'd; and forth
In order came the grand infernal Peers,
Midſt came thir mighty Paramount, and ſeemd
Alone th' Antagoniſt of Heav'n, nor leſs
Then Hells dread Emperour with pomp Supream,
And God-like imitated State; him round
A Globe of fierie Seraphim inclos'd
With bright imblazonrie, and horrent Arms.
Then of thir Seſſion ended they bid cry
With Trumpets regal ſound the great reſult:
Toward the four winds four ſpeedy Cherubim
Put to thir mouths the ſounding Alchymie
By Haralds voice explain'd: the hollow Abyſs
Heard farr and wide, and all the hoſt of Hell
With deafning ſhout, return'd them loud acclaim.
Thence more at eaſe thir minds and ſomwhat rais'd
By falſe preſumptuous hope, the ranged powers
Diſband, and wandring, each his ſeveral way
Purſues, as inclination or ſad choice
Leads him perplext, where he may likelieſt find
Truce to his reſtleſs thoughts, and entertain
The irkſome hours, till his great Chief return.
Part on the Plain, or in the Air ſublime
Upon the wing, or in ſwift race contend,
As at th' Olympian Games or *Pythian* fields;
Part curb thir fierie Steeds, or ſhun the Goal
With rapid wheels, or fronted Brigads form.
As when to warn proud Cities warr appears

Wag'd in the troubl'd Skie, and Armies ruſh
To Battel in the Clouds, before each Van
Prie forth the Aerie Knights, and couch thir ſpears
Till thickeſt Legions cloſe; with feats of Arms
From either end of Heav'n the welkin burns.
Others with vaſt *Typhœan* rage more fell
Rend up both Rocks and Hills, and ride the Air
In whirlwind; Hell ſcarce holds the wilde uproar.
As when *Alcides* from *Oealia* Crown'd
With conqueſt, felt th' envenom'd robe, and tore
Through pain up by the roots *Theſſalian* Pines,
And *Lichas* from the top of *Oeta* threw
Into th' *Euboic* Sea. Others more milde,
Retreated in a ſilent valley, ſing
With notes Angelical to many a Harp
Thir own Heroic deeds and hapleſs fall
By doom of Battel; and complain that Fate
Free Vertue ſhould enthrall to Force or Chance.
Thir ſong was partial, but the harmony
(What could it leſs when Spirits immortal ſing?)
Suſpended Hell, and took with raviſhment
The thronging audience. In diſcourſe more ſweet
(For Eloquence the Soul, Song charms the Senſe,)
Others apart ſat on a Hill retir'd,
In thoughts more elevate, and reaſon'd high
Of Providence, Foreknowledge, Will, and Fate,
Fixt Fate, free will, foreknowledge abſolute,
And found no end, in wandring mazes loſt.
Of good and evil much they argu'd then,
Of happineſs and final miſery,
Paſſion and Apathie, and glory and ſhame,
Vain wiſdom all, and falſe Philoſophie:

Yet with a pleaſing ſorcerie could charm
Pain for a while or anguiſh, and excite
Fallacious hope, or arm th' obdured breſt
With ſtubborn patience as with triple ſteel.
Another part in Squadrons and groſs Bands
On bold adventure to diſcover wide
That diſmal world, if any Clime perhaps
Might yeild them eaſier habitation, bend
Four ways thir flying March, along the Banks
Of four infernal Rivers that diſgorge
Into the burning Lake thir baleful ſtreams;
Abhorred *Styx* the flood of deadly hate,
Sad *Acheron* of ſorrow, black and deep;
Cocytus, nam'd of lamentation loud
Heard on the ruful ſtream; fierce *Phlegeton*
Whoſe waves of torrent fire inflame with rage.
Farr off from theſe a ſlow and ſilent ſtream,
Lethe the River of Oblivion roules
Her watrie Labyrinth, whereof who drinks,
Forthwith his former ſtate and being forgets,
Forgets both joy and grief, pleaſure and pain.
Beyond this flood a frozen Continent
Lies dark and wilde, beat with perpetual ſtorms
Of Whirlwind and dire Hail, which on firm land
Thaws not, but gathers heap, and ruin ſeems
Of ancient pile; all elſe deep ſnow and ice,
A gulf profound as that *Serbonian* Bog
Betwixt *Damiata* and mount *Caſius* old,
Where Armies whole have ſunk: the parching Air
Burns frore, and cold performs th' effect of Fire.
Thither by harpy-footed Furies hail'd,
At certain revolutions all the damn'd

Are brought: and feel by turns the bitter change
Of fierce extreams, extreams by change more fierce,
From Beds of raging Fire to ſtarve in Ice
Thir ſoft Ethereal warmth, and there to pine
Immovable, infixt, and frozen round,
Periods of time, thence hurried back to fire.
They ferry over this *Lethean* Sound
Both to and fro, thir ſorrow to augment,
And wiſh and ſtruggle, as they paſs, to reach
The tempting ſtream, with one ſmall drop to looſe
In ſweet forgetfulneſs all pain and woe,
All in one moment, and ſo neer the brink;
But fate withſtands, and to oppoſe th' attempt
Meduſa with *Gorgonian* terror guards
The Ford, and of it ſelf the water flies
All taſte of living wight, as once it fled
The lip of *Tantalus*. Thus roving on
In confus'd march forlorn, th' adventrous Bands
With ſhuddring horror pale, and eyes agaſt
View'd firſt thir lamentable lot, and found
No reſt: through many a dark and drearie Vaile
They paſs'd, and many a Region dolorous,
O're many a Frozen, many a Fierie Alpe,
Rocks, Caves, Lakes, Fens, Bogs, Dens, and ſhades of death,
A Univerſe of death, which God by curſe
Created evil, for evil only good,
Where all life dies, death lives, and nature breeds,
Perverſe, all monſtrous, all prodigious things,
Abominable, inutterable, and worſe
Then Fables yet have feign'd, or fear conceiv'd,
Gorgons and *Hydras*, and *Chimeras* dire.

Mean while the Adverſary of God and Man,
Satan with thoughts inflam'd of higheſt deſign,
Puts on ſwift wings, and toward the Gates of Hell
Explores his ſolitary flight; ſom times
He ſcours the right hand coaſt, ſom times the left,
Now ſhaves with level wing the Deep, then ſoares
Up to the fiery concave touring high.
As when farr off at Sea a Fleet deſcri'd
Hangs in the Clouds, by *Æquinoctial* Winds
Cloſe ſailing from *Bengala*, or the Iles
Of *Ternate* and *Tidore*, whence Merchants bring
Thir ſpicie Drugs: they on the trading Flood
Through the wide *Ethiopian* to the Cape
Ply ſtemming nightly toward the Pole. So ſeem'd
Farr off the flying Fiend: at laſt appeer
Hell bounds high reaching to the horrid Roof,
And thrice threefold the Gates; three folds were
Three Iron, three of Adamantine Rock, [Braſs
Impenitrable, impal'd with circling fire,
Yet unconſum'd. Before the Gates there ſat
On either ſide a formidable ſhape;
The one ſeem'd Woman to the waſte, and fair,
But ended foul in many a ſcaly fould
Voluminous and vaſt, a Serpent arm'd
With mortal ſting: about her middle round
A cry of Hell Hounds never ceaſing bark'd
With wide *Cerberean* mouths full loud, and rung
A hideous Peal: yet, when they liſt, would creep,
If aught diſturb'd thir noyſe, into her woomb,
And kennel there, yet there ſtill bark'd and howl'd
Within unſeen. Farr leſs abhorrd then theſe
Vex'd *Scylla* bathing in the Sea that parts

Calabria from the hoarce *Trinacrian* ſhore:
Nor uglier follow the Night-Hag, when call'd
In ſecret, riding through the Air ſhe comes
Lur'd with the ſmell of infant blood, to dance
With *Lapland* Witches, while the labouring Moon
Eclipſes at thir charms. The other ſhape,
If ſhape it might be call'd that ſhape had none
Diſtinguiſhable in member, joynt, or limb,
Or ſubſtance might be call'd that ſhadow ſeem'd,
For each ſeem'd either; black it ſtood as Night,
Fierce as ten Furies, terrible as Hell,
And ſhook a dreadful Dart; what ſeem'd his head
The likeneſs of a Kingly Crown had on.
Satan was now at hand, and from his ſeat
The Monſter moving onward came as faſt,
With horrid ſtrides, Hell trembled as he ſtrode.
Th' undaunted Fiend what this might be admir'd,
Admir'd, not fear'd; God and his Son except,
Created thing naught vallu'd he nor ſhun'd;
And with diſdainful look thus firſt began.

Whence and what art thou, execrable ſhape,
That dar'ſt, though grim and terrible, advance
Thy miſcreated Front athwart my way
To yonder Gates? through them I mean to paſs,
That be aſſured, without leave aſkt of thee:
Retire, or taſte thy folly, and learn by proof,
Hell-born, not to contend with Spirits of Heav'n.

To whom the Goblin full of wrauth reply'd,
Art thou that Traitor Angel, art thou hee,
Who firſt broke peace in Heav'n and Faith, till then
Unbrok'n, and in proud rebellious Arms
Drew after him the third part of Heav'ns Sons

Conjur'd againſt the higheſt, for which both Thou
And they outcaſt from God, are here condemn'd
To waſte Eternal daies in woe and pain?
And reck'n'ſt thou thy ſelf with Spirits of Heav'n,
Hell-doomd, and breath'ſt defiance here and ſcorn,
Where I reign King, and to enrage thee more,
Thy King and Lord? Back to thy puniſhment,
Falſe fugitive, and to thy ſpeed add wings,
Leaſt with a whip of Scorpions I purſue
Thy lingring, or with one ſtroke of this Dart
Strange horror ſeiſe thee, and pangs unfelt before.
So ſpake the grieſlie terrour, and in ſhape,
So ſpeaking and ſo threatning, grew ten fold
More dreadful and deform: on th' other ſide
Incenc't with indignation *Satan* ſtood
Unterrifi'd, and like a Comet burn'd,
That fires the length of *Ophiucus* huge
In th' Artick Sky, and from his horrid hair
Shakes Peſtilence and Warr. Each at the Head
Level'd his deadly aime; thir fatall hands
No ſecond ſtroke intend, and ſuch a frown
Each caſt at th' other, as when two black Clouds
With Heav'ns Artillery fraught, come rattling on
Over the *Caſpian*, then ſtand front to front
Hov'ring a ſpace, till Winds the ſignal blow
To joyn thir dark Encounter in mid air:
So frownd the mighty Combatants, that Hell
Grew darker at thir frown, ſo matcht they ſtood;
For never but once more was either like
To meet ſo great a foe: and now great deeds
Had been achiev'd, whereof all Hell had rung,
Had not the Snakie Sorcereſs that ſat

Faſt by Hell Gate, and kept the fatal Key,
Ris'n, and with hideous outcry ruſh'd between.
O Father, what intends thy hand, ſhe cry'd,
Againſt thy only Son? What fury O Son,
Poſſeſſes thee to bend that mortal Dart
Againſt thy Fathers head? and know'ſt for whom;
For him who ſits above and laughs the while
At thee ordain'd his drudge, to execute
What e're his wrath, which he calls Juſtice, bids,
His wrath which one day will deſtroy ye both.
She ſpake, and at her words the helliſh Peſt
Forbore, then theſe to her *Satan* return'd:
So ſtrange thy outcry, and thy words ſo ſtrange
Thou interpoſeſt, that my ſudden hand
Prevented ſpares to tell thee yet by deeds
What it intends; till firſt I know of thee,
What thing thou art, thus double-form'd, and why
In this infernal Vaile firſt met thou call'ſt
Me Father, and that Fantaſm call'ſt my Son?
I know thee not, nor ever ſaw till now
Sight more deteſtable then him and thee.
T' whom thus the Portreſs of Hell Gate reply'd;
Haſt thou forgot me then, and do I ſeem
Now in thine eye ſo foul, once deemd ſo fair
In Heav'n, when at th' Aſſembly, and in ſight
Of all the Seraphim with thee combin'd
In bold conſpiracy againſt Heav'ns King,
All on a ſudden miſerable pain
Surpris'd thee, dim thine eyes, and dizzie ſwumm
In darkneſs, while thy head flames thick and faſt
Threw forth, till on the left ſide op'ning wide,
Likeſt to thee in ſhape and count'nance bright,

Then ſhining heav'nly fair, a Goddeſs arm'd
Out of thy head I ſprung; amazement ſeis'd
All th' Hoſt of Heav'n; back they recoild affraid
At firſt, and call'd me *Sin*, and for a Sign
Portentous held me; but familiar grown,
I pleas'd, and with attractive graces won
The moſt averſe, thee chiefly, who full oft
Thy ſelf in me thy perfect image viewing
Becam'ſt enamour'd, and ſuch joy thou took'ſt
With me in ſecret, that my womb conceiv'd
A growing burden. Mean while Warr aroſe,
And fields were fought in Heav'n; wherein remaind
(For what could elſe) to our Almighty Foe
Cleer Victory, to our part loſs and rout
Through all the Empyrean: down they fell
Driv'n headlong from the Pitch of Heaven, down
Into this Deep, and in the general fall
I alſo; at which time this powerful Key
Into my hand was giv'n, with charge to keep
Theſe Gates for ever ſhut, which none can paſs
Without my op'ning. Penſive here I ſat
Alone, but long I ſat not, till my womb
Pregnant by thee, and now exceſſive grown
Prodigious motion felt and rueful throes.
At laſt this odious offspring whom thou ſeeſt
Thine own begotten, breaking violent way
Tore through my entrails, that with fear and pain
Diſtorted, all my nether ſhape thus grew
Transform'd: but he my inbred enemie
Forth iſſu'd, brandiſhing his fatal Dart
Made to deſtroy: I fled, and cry'd out *Death*;
Hell trembl'd at the hideous Name, and ſigh'd

From all her Caves, and back reſounded *Death.*
I fled, but he purſu'd (though more, it ſeems,
Inflam'd with luſt then rage) and ſwifter far,
Me overtook his mother all diſmaid,
And in embraces forcible and foule
Ingendring with me, of that rape begot
Theſe yelling Monſters that with ceaſleſs cry
Surround me, as thou ſawſt, hourly conceiv'd
And hourly born, with ſorrow infinite
To me, for when they liſt into the womb
That bred them they return, and howle and gnaw
My Bowels, their repaſt; then burſting forth
Afreſh with conſcious terrours vex me round,
That reſt or intermiſſion none I find.
Before mine eyes in oppoſition ſits
Grim *Death* my Son and foe, who ſets them on,
And me his Parent would full ſoon devour
For want of other prey, but that he knows
His end with mine involvd; and knows that I
Should prove a bitter Morſel, and his bane,
When ever that ſhall be; ſo Fate pronounc'd.
But thou O Father, I forewarn thee, ſhun
His deadly arrow; neither vainly hope
To be invulnerable in thoſe bright Arms,
Though temper'd heav'nly, for that mortal dint,
Save he who reigns above, none can reſiſt.

She finiſh'd, and the ſuttle Fiend his lore
Soon learnd, now milder, and thus anſwerd ſmooth.
Dear Daughter, ſince thou claim'ſt me for thy Sire,
And my fair Son here ſhowſt me, the dear pledge
Of dalliance had with thee in Heav'n, and joys
Then ſweet, now ſad to mention, through dire change

Befalln us unforeſeen, unthought of, know
I come no enemie, but to ſet free
From out this dark and diſmal houſe of pain,
Both him and thee, and all the heav'nly Hoſt
Of Spirits that in our juſt pretenſes arm'd
Fell with us from on high: from them I go
This uncouth errand ſole, and one for all
My ſelf expoſe, with lonely ſteps to tread
Th' unfounded deep, & through the void immenſe
To ſearch with wandring queſt a place foretold
Should be, and, by concurring ſigns, ere now
Created vaſt and round, a place of bliſs
In the Pourlieues of Heav'n, and therein plac't
A race of upſtart Creatures, to ſupply
Perhaps our vacant room, though more remov'd,
Leaſt Heav'n ſurcharg'd with potent multitude
Might hap to move new broiles: Be this or aught
Then this more ſecret now deſign'd, I haſte
To know, and this once known, ſhall ſoon return,
And bring ye to the place where Thou and Death
Shall dwell at eaſe, and up and down unſeen
Wing ſilently the buxom Air, imbalm'd
With odours; there ye ſhall be fed and fill'd
Immeaſurably, all things ſhall be your prey.
He ceas'd, for both ſeemd highly pleaſd, and Death
Grinnd horrible a gaſtly ſmile, to hear
His famine ſhould be fill'd, and bleſt his mawe
Deſtin'd to that good hour: no leſs rejoyc'd
His mother bad, and thus beſpake her Sire.
The key of this infernal Pit by due,
And by command of Heav'ns all-powerful King
I keep, by him forbidden to unlock

Theſe Adamantine Gates; againſt all force
Death ready ſtands to interpoſe his dart,
Fearleſs to be o'rematcht by living might.
But what ow I to his commands above
Who hates me, and hath hither thruſt me down
Into this gloom of *Tartarus* profound,
To ſit in hateful Office here confin'd,
Inhabitant of Heav'n, and heav'nlie-born,
Here in perpetual agonie and pain,
With terrors and with clamors compaſst round
Of mine own brood, that on my bowels feed:
Thou art my Father, thou my Author, thou
My being gav'ſt me; whom ſhould I obey
But thee, whom follow? thou wilt bring me ſoon
To that new world of light and bliſs, among
The Gods who live at eaſe, where I ſhall Reign
At thy right hand voluptuous, as beſeems
Thy daughter and thy darling, without end.
Thus ſaying, from her ſide the fatal Key,
Sad inſtrument of all our woe, ſhe took;
And towards the Gate rouling her beſtial train,
Forthwith the huge Portcullis high up drew,
Which but her ſelf not all the *Stygian* powers
Could once have mov'd; then in the key-hole turns
Th' intricate wards, and every Bolt and Bar
Of maſſie Iron or ſollid Rock with eaſe
Unfaſt'ns: on a ſudden op'n flie
With impetuous recoile and jarring ſound
Th' infernal dores, and on thir hinges grate
Harſh thunder, that the loweſt bottom ſhook
Of *Erebus*. She op'nd, but to ſhut
Excel'd her power; the Gates wide op'n ſtood,

That with extended wings a Bannerd Hoſt
Under ſpread Enſigns marching might paſs through
With Horſe and Chariots rankt in looſe array;
So wide they ſtood, and like a Furnace mouth
Caſt forth redounding ſmoak and ruddy flame.
Before thir eyes in ſudden view appear
The ſecrets of the hoarie deep, a dark
Illimitable Ocean without bound, [highth,
Without dimenſion, where length, breadth, and
And time and place are loſt; where eldeſt Night
And *Chaos*, Anceſtors of Nature, hold
Eternal *Anarchie*, amidſt the noiſe
Of endleſs warrs, and by confuſion ſtand.
For hot, cold, moiſt, and dry, four Champions fierce
Strive here for Maiſtrie, and to Battel bring
Thir embryon Atoms; they around the flag
Of each his faction, in thir ſeveral Clanns,
Light-arm'd or heavy, ſharp, ſmooth, ſwift or ſlow,
Swarm populous, unnumber'd as the Sands
Of *Barca* or *Cyrene's* torrid ſoil,
Levied to ſide with warring Winds, and poiſe
Thir lighter wings. To whom theſe moſt adhere,
Hee rules a moment; *Chaos* Umpire ſits,
And by deciſion more imbroiles the fray
By which he Reigns: next him high Arbiter
Chance governs all. Into this wilde Abyſs,
The Womb of nature and perhaps her Grave,
Of neither Sea, nor Shore, nor Air, nor Fire,
But all theſe in thir pregnant cauſes mixt
Confus'dly, and which thus muſt ever fight,
Unleſs th' Almighty Maker them ordain
His dark materials to create more Worlds,

Into this wilde Abyſs the warie fiend
Stood on the brink of Hell and look'd a while,
Pondering his Voyage: for no narrow frith
He had to croſs. Nor was his eare leſs peal'd
With noiſes loud and ruinous (to compare
Great things with ſmall) then when *Bellona* ſtorms,
With all her battering Engines bent to raſe
Som Capital City, or leſs then if this frame
Of Heav'n were falling, and theſe Elements
In mutinie had from her Axle torn
The ſtedfaſt Earth. At laſt his Sail-broad Vannes
He ſpreads for flight, and in the ſurging ſmoak
Uplifted ſpurns the ground, thence many a League
As in a cloudy Chair aſcending rides
Audacious, but that ſeat ſoon failing, meets
A vaſt vacuitie: all unawares
Fluttring his pennons vain plumb down he drops
Ten thouſand fadom deep, and to this hour
Down had been falling, had not by ill chance
The ſtrong rebuff of ſom tumultuous cloud
Inſtinct with Fire and Nitre hurried him
As many miles aloft: that furie ſtay'd,
Quencht in a Boggie *Syrtis*, neither Sea,
Nor good dry Land: nigh founderd on he fares,
Treading the crude conſiſtence, half on foot,
Half flying; behoves him now both Oare and Saile.
As when a Gryfon through the Wilderneſs
With winged courſe ore Hill or moarie Dale,
Purſues the *Arimaſpian*, who by ſtelth
Had from his wakeful cuſtody purloind
The guarded Gold: So eagerly the fiend
Ore bog or ſteep, through ſtrait, rough, denſe, or

With head, hands, wings, or feet purſues his way,
And ſwims or ſinks, or wades, or creeps, or flyes:
At length a univerſal hubbub wilde
Of ſtunning ſounds and voices all confus'd
Born through the hollow dark aſſaults his eare
With loudeſt vehemence: thither he plyes,
Undaunted to meet there what ever power
Or Spirit of the nethermoſt Abyſs
Might in that noiſe reſide, of whom to aſk
Which way the neereſt coaſt of darkneſs lyes
Bordering on light; when ſtrait behold the Throne
Of *Chaos*, and his dark Pavilion ſpread
Wide on the waſteful Deep; with him Enthron'd
Sat Sable-veſted Night, eldeſt of things,
The conſort of his Reign; and by them ſtood
Orcus and *Ades*, and the dreaded name
Of *Demogorgon*; Rumour next and Chance,
And Tumult and Confuſion all imbroild,
And Diſcord with a thouſand various mouths.
T' whom *Satan* turning boldly, thus. Ye Powers
And Spirits of this nethermoſt Abyſs,
Chaos and *ancient Night*, I come no Spie,
With purpoſe to explore or to diſturb
The ſecrets of your Realm, but by conſtraint
Wandring this darkſome deſart, as my way
Lies through your ſpacious Empire up to light,
Alone, and without guide, half loſt, I ſeek
What readieſt path leads where your gloomie bounds
Confine with Heav'n; or if ſom other place
From your Dominion won, th' Ethereal King
Poſſeſſes lately, thither to arrive
I travel this profound, direct my courſe;

Directed, no mean recompence it brings
To your behoof, if I that Region loſt,
All uſurpation thence expell'd, reduce
To her original darkneſs and your ſway
(Which is my preſent journey) and once more
Erect the Standerd there of *ancient Night;*
Yours be th' advantage all, mine the revenge.
Thus *Satan;* and him thus the Anarch old
With faultring ſpeech and viſage incompos'd
Anſwer'd. I know thee, ſtranger, who thou art,
That mighty leading Angel, who of late
Made head againſt Heav'ns King, though overthrown.
I ſaw and heard, for ſuch a numerous hoſt
Fled not in ſilence through the frighted deep
With ruin upon ruin, rout on rout,
Confuſion worſe confounded; and Heav'n Gates
Pourd out by millions her victorious Bands
Purſuing. I upon my Frontieres here
Keep reſidence; if all I can will ſerve,
That little which is left ſo to defend
Encroacht on ſtill through our inteſtine broiles
Weakning the Scepter of old Night: firſt Hell
Your dungeon ſtretching far and wide beneath;
Now lately Heaven and Earth, another World
Hung ore my Realm, link'd in a golden Chain
To that ſide Heav'n from whence your Legions fell:
If that way be your walk, you have not farr;
So much the neerer danger; goe and ſpeed;
Havock and ſpoil and ruin are my gain.
He ceas'd; and *Satan* ſtaid not to reply,
But glad that now his Sea ſhould find a ſhore,

With freſh alacritie and force renew'd
Springs upward like a Pyramid of fire
Into the wilde Expanſe, and through the ſhock
Of fighting Elements, on all ſides round
Environ'd wins his way; harder beſet
And more endanger'd, then when *Argo* paſs'd
Through *Boſporus* betwixt the juſtling Rocks:
Or when *Ulyſſes* on the Larbord ſhunnd
Charybdis, and by th' other whirlpool ſteard.
So he with difficulty and labour hard
Mov'd on, with difficulty and labour hee;
But hee once paſt, ſoon after when man fell,
Strange alteration! Sin and Death amain
Following his track, ſuch was the will of Heav'n,
Pav'd after him a broad and beat'n way
Over the dark Abyſs, whoſe boiling Gulf
Tamely endur'd a Bridge of wondrous length
From Hell continu'd reaching th' utmoſt Orbe
Of this frail World; by which the Spirits perverſe
With eaſie intercourſe paſs to and fro
To tempt or puniſh mortals, except whom
God and good Angels guard by ſpecial grace.
But now at laſt the ſacred influence
Of light appears, and from the walls of Heav'n
Shoots farr into the boſom of dim Night
A glimmering dawn; here Nature firſt begins
Her fardeſt verge, and *Chaos* to retire
As from her outmoſt works a brok'n foe
With tumult leſs and with leſs hoſtile din,
That *Satan* with leſs toil, and now with eaſe
Wafts on the calmer wave by dubious light
And like a weather-beaten Veſſel holds

Gladly the Port, though Shrouds and Tackle torn;
Or in the emptier waſte, reſembling Air,
Weighs his ſpread wings, at leaſure to behold
Farr off th' Empyreal Heav'n, extended wide
In circuit, undetermind ſquare or round,
With Opal Towrs and Battlements adorn'd
Of living Saphire, once his native Seat;
And faſt by hanging in a golden Chain
This pendant world, in bigneſs as a Starr
Of ſmalleſt Magnitude cloſe by the Moon.
Thither full fraught with miſchievous revenge,
Accurſt, and in a curſed hour he hies.

The End of the Second Book.

Paradiſe Loſt.

BOOK III.

HAIL holy light, ofspring of Heav'n firſt-
born,
Or of th' Eternal Coeternal beam
May I expreſs thee unblam'd? ſince God is light,
And never but in unapproached light
Dwelt from Eternitie, dwelt then in thee,
Bright effluence of bright eſſence increate.
Or hear'ſt thou rather pure Ethereal ſtream,
Whoſe Fountain who ſhall tell? before the Sun,
Before the Heavens thou wert, and at the voice
Of God, as with a Mantle didſt inveſt
The riſing world of waters dark and deep,
Won from the void and formleſs infinite.
Thee I re-viſit now with bolder wing,
Eſcap't the *Stygian* Pool, though long detain'd
In that obſcure ſojourn, while in my flight
Through utter and through middle darkneſs borne
With other notes then to th' *Orphean* Lyre
I ſung of *Chaos* and *Eternal Night*,
Taught by the heav'nly Muſe to venture down
The dark deſcent, and up to reaſcend,
Though hard and rare: thee I reviſit ſafe,

And feel thy ſovran vital Lamp; but thou
Reviſit'ſt not theſe eyes, that rowle in vain
To find thy piercing ray, and find no dawn;
So thick a drop ſerene hath quencht thir Orbs,
Or dim ſuffuſion veild. Yet not the more
Ceaſe I to wander where the Muſes haunt
Cleer Spring, or ſhadie Grove, or Sunnie Hill,
Smit with the love of ſacred ſong; but chief
Thee *Sion* and the flowrie Brooks beneath
That waſh thy hallowd feet, and warbling flow,
Nightly I viſit: nor ſomtimes forget
Thoſe other two equal'd with me in Fate,
So were I equal'd with them in renown,
Blind *Thamyris* and blind *Mæonides*,
And *Tireſias* and *Phineus* Prophets old.
Then feed on thoughts, that voluntarie move
Harmonious numbers; as the wakeful Bird
Sings darkling, and in ſhadieſt Covert hid
Tunes her nocturnal Note. Thus with the Year
Seaſons return, but not to me returns
Day, or the ſweet approach of Ev'n or Morn,
Or ſight of vernal bloom, or Summers Roſe,
Or flocks, or herds, or human face divine;
But cloud in ſtead, and ever-during dark
Surrounds me, from the chearful waies of men
Cut off, and for the Book of knowledg fair
Preſented with a Univerſal blanc
Of Natures works to mee expung'd and ras'd,
And wiſdome at one entrance quite ſhut out.
So much the rather thou Celeſtial light
Shine inward, and the mind through all her powers
Irradiate, there plant eyes, all miſt from thence

Purge and diſperſe, that I may ſee and tell
Of things inviſible to mortal ſight.
Now had the Almighty Father from above,
From the pure Empyrean where he ſits
High Thron'd above all highth, bent down his eye,
His own works and their works at once to view:
About him all the Sanctities of Heaven
Stood thick as Starrs, and from his ſight receiv'd
Beatitude paſt utterance; on his right
The radiant image of his Glory ſat,
His onely Son; On Earth he firſt beheld
Our two firſt Parents, yet the onely two
Of mankind, in the happie Garden plac't,
Reaping immortal fruits of joy and love,
Uninterrupted joy, unrivald love
In bliſsful ſolitude; he then ſurvey'd
Hell and the Gulf between, and *Satan* there
Coaſting the wall of Heav'n on this ſide Night
In the dun Air ſublime, and ready now
To ſtoop with wearied wings, and willing feet
On the bare outſide of this World, that ſeem'd
Firm land imboſom'd without Firmament,
Uncertain which, in Ocean or in Air.
Him God beholding from his proſpect high,
Wherein paſt, preſent, future he beholds,
Thus to his onely Son foreſeeing ſpake.
Onely begotten Son, ſeeſt thou what rage
Tranſports our adverſarie, whom no bounds
Preſcrib'd, no barrs of Hell, nor all the chains
Heapt on him there, nor yet the main Abyſs
Wide interrupt can hold; ſo bent he ſeems
On deſperat revenge, that ſhall redound

Upon his own rebellious head. And now
Through all reſtraint broke looſe he wings his way
Not farr off Heav'n, in the Precincts of light,
Directly towards the new created World,
And Man there plac't, with purpoſe to aſſay
If him by force he can deſtroy, or worſe,
By ſom falſe guile pervert; and ſhall pervert;
For man will hark'n to his glozing lyes,
And eaſily tranſgreſs the ſole Command,
Sole pledge of his obedience: So will fall
Hee and his faithleſs Progenie: whoſe fault?
Whoſe but his own? ingrate, he had of mee
All he could have; I made him juſt and right,
Sufficient to have ſtood, though free to fall.
Such I created all th' Ethereal Powers
And Spirits, both them who ſtood & them who faild;
Freely they ſtood who ſtood, and fell who fell.
Not free, what proof could they have givn ſincere
Of true allegiance, conſtant Faith or Love,
Where onely what they needs muſt do, appeard,
Not what they would? what praiſe could they re-
What pleaſure I from ſuch obedience paid, [ceive?
When Will and Reaſon (Reaſon alſo is choice)
Uſeleſs and vain, of freedom both deſpoild,
Made paſſive both, had ſervd neceſſitie,
Not mee. They therefore as to right belongd,
So were created, nor can juſtly accuſe
Thir maker, or thir making, or thir Fate;
As if Predeſtination over-rul'd
Thir will, diſpos'd by abſolute Decree
Or high foreknowledge; they themſelves decreed
Thir own revolt, not I: if I foreknew,

Foreknowledge had no influence on their fault,
Which had no leſs prov'd certain unforeknown.
So without leaſt impulſe or ſhadow of Fate,
Or aught by me immutablie foreſeen,
They treſpaſs, Authors to themſelves in all
Both what they judge and what they chooſe; for ſo
I formd them free, and free they muſt remain,
Till they enthrall themſelves: I elſe muſt change
Thir nature, and revoke the high Decree
Unchangeable, Eternal, which ordain'd
Thir freedom, they themſelves ordain'd thir fall.
The firſt ſort by thir own ſuggeſtion fell,
Self-tempted, ſelf-deprav'd: Man falls deceiv'd
By the other firſt: Man therefore ſhall find grace,
The other none: in Mercy and Juſtice both,
Through Heav'n and Earth, ſo ſhall my glorie excel,
But Mercy firſt and laſt ſhall brighteſt ſhine.
Thus while God ſpake, ambroſial fragrance fill'd
All Heav'n, and in the bleſſed Spirits elect
Senſe of new joy ineffable diffus'd:
Beyond compare the Son of God was ſeen
Moſt glorious, in him all his Father ſhon
Subſtantially expreſs'd, and in his face
Divine compaſſion viſibly appeerd,
Love without end, and without meaſure Grace,
Which uttering thus he to his Father ſpake.
O Father, gracious was that word which clos'd
Thy ſovran ſentence, that Man ſhould find grace;
For which both Heav'n and Earth ſhall high extoll
Thy praiſes, with th' innumerable ſound
Of Hymns and ſacred Songs, wherewith thy Throne
Encompaſs'd ſhall reſound thee ever bleſt.

For ſhould Man finally be loſt, ſhould Man
Thy creature late ſo lov'd, thy youngeſt Son
Fall circumvented thus by fraud, though joynd
With his own folly? that be from thee farr,
That farr be from thee, Father, who art Judge
Of all things made, and judgeſt onely right.
Or ſhall the Adverſarie thus obtain
His end, and fruſtrate thine, ſhall he fulfill
His malice, and thy goodneſs bring to naught,
Or proud return though to his heavier doom,
Yet with revenge accompliſh't and to Hell
Draw after him the whole Race of mankind,
By him corrupted? or wilt thou thy ſelf
Aboliſh thy Creation, and unmake,
For him, what for thy glorie thou haſt made?
So ſhould thy goodneſs and thy greatneſs both
Be queſtiond and blaſpheam'd without defence.
To whom the great Creatour thus reply'd.
O Son, in whom my Soul hath chief delight,
Son of my boſom, Son who art alone
My word, my wiſdom, and effectual might,
All haſt thou ſpok'n as my thoughts are, all
As my Eternal purpoſe hath decreed:
Man ſhall not quite be loſt, but ſav'd who will,
Yet not of will in him, but grace in me
Freely voutſaft; once more I will renew
His lapſed powers, though forfeit and enthrall'd
By ſin to foul exorbitant deſires;
Upheld by me, yet once more he ſhall ſtand
On even ground againſt his mortal foe,
By me upheld, that he may know how frail
His fall'n condition is, and to me ow

All his deliv'rance, and to none but me.
Some I have choſen of peculiar grace
Elect above the reſt; ſo is my will:
The reſt ſhall hear me call, and oft be warnd
Thir ſinful ſtate, and to appeaſe betimes
Th' incenſed Deitie, while offerd grace
Invites; for I will cleer thir ſenſes dark,
What may ſuffice, and ſoft'n ſtonie hearts
To pray, repent, and bring obedience due.
To prayer, repentance, and obedience due,
Though but endevord with ſincere intent,
Mine eare ſhall not be ſlow, mine eye not ſhut.
And I will place within them as a guide
My Umpire *Conſcience*, whom if they will hear,
Light after light well us'd they ſhall attain,
And to the end perſiſting, ſafe arrive.
This my long ſufferance and my day of grace
They who neglect and ſcorn, ſhall never taſte;
But hard be hard'nd, blind be blinded more,
That they may ſtumble on, and deeper fall;
And none but ſuch from mercy I exclude.
But yet all is not don; Man diſobeying,
Diſloyal breaks his fealtie, and ſinns
Againſt the high Supremacie of Heav'n,
Affecting God-head, and ſo looſing all,
To expiate his Treaſon hath naught left,
But to deſtruction ſacred and devote,
He with his whole poſteritie muſt die,
Die hee or Juſtice muſt; unleſs for him
Som other able, and as willing, pay
The rigid ſatisfaction, death for death.
Say Heav'nly Powers, where ſhall we find ſuch love,

Which of ye will be mortal to redeem
Mans mortal crime, and juſt th' unjuſt to ſave,
Dwels in all Heaven charitie ſo deare?
He aſk'd, but all the Heav'nly Quire ſtood mute,
And ſilence was in Heav'n: on mans behalf
Patron or Interceſſor none appeerd,
Much leſs that durſt upon his own head draw
The deadly forfeiture, and ranſom ſet.
And now without redemption all mankind
Muſt have bin loſt, adjudg'd to Death and Hell
By doom ſevere, had not the Son of God,
In whom the fulneſs dwels of love divine,
His deareſt mediation thus renewd.
Father, thy word is paſt, man ſhall find grace;
And ſhall grace not find means, that finds her way,
The ſpeedieſt of thy winged meſſengers,
To viſit all thy creatures, and to all
Comes unprevented, unimplor'd, unſought,
Happie for man, ſo coming; he her aide
Can never ſeek, once dead in ſins and loſt;
Attonement for himſelf or offering meet,
Indebted and undon, hath none to bring:
Behold mee then, mee for him, life for life
I offer, on mee let thine anger fall;
Account mee man; I for his ſake will leave
Thy boſom, and this glorie next to thee
Freely put off, and for him laſtly die
Well pleas'd, on me let Death wreck all his rage;
Under his gloomie power I ſhall not long
Lie vanquiſht; thou haſt givn me to poſſeſs
Life in my ſelf for ever, by thee I live,
Though now to Death I yeild, and am his due

All that of me can die, yet that debt paid,
Thou wilt not leave me in the loathſom grave
His prey, nor ſuffer my unſpotted Soule
For ever with corruption there to dwell;
But I ſhall riſe Victorious, and ſubdue
My Vanquiſher, ſpoild of his vanted ſpoile;
Death his deaths wound ſhall then receive, & ſtoop
Inglorious, of his mortall ſting diſarm'd.
I through the ample Air in Triumph high
Shall lead Hell Captive maugre Hell, and ſhow
The powers of darkneſs bound. Thou at the ſight
Pleas'd, out of Heaven ſhalt look down and ſmile,
While by thee rais'd I ruin all my Foes,
Death laſt, and with his Carcaſs glut the Grave:
Then with the multitude of my redeemd
Shall enter Heaven long abſent, and returne,
Father, to ſee thy face, wherein no cloud
Of anger ſhall remain, but peace aſſur'd,
And reconcilement; wrauth ſhall be no more
Thenceforth, but in thy preſence Joy entire.
His words here ended, but his meek aſpect
Silent yet ſpake, and breath'd immortal love
To mortal men, above which only ſhon
Filial obedience: as a ſacrifice
Glad to be offer'd, he attends the will
Of his great Father. Admiration ſeis'd
All Heav'n, what this might mean, & whither tend
Wondring; but ſoon th' Almighty thus reply'd:
O thou in Heav'n and Earth the only peace
Found out for mankind under wrauth, O thou
My ſole complacence! well thou know'ſt how dear,
To me are all my works, nor Man the leaſt

Though laſt created, that for him I ſpare
Thee from my boſom and right hand, to ſave,
By looſing thee a while, the whole Race loſt.
Thou therefore whom thou only canſt redeeme,
Thir Nature alſo to thy Nature joyne;
And be thy ſelf Man among men on Earth,
Made fleſh, when time ſhall be, of Virgin ſeed,
By wondrous birth: Be thou in *Adams* room
The Head of all mankind, though *Adams* Son.
As in him periſh all men, ſo in thee
As from a ſecond root ſhall be reſtor'd,
As many as are reſtor'd, without thee none.
His crime makes guiltie all his Sons, thy merit
Imputed ſhall abſolve them who renounce
Thir own both righteous and unrighteous deeds,
And live in thee tranſplanted, and from thee
Receive new life. So Man, as is moſt juſt,
Shall ſatisfie for Man, be judg'd and die,
And dying riſe, and riſing with him raiſe
His Brethren, ranſomd with his own dear life.
So Heav'nly love ſhal outdoo Helliſh hate,
Giving to death, and dying to redeeme,
So dearly to redeem what Helliſh hate
So eaſily deſtroy'd, and ſtill deſtroyes
In thoſe who, when they may, accept not grace.
Nor ſhalt thou by deſcending to aſſume
Mans Nature, leſs'n or degrade thine owne.
Becauſe thou haſt, though Thron'd in higheſt bliſs
Equal to God, and equally enjoying
God-like fruition, quitted all to ſave
A World from utter loſs, and haſt been found
By Merit more then Birthright Son of God,

Found worthieſt to be ſo by being Good,
Farr more then Great or High; becauſe in thee
Love hath abounded more then Glory abounds,
Therefore thy Humiliation ſhall exalt
With thee thy Manhood alſo to this Throne;
Here ſhalt thou ſit incarnate, here ſhalt Reigne
Both God and Man, Son both of God and Man,
Anointed univerſal King; all Power
I give thee, reign for ever, and aſſume
Thy Merits; under thee as Head Supream
Thrones, Princedoms, Powers, Dominions I reduce:
All knees to thee ſhall bow, of them that bide
In Heaven, or Earth, or under Earth in Hell;
When thou attended gloriouſly from Heav'n
Shalt in the Skie appeer, and from thee ſend
The ſummoning Arch-Angels to proclaime
Thy dread Tribunal: forthwith from all Windes
The living, and forthwith the cited dead
Of all paſt Ages to the general Doom
Shall haſt'n, ſuch a peal ſhall rouſe thir ſleep.
Then all thy Saints aſſembl'd, thou ſhalt judge
Bad men and Angels, they arraignd ſhall ſink
Beneath thy Sentence; Hell, her numbers full,
Thenceforth ſhall be for ever ſhut. Mean while
The World ſhall burn, and from her aſhes ſpring
New Heav'n and Earth, wherein the juſt ſhall dwell
And after all thir tribulations long
See golden days, fruitful of golden deeds,
With Joy and Love triumphing, and fair Truth.
Then thou thy regal Scepter ſhalt lay by,
For regal Scepter then no more ſhall need,
God ſhall be All in All. But all ye Gods,

Adore him, who to compaſs all this dies,
Adore the Son, and honour him as mee.
No ſooner had th' Almighty ceas't, but all
The multitude of Angels with a ſhout
Loud as from numbers without number, ſweet
As from bleſt voices, uttering joy, Heav'n rung
With Jubilee, and loud Hoſannas fill'd
Th' eternal Regions: lowly reverent
Towards either Throne they bow, & to the ground
With ſolemn adoration down they caſt
Thir Crowns inwove with Amarant and Gold,
Immortal Amarant, a Flour which once
In Paradiſe, faſt by the Tree of Life
Began to bloom, but ſoon for mans offence
To Heav'n remov'd where firſt it grew, there grows,
And flours aloft ſhading the Fount of Life,
And where the river of Bliſs through midſt of Heavn
Rowls o're *Eliſian* Flours her Amber ſtream;
With theſe that never fade the Spirits Elect
Bind thir reſplendent locks inwreath'd with beams,
Now in looſe Garlands thick thrown off, the bright
Pavement that like a Sea of Jaſper ſhon
Impurpl'd with Celeſtial Roſes ſmil'd.
Then Crown'd again thir gold'n Harps they took,
Harps ever tun'd, that glittering by their ſide
Like Quivers hung, and with Præamble ſweet
Of charming ſymphonie they introduce
Thir ſacred Song, and waken raptures high;
No voice exempt, no voice but well could joine
Melodious part, ſuch concord is in Heav'n.
Thee Father firſt they ſung Omnipotent,
Immutable, Immortal, Infinite,

Eternal King; thee Author of all being,
Fountain of Light, thy ſelf inviſible
Amidſt the glorious brightneſs where thou ſit'ſt
Thron'd inacceſſible, but when thou ſhad'ſt
The full blaze of thy beams, and through a cloud
Drawn round about thee like a radiant Shrine,
Dark with exceſſive bright thy ſkirts appeer,
Yet dazle Heav'n, that brighteſt Seraphim
Approach not, but with both wings veil thir eyes.
Thee next they ſang of all Creation firſt,
Begotten Son, Divine Similitude,
In whoſe conſpicuous count'nance, without cloud
Made viſible, th' Almighty Father ſhines,
Whom elſe no Creature can behold; on thee
Impreſſt the effulgence of his Glorie abides,
Transfus'd on thee his ample Spirit reſts.
Hee Heav'n of Heavens and all the Powers therein
By thee created, and by thee threw down
Th' aſpiring Dominations: thou that day
Thy Fathers dreadful Thunder didſt not ſpare,
Nor ſtop thy flaming Chariot wheels, that ſhook
Heav'ns everlaſting Frame, while o're the necks
Thou drov'ſt of warring Angels diſarraid.
Back from purſuit thy Powers with loud acclaime
Thee only extold, Son of thy Fathers might,
To execute fierce vengeance on his foes,
Not ſo on Man; him through their malice fall'n,
Father of Mercie and Grace, thou didſt not doome
So ſtrictly, but much more to pitie encline:
No ſooner did thy dear and onely Son
Perceive thee purpos'd not to doom frail Man
So ſtrictly, but much more to pitie enclin'd,

He to appeaſe thy wrauth, and end the ſtriſe
Of Mercy and Juſtice in thy face diſcern'd,
Regardleſs of the Bliſs wherein hee ſat
Second to thee, offerd himſelf to die
For mans offence. O unexampl'd love,
Love no where to be found leſs then Divine!
Hail Son of God, Saviour of Men, thy Name
Shall be the copious matter of my Song
Henceforth, and never ſhall my Harp thy praiſe
Forget, nor from thy Fathers praiſe disjoine.
Thus they in Heav'n, above the ſtarry Sphear,
Thir happie hours in joy and hymning ſpent.
Mean while upon the firm opacous Globe
Of this round World, whoſe firſt convex divides
The luminous inferior Orbs, enclos'd
From *Chaos* and th' inroad of Darkneſs old,
Satan alighted walks: a Globe farr off
It ſeem'd, now ſeems a boundleſs Continent
Dark, waſte, and wild, under the frown of Night
Starleſs expos'd, and ever-threatning ſtorms
Of *Chaos* bluſtring round, inclement ſkie;
Save on that ſide which from the wall of Heav'n
Though diſtant farr ſom ſmall reflection gaines
Of glimmering air leſs vext with tempeſt loud:
Here walk'd the Fiend at large in ſpacious field.
As when a Vultur on *Imaus* bred,
Whoſe ſnowie ridge the roving *Tartar* bounds,
Diſlodging from a Region ſcarce of prey
To gorge the fleſh of Lambs or yeanling Kids
On Hills where Flocks are fed, flies toward the Springs
Of *Ganges* or *Hydaſpes*, *Indian* ſtreams; [
But in his way lights on the barren plaines

Of *Sericana*, where *Chineſes* drive
With Sails and Wind thir canie Waggons light:
So on this windie Sea of Land, the Fiend
Walk'd up and down alone bent on his prey,
Alone, for other Creature in this place
Living or liveleſs to be found was none,
None yet, but ſtore hereafter from the earth
Up hither like Aereal vapours flew
Of all things tranſitorie and vain, when Sin
With vanity had filld the works of men:
Both all things vain, and all who in vain things
Built thir fond hopes of Glorie or laſting fame,
Or happineſs in this or th' other life;
All who have thir reward on Earth, the fruits
Of painful Superſtition and blind Zeal,
Naught ſeeking but the praiſe of men, here find
Fit retribution, emptie as thir deeds;
All th' unaccompliſht works of Natures hand,
Abortive, monſtrous, or unkindly mixt,
Diſſolvd on earth, fleet hither, and in vain,
Till final diſſolution, wander here, [dreamd;
Not in the neighbouring Moon, as ſome have
Thoſe argent Fields more likely habitants,
Tranſlated Saints, or middle Spirits hold
Betwixt th' Angelical and Human kinde:
Hither of ill-joynd Sons and Daughters born
Firſt from the ancient World thoſe Giants came
With many a vain exploit, though then renownd:
The builders next of *Babel* on the Plain
Of *Sennaar*, and ſtill with vain deſigne
New *Babels*, had they wherewithall, would build:
Others came ſingle; hee who to be deemd

A God, leap'd fondly into *Ætna* flames,
Empedocles, and hee who to enjoy
Plato's Elyſium, leap'd into the Sea,
Cleombrotus, and many more too long,
Embryos and Idiots, Eremits and Friers
White, Black and Grey, with all thir trumperie.
Here Pilgrims roam, that ſtray'd ſo farr to ſeek
In *Golgotha* him dead, who lives in Heav'n;
And they who to be ſure of Paradiſe
Dying put on the weeds of *Dominic*,
Or in *Franciſcan* think to paſs diſguis'd;
They paſs the Planets ſeven, and paſs the fixt,
And that Cryſtalline Sphear whoſe ballance weighs
The Trepidation talkt, and that firſt mov'd;
And now Saint *Peter* at Heav'ns Wicket ſeems
To wait them with his Keys, and now at foot
Of Heav'ns aſcent they lift thir Feet, when loe
A violent croſs wind from either Coaſt
Blows them tranſverſe ten thouſand Leagues awry
Into the devious Air; then might ye ſee
Cowles, Hoods and Habits with thir wearers toſt
And flutterd into Raggs, then Reliques, Beads,
Indulgences, Diſpenſes, Pardons, Bulls,
The ſport of Winds: all theſe upwhirld aloft
Fly o're the backſide of the World farr off
Into a *Limbo* large and broad, ſince calld
The Paradiſe of Fools, to few unknown
Long after, now unpeopl'd, and untrod;
All this dark Globe the Fiend found as he paſs'd,
And long he wanderd, till at laſt a gleame
Of dawning light turnd thither-ward in haſte
His travell'd ſteps; farr diſtant hee deſcries

Aſcending by degrees magnificent
Up to the wall of Heaven a Structure high,
At top whereof, but farr more rich appeerd
The work as of a Kingly Palace Gate
With Frontiſpice of Diamond and Gold
Imbelliſht, thick with ſparkling orient Gemmes
The Portal ſhon, inimitable on Earth
By Model, or by ſhading Pencil drawn.
The Stairs were ſuch as whereon *Jacob* ſaw
Angels aſcending and deſcending, bands
Of Guardians bright, when he from *Eſau* fled
To *Padan-Aram* in the field of *Luz*,
Dreaming by night under the open Skie,
And waking cri'd, This is the Gate of Heav'n.
Each Stair myſteriouſly was meant, nor ſtood
There alwaies, but drawn up to Heav'n ſomtimes
Viewleſs, and underneath a bright Sea flow'd
Of Jaſper, or of liquid Pearle, whereon
Who after came from Earth, ſayling arriv'd,
Wafted by Angels, or flew o're the Lake
Rapt in a Chariot drawn by fiery Steeds.
The Stairs were then let down, whether to dare
The Fiend by eaſie aſcent, or aggravate
His ſad excluſion from the dores of Bliſs.
Direct againſt which op'nd from beneath,
Juſt o're the bliſsful ſeat of Paradiſe,
A paſſage down to th' Earth, a paſſage wide,
Wider by farr then that of after-times
Over Mount *Sion*, and, though that were large,
Over the *Promis'd Land* to God ſo dear,
By which, to viſit oft thoſe happy Tribes,
On high beheſts his Angels to and fro

Paſs'd frequent, and his eye with choice regard
From *Paneas* the fount of *Jordans* flood
To *Bëerſaba*, where the *Holy Land*
Borders on *Ægypt* and the *Arabian* ſhoare;
So wide the op'ning ſeemd, where bounds were ſet
To darkneſs, ſuch as bound the Ocean wave.
Satan from hence now on the lower ſtair
That ſcal'd by ſteps of Gold to Heav'n Gate
Looks down with wonder at the ſudden view
Of all this World at once. As when a Scout
Through dark and deſart wayes with peril gone
All night; at laſt by break of chearful dawne
Obtains the brow of ſome high-climbing Hill,
Which to his eye diſcovers unaware
The goodly proſpect of ſome forein land
Firſt-ſeen, or ſome renownd Metropolis
With gliſtering Spires and Pinnacles adornd,
Which now the Riſing Sun guilds with his beams.
Such wonder ſeis'd, though after Heaven ſeen,
The Spirit maligne, but much more envy ſeis'd
At ſight of all this World beheld ſo faire.
Round he ſurveys, and well might, where he ſtood
So high above the circling Canopie
Of Nights extended ſhade; from Eaſtern Point
Of *Libra* to the fleecie Starr that bears
Andromeda farr off *Atlantick* Seas
Beyond th' *Horizon;* then from Pole to Pole
He views in bredth, and without longer pauſe
Down right into the Worlds firſt Region throws
His flight precipitant, and windes with eaſe
Through the pure marble Air his oblique way
Amongſt innumerable Starrs, that ſhon

Stars diſtant, but nigh hand ſeemd other Worlds,
Or other Worlds they ſeemd, or happy Iles,
Like thoſe *Heſperian* Gardens fam'd of old,
Fortunate Fields, and Groves and flourie Vales,
Thrice happy Iles, but who dwelt happy there
He ſtayd not to enquire: above them all
The golden Sun in ſplendor likeſt Heaven
Allur'd his eye: Thither his courſe he bends
Through the calm Firmament; but up or downe
By center, or eccentric, hard to tell,
Or Longitude, where the great Luminarie
Alooff the vulgar Conſtellations thick,
That from his Lordly eye keep diſtance due,
Diſpenſes Light from farr; they as they move
Thir Sarry dance in numbers that compute [Lamp
Days, months, and years, towards his all-chearing
Turn ſwift their various motions, or are turnd
By his Magnetic beam, that gently warms
The Univers, and to each inward part
With gentle penetration, though unſeen,
Shoots inviſible vertue even to the deep:
So wondrouſly was ſet his Station bright.
There lands the Fiend, a ſpot like which perhaps
Aſtronomer in the Sun's lucent Orbe
Through his glaz'd Optic Tube yet never ſaw.
The place he found beyond expreſſion bright,
Compar'd with aught on Earth, Medal or Stone;
Not all parts like, but all alike informd
With radiant light, as glowing Iron with fire;
If mettal, part ſeemd Gold, part Silver cleer;
If ſtone, Carbuncle moſt or Chryſolite,
Rubie or Topaz, to the Twelve that ſhon

In *Aarons* Breſtplate, and a ſtone beſides
Imagind rather oft then elſewhere ſeen,
That ſtone, or like to that which here below
Philoſophers in vain ſo long have ſought,
In vain, though by thir powerful Art they binde
Volatil *Hermes*, and call up unbound
In various ſhapes old *Proteus* from the Sea,
Draind through a Limbec to his Native forme.
What wonder then if fields and regions here
Breathe forth *Elixir* pure, and Rivers run
Potable Gold, when with one vertuous touch
Th' Arch-chimic Sun ſo farr from us remote
Produces with Terreſtrial Humor mixt
Here in the dark ſo many precious things
Of colour glorious and effect ſo rare?
Here matter new to gaze the Devil met
Undazl'd, farr and wide his eye commands,
For ſight no obſtacle found here, nor ſhade,
But all Sun-ſhine, as when his Beams at Noon
Culminate from th' *Æquator*, as they now
Shot upward ſtill direct, whence no way round
Shadow from body opaque can fall, and the Aire,
No where ſo cleer, ſharp'nd his viſual ray
To objects diſtant farr, whereby he ſoon
Saw within kenn a glorious Angel ſtand,
The ſame whom *John* ſaw alſo in the Sun:
His back was turnd, but not his brightneſs hid;
Of beaming ſunnie Raies, a golden tiar
Circl'd his Head, nor leſs his Locks behind
Illuſtrious on his Shoulders fledge with wings
Lay waving round; on ſom great charge imploy'd
Hee ſeemd, or fixt in cogitation deep.

Glad was the Spirit impure; as now in hope
To find who might direct his wandring flight
To Paradiſe the happie ſeat of Man,
His journies end and our beginning woe.
But firſt he caſts to change his proper ſhape,
Which elſe might work him danger or delay:
And now a ſtripling Cherube he appeers,
Not of the prime, yet ſuch as in his face
Youth ſmil'd Celeſtial, and to every Limb
Sutable grace diffus'd, ſo well he feignd;
Under a Coronet his flowing haire
In curles on either cheek plaid, wings he wore
Of many a colourd plume ſprinkl'd with Gold,
His habit fit for ſpeed ſuccinct, and held
Before his decent ſteps a Silver wand.
He drew not nigh unheard, the Angel bright,
Ere he drew nigh, his radiant viſage turnd,
Admoniſht by his eare, and ſtrait was known
Th' Arch-Angel *Uriel*, one of the ſeav'n
Who in Gods preſence, neereſt to his Throne
Stand ready at command, and are his Eyes
That run through all the Heav'ns, or down to th' Earth
Bear his ſwift errands over moiſt and dry,
O're Sea and Land: him *Satan* thus accoſtes.

Uriel, for thou of thoſe ſeav'n Spirits that ſtand
In ſight of Gods high Throne, gloriouſly bright,
The firſt are wont his great authentic will
Interpreter through higheſt Heav'n to bring,
Where all his Sons thy Embaſſie attend;
And here art likelieſt by ſupream decree
Like honour to obtain, and as his Eye
To viſit oft this new Creation round;

Unſpeakable deſire to ſee, and know
All theſe his wondrous works, but chiefly Man,
His chief delight and favour, him for whom
All theſe his works ſo wondrous he ordaind,
Hath brought me from the Quires of Cherubim
Alone thus wandring. Brighteſt Seraph tell
In which of all theſe ſhining Orbes hath Man
His fixed ſeat, or fixed ſeat hath none,
But all theſe ſhining Orbes his choice to dwell;
That I may find him, and with ſecret gaze,
Or open admiration him behold
On whom the great Creator hath beſtowd
Worlds, and on whom hath all theſe graces powrd;
That both in him and all things, as is meet,
The Univerſal Maker we may praiſe;
Who juſtly hath drivn out his Rebell Foes
To deepeſt Hell, and to repair that loſs
Created this new happie Race of Men
To ſerve him better: wiſe are all his wayes.
So ſpake the falſe diſſembler unperceivd;
For neither Man nor Angel can diſcern
Hypocriſie, the only evil that walks
Inviſible, except to God alone,
By his permiſſive will, through Heav'n and Earth:
And oft though wiſdom wake, ſuſpicion ſleeps
At wiſdoms Gate, and to ſimplicitie
Reſigns her charge, while goodneſs thinks no ill
Where no ill ſeems: Which now for once beguil'd
Uriel, though Regent of the Sun, and held
The ſharpeſt ſighted Spirit of all in Heav'n;
Who to the fraudulent Impoſtor foule
In his uprightneſs anſwer thus returnd.

Faire Angel, thy deſire which tends to know
The works of God, thereby to glorifie
The great Work-Maiſter, leads to no exceſs
That reaches blame, but rather merits praiſe
The more it ſeems exceſs, that led thee hither
From thy Empyreal Manſion thus alone,
To witneſs with thine eyes what ſome perhaps
Contented with report heare onely in heav'n:
For wonderful indeed are all his works,
Pleaſant to know, and worthieſt to be all
Had in remembrance alwayes with delight;
But what created mind can comprehend
Thir number, or the wiſdom infinite
That brought them forth, but hid thir cauſes deep.
I ſaw when at his Word the formleſs Maſs,
This worlds material mould, came to a heap:
Confuſion heard his voice, and wilde uproar
Stood rul'd, ſtood vaſt infinitude confin'd;
Till at his ſecond bidding darkneſs fled,
Light ſhon, and order from diſorder ſprung:
Swift to thir ſeveral Quarters haſted then
The cumbrous Elements, Earth, Flood, Aire, Fire,
And this Ethereal quinteſſence of Heav'n
Flew upward, ſpirited with various forms,
That rowld orbicular, and turnd to Starrs
Numberleſs, as thou ſeeſt, and how they move;
Each had his place appointed, each his courſe,
The reſt in circuit walles this Univerſe.
Look downward on that Globe whoſe hither ſide
With light from hence, though but reflected, ſhines;
That place is Earth the ſeat of Man, that light
His day, which elſe as th' other Hemiſphere

Night would invade, but there the neighbouring
(So call that oppoſite fair Starr) her aide [Moon
Timely interpoſes, and her monthly round
Still ending, ſtill renewing through mid Heav'n,
With borrowd light her countenance triform
Hence fills and empties to enlighten the Earth,
And in her pale dominion checks the night.
That ſpot to which I point is *Paradiſe*,
Adams abode, thoſe loftie ſhades his Bowre.
Thy way thou canſt not miſs, me mine requires.
Thus ſaid, he turnd, and *Satan* bowing low,
As to ſuperior Spirits is wont in Heav'n,
Where honour due and reverence none neglects,
Took leave, and toward the coaſt of Earth beneath,
Down from th' Ecliptic, ſped with hop'd ſucceſs,
Throws his ſteep flight in many an Aerie wheele,
Nor ſtaid, till on *Niphates* top he lights.

The End of the Third Book.

Paradiſe Loſt.

BOOK IV.

FOR that warning voice, which he who ſaw
Th' *Apocalyps*, heard cry in Heaven aloud,
Then when the Dragon, put to ſecond rout,
Came furious down to be reveng'd on men,
Wo to the inhabitants on Earth! that now,
While time was, our firſt Parents had bin warnd
The coming of thir ſecret foe, and ſcap'd
Haply ſo ſcap'd his mortal ſnare; for now
Satan, now firſt inflam'd with rage, came down,
The Tempter ere th' Accuſer of man-kind,
To wreck on innocent frail man his loſs
Of that firſt Battel, and his flight to Hell:
Yet not rejoycing in his ſpeed, though bold,
Far off and fearleſs, nor with cauſe to boaſt,
Begins his dire attempt, which nigh the birth
Now rowling, boiles in his tumultuous breſt,
And like a devilliſh Engine back recoiles
Upon himſelf; horror and doubt diſtract
His troubl'd thoughts, and from the bottom ſtirr
The Hell within him, for within him Hell
He brings, and round about him, nor from Hell

One ſtep no more then from himſelf can fly
By change of place: Now conſcience wakes deſpair
That ſlumberd, wakes the bitter memorie
Of what he was, what is, and what muſt be
Worſe; of worſe deeds worſe ſufferings muſt enſue.
Sometimes towards *Eden* which now in his view
Lay pleaſant, his grievd look he fixes ſad,
Sometimes towards Heav'n and the full-blazing Sun,
Which now ſat high in his Meridian Towre:
Then much revolving, thus in ſighs began.
O thou that with ſurpaſſing Glory crownd,
Look'ſt from thy ſole Dominion like the God
Of this new World; at whoſe ſight all the Starrs
Hide thir diminiſht heads; to thee I call,
But with no friendly voice, and add thy name
O Sun, to tell thee how I hate thy beams
That bring to my remembrance from what ſtate
I fell, how glorious once above thy Spheare;
Till Pride and worſe Ambition threw me down
Warring in Heav'n againſt Heav'ns matchleſs King:
Ah wherefore! he deſervd no ſuch return
From me, whom he created what I was
In that bright eminence, and with his good
Upbraided none; nor was his ſervice hard.
What could be leſs then to afford him praiſe,
The eaſieſt recompence, and pay him thanks,
How due! yet all his good prov'd ill in me,
And wrought but malice; lifted up ſo high
I ſdeind ſubjection, and thought one ſtep higher
Would ſet me higheſt, and in a moment quit
The debt immenſe of endleſs gratitude,
So burthenſome, ſtill paying, ſtill to ow;

Forgetful what from him I ſtill receivd,
And underſtood not that a grateful mind
By owing owes not, but ſtill pays, at once
Indebted and diſchargd; what burden then?
O had his powerful Deſtiny ordaind
Me ſome inferiour Angel, I had ſtood
Then happie; no unbounded hope had rais'd
Ambition. Yet why not? ſom other Power
As great might have aſpir'd, and me though mean
Drawn to his part; but other Powers as great
Fell not, but ſtand unſhak'n, from within
Or from without, to all temptations arm'd.
Hadſt thou the ſame free Will and Power to ſtand?
Thou hadſt: whom haſt thou then or what to accuſe,
But Heav'ns free Love dealt equally to all?
Be then his Love accurſt, ſince love or hate,
To me alike, it deals eternal woe.
Nay curs'd be thou; ſince againſt his thy will
Choſe freely what it now ſo juſtly rues.
Me miſerable! which way ſhall I flie
Infinite wrauth, and infinite deſpaire?
Which way I flie is Hell; my ſelf am Hell;
And in the loweſt deep a lower deep
Still threatning to devour me opens wide,
To which the Hell I ſuffer ſeems a Heav'n.
O then at laſt relent: is there no place
Left for Repentance, none for Pardon left?
None left but by ſubmiſſion; and that word
Diſdain forbids me, and my dread of ſhame
Among the Spirits beneath, whom I ſeduc'd
With other promiſes and other vaunts
Then to ſubmit, boaſting I could ſubdue

Th' Omnipotent. Ay me, they little know
How dearly I abide that boaſt ſo vaine,
Under what torments inwardly I groane:
While they adore me on the Throne of Hell,
With Diadem and Scepter high advanc't
The lower ſtill I fall, onely ſupream
In miſerie; ſuch joy Ambition findes.
But ſay I could repent and could obtaine
By Act of Grace my former ſtate; how ſoon
Would highth recal high thoughts, how ſoon unſay
What feign'd ſubmiſſion ſwore: eaſe would recant
Vows made in pain, as violent and void.
For never can true reconcilement grow
Where wounds of deadly hate have peirc'd ſo deep:
Which would but lead me to a worſe relapſe,
And heavier fall: ſo ſhould I purchaſe deare
Short intermiſſion bought with double ſmart.
This knows my puniſher; therefore as farr
From granting hee, as I from begging peace:
All hope excluded thus, behold in ſtead
Of us out-caſt, exil'd, his new delight,
Mankind created, and for him this World.
So farwel Hope, and with Hope farwel Fear,
Farwel Remorſe: all Good to me is loſt;
Evil be thou my Good; by thee at leaſt
Divided Empire with Heav'ns King I hold
By thee, and more then half perhaps will reigne;
As Man ere long, and this new World ſhall know.
Thus while he ſpake, each paſſion dimm'd his face
Thrice chang'd with pale, ire, envie and deſpair,
Which marrd his borrow'd viſage, and betraid
Him counterfet, if any eye beheld.

For heav'nly mindes from ſuch diſtempers foule
Are ever cleer. Whereof hee ſoon aware,
Each perturbation ſmooth'd with outward calme,
Artificer of fraud; and was the firſt
That practiſd falſhood under ſaintly ſhew,
Deep malice to conceale, couch't with revenge:
Yet not anough had practiſd to deceive
Uriel once warnd; whoſe eye purſu'd him down
The way he went, and on th' *Aſſyrian* mount
Saw him disfigur'd, more then could befall
Spirit of happie ſort: his geſtures fierce
He markd and mad demeanour, then alone,
As he ſuppos'd, all unobſerv'd, unſeen.
So on he fares, and to the border comes
Of *Eden*, where delicious Paradiſe,
Now nearer, Crowns with her encloſure green,
As with a rural mound the champain head
Of a ſteep wilderneſs, whoſe hairie ſides
With thicket overgrown, grotteſque and wilde,
Acceſs deni'd; and over head up grew
Inſuperable highth of loftieſt ſhade,
Cedar, and Pine, and Firr, and branching Palm,
A Silvan Scene, and as the ranks aſcend
Shade above ſhade, a woodie Theatre
Of ſtatelieſt view. Yet higher then thir tops
The verdurous wall of Paradiſe up ſprung:
Which to our general Sire gave proſpect large
Into his neather Empire neighbouring round.
And higher then that Wall a circling row
Of goodlieſt Trees loaden with faireſt Fruit,
Bloſſoms and Fruits at once of golden hue
Appeerd, with gay enameld colours mixt:

On which the Sun more glad impreſs'd his beams
Then in fair Evening Cloud, or humid Bow,
When God hath ſhowrd the earth; ſo lovely ſeemd
That Lantſkip: And of pure now purer aire
Meets his approach, and to the heart inſpires
Vernal delight and joy, able to drive
All ſadneſs but deſpair: now gentle gales
Fanning thir odoriferous wings diſpenſe
Native perfumes, and whiſper whence they ſtole
Thoſe balmie ſpoiles. As when to them who ſaile
Beyond the *Cape of Hope*, and now are paſt
Mozambic, off at Sea North-Eaſt windes blow
Sabean Odours from the ſpicie ſhoare
Of *Arabie* the bleſt, with ſuch delay [League
Well pleas'd they ſlack thir courſe, and many a
Cheard with the grateful ſmell old Ocean ſmiles.
So entertaind thoſe odorous ſweets the Fiend
Who came thir bane, though with them better
Then *Aſmodeus* with the fiſhie fume, [pleas'd
That drove him, though enamourd, from the Spouſe
Of *Tobits* Son, and with a vengeance ſent
From *Media* poſt to *Egypt*, there faſt bound.

Now to th' aſcent of that ſteep ſavage Hill
Satan had journied on, penſive and ſlow;
But further way found none, ſo thick entwin'd,
As one continu'd brake, the undergrowth
Of ſhrubs and tangling buſhes had perplext
All path of Man or Beaſt that paſt that way:
One Gate there onely was, and that look'd Eaſt
On th' other ſide: which when th' arch-fellon ſaw
Due entrance he diſdaind, and in contempt,
At one ſlight bound high overleap'd all bound

Of Hill or higheſt Wall, and ſheer within
Lights on his feet. As when a prowling Wolfe,
Whom hunger drives to ſeek new haunt for prey,
Watching where Shepherds pen thir Flocks at eeve
In hurdl'd Cotes amid the field ſecure,
Leaps o're the fence with eaſe into the Fould:
Or as a Thief bent to unhoord the caſh
Of ſome rich Burgher, whoſe ſubſtantial dores,
Croſs-barrd and bolted faſt, fear no aſſault,
In at the window climbes, or o're the tiles;
So clomb this firſt grand Thief into Gods Fould:
So ſince into his Church lewd Hirelings climbe.
Thence up he flew, and on the Tree of Life,
The middle Tree and higheſt there that grew,
Sat like a Cormorant; yet not true Life
Thereby regaind, but ſat deviſing Death
To them who liv'd; nor on the vertue thought
Of that life-giving Plant, but only us'd
For proſpect, what well us'd had bin the pledge
Of immortalitie. So little knows
Any, but God alone, to value right
The good before him, but perverts beſt things
To worſt abuſe, or to thir meaneſt uſe.
Beneath him with new wonder now he views
To all delight of human ſenſe expos'd
In narrow room Natures whole wealth, yea more,
A Heaven on Earth: for bliſsful Paradiſe
Of God the Garden was, by him in the Eaſt
Of *Eden* planted; *Eden* ſtretchd her Line
From *Auran* Eaſtward to the Royal Towrs
Of great *Seleucia*, built by *Grecian* Kings,
Or where the Sons of *Eden* long before

Dwelt in *Telaſſar:* in this pleaſant ſoile
His farr more pleaſant Garden God ordaind;
Out of the fertil ground he caus'd to grow
All Trees of nobleſt kind for ſight, ſmell, taſte;
And all amid them ſtood the Tree of Life,
High eminent, blooming Ambroſial Fruit
Of vegetable Gold; and next to Life
Our Death the Tree of Knowledge grew faſt by,
Knowledge of Good bought dear by knowing ill.
Southward through *Eden* went a River large,
Nor chang'd his courſe, but through the ſhaggie hill
Paſs'd underneath ingulft, for God had thrown
That Mountain as his Garden mould high rais'd
Upon the rapid current, which through veins
Of porous Earth with kindly thirſt up drawn,
Roſe a freſh Fountain, and with many a rill
Waterd the Garden; thence united fell
Down the ſteep glade, and met the neather Flood,
Which from his darkſom paſſage now appeers,
And now divided into four main Streams,
Runs divers, wandring many a famous Realme
And Country whereof here needs no account,
But rather to tell how, if Art could tell,
How from that Saphire Fount the criſped Brooks,
Rowling on Orient Pearl and ſands of Gold,
With mazie error under pendant ſhades
Ran Nectar, viſiting each plant, and fed
Flours worthy of Paradiſe which not nice Art
In Beds and curious Knots, but Nature boon
Powrd forth profuſe on Hill and Dale and Plaine,
Both where the morning Sun firſt warmly ſmote
The open field, and where the unpierc't ſhade

Imbround the noontide Bowrs: Thus was this place,
A happy rural ſeat of various view; [Balme,
Groves whoſe rich Trees wept odorous Gumms and
Others whoſe fruit burniſht with Golden Rinde
Hung amiable, *Heſperian* Fables true,
If true, here only, and of delicious taſte:
Betwixt them Lawns, or level Downs, and Flocks
Graſing the tender herb, were interpos'd,
Of palmie hilloc, or the flourie lap
Of ſom irriguous Valley ſpread her ſtore,
Flours of all hue, and without Thorn the Roſe:
Another ſide, umbrageous Grots and Caves
Of coole receſs, o're which the mantling Vine
Layes forth her purple Grape, and gently creeps
Luxuriant; mean while murmuring waters fall
Down the ſlope hills, diſperſt, or in a Lake,
That to the fringed Bank with Myrtle crownd,
Her chryſtall mirror holds, unite thir ſtreams.
The Birds thir quire apply; aires, vernal aires,
Breathing the ſmell of field and grove, attune
The trembling leaves, while Univerſal *Pan*
Knit with the *Graces* and the *Hours* in dance
Led on th' Eternal Spring. Not that faire field
Of *Enna*, where *Proſerpin* gathring flours
Her ſelf a fairer Floure by gloomie *Dis*
Was gatherd, which coſt *Ceres* all that pain
To ſeek her through the world; nor that ſweet
Of *Daphne* by *Orontes*, and th' inſpir'd [Grove
Caſtalian Spring might with this Paradiſe
Of *Eden* ſtrive; nor that *Nyſeian* Ile
Girt with the River *Triton*, where old *Cham*,
Whom Gentiles *Ammon* call and *Libyan Jove*,

Hid *Amalthea* and her Florid Son
Young *Bacchus* from his Stepdame *Rhea's* eye;
Nor where *Abaſſin* Kings thir iſſue Guard,
Mount *Amara*, though this by ſom ſuppos'd
True Paradiſe under the *Ethiop* Line
By *Nilus* head, enclos'd with ſhining Rock,
A whole dayes journey high, but wide remote
From this *Aſſyrian* Garden, where the Fiend
Saw undelighted all delight, all kind
Of living Creatures new to ſight and ſtrange:
Two of far nobler ſhape erect and tall,
Godlike erect, with native Honour clad
In naked Majeſtie ſeemd Lords of all,
And worthie ſeemd, for in thir looks Divine
The image of thir glorious Maker ſhon,
Truth, Wiſdome, Sanctitude ſevere and pure,
Severe, but in true filial freedom plac't;
Whence true autoritie in men; though both
Not equal, as thir ſex not equal ſeemd;
For contemplation hee and valour formd,
For ſoftneſs ſhee and ſweet attractive Grace,
Hee for God only, ſhee for God in him:
His fair large Front and Eye ſublime declar'd
Abſolute rule; and Hyacinthin Locks
Round from his parted forelock manly hung
Cluſtring, but not beneath his ſhoulders broad:
Shee as a vail down to the ſlender waſte
Her unadorned golden treſſes wore
Diſſheveld, but in wanton ringlets wav'd
As the Vine curles her tendrils, which impli'd
Subjection, but requir'd with gentle ſway,
And by her yeilded, by him beſt receivd,

Yeilded with coy ſubmiſſion, modeſt pride,
And ſweet reluctant amorous delay.
Nor thoſe myſterious parts were then conceald,
Then was not guiltie ſhame, diſhoneſt ſhame
Of natures works, honor diſhonorable,
Sin-bred, how have ye troubl'd all mankind
With ſhews inſtead, meer ſhews of ſeeming pure,
And baniſht from mans life his happieſt life,
Simplicitie and ſpotleſs innocence.
So paſſd they naked on, nor ſhund the ſight
Of God or Angel, for they thought no ill:
So hand in hand they paſſd, the lovlieſt pair
That ever ſince in loves imbraces met,
Adam the goodlieſt man of men ſince borne
His Sons, the faireſt of her Daughters *Eve*.
Under a tuft of ſhade that on a green
Stood whiſpering ſoft, by a freſh Fountain ſide
They ſat them down, and after no more toil
Of thir ſweet Gardning Labour then ſuffic'd
To recommend coole *Zephyr*, and made eaſe
More eaſie, wholſom thirſt and appetite
More grateful, to thir Supper Fruits they fell,
Nectarine Fruits which the compliant boughes
Yeilded them, ſide-long as they ſat recline
On the ſoft downie Bank damaſkt with flours:
The ſavourie pulp they chew, and in the rinde
Still as they thirſted ſcoop the brimming ſtream;
Nor gentle purpoſe, nor endearing ſmiles
Wanted, nor youthful dalliance as beſeems
Fair couple, linkt in happie nuptial League,
Alone as they. About them friſking playd
All Beaſts of th' Earth, ſince wilde, and of all chaſe

In Wood or Wilderneſs, Forreſt or Den;
Sporting the Lion rampd, and in his paw
Dandl'd the Kid; Bears, Tygers, Ounces, Pards
Gambold before them, th' unwieldy Elephant
To make them mirth us'd all his might, & wreathd
His Lithe Proboſcis; cloſe the Serpent ſly
Inſinuating, wove with Gordian twine
His breaded train, and of his fatal guile
Gave proof unheeded; others on the graſs
Coucht, and now fild with paſture gazing ſat,
Or Bedward ruminating; for the Sun
Declin'd was haſting now with prone carreer
To th' Ocean Iles, and in th' aſcending Scale
Of Heav'n the Starrs that uſher Evening roſe:
When *Satan* ſtill in gaze, as firſt he ſtood,
Scarce thus at length faild ſpeech recoverd ſad.

O Hell! what doe mine eyes with grief behold,
Into our room of bliſs thus high advanc't
Creatures of other mould, earth-born perhaps,
Not Spirits, yet to heav'nly Spirits bright
Little inferior; whom my thoughts purſue
With wonder, and could love, ſo lively ſhines
In them Divine reſemblance, and ſuch grace
The hand that formd them on thir ſhape hath pourd.
Ah gentle pair, yee little think how nigh
Your change approaches, when all theſe delights
Will vaniſh and deliver ye to woe,
More woe, the more you taſte is now of joy;
Happie, but for ſo happie ill ſecur'd
Long to continue, and this high ſeat your Heav'n
Ill fenc't for Heav'n to keep out ſuch a foe
As now is enterd; yet no purpos'd foe

To you whom I could pitie thus forlorne
Though I unpittied: League with you I seek,
And mutual amitie so streight, so close,
That I with you must dwell, or you with me
Henceforth; my dwelling haply may not please
Like this fair Paradise, your seate, yet mee
Accept your Makers work: he gave it me,
Which I as freely give; Hell shall unfould
To entertain you two, her widest Gates,
And send forth all her Kings; there will be room,
Not like these narrow limits, to receive
Your numerous offspring; if no better place,
Thank him who puts me loath to this revenge
On you who wrong me not for him who wrong'd.
And should I at your harmeless innocence
Melt, as I doe, yet publick reason just,
Honour and Empire with revenge enlarg'd
By conquering this new World, compells me now
To do what else though damn'd I should abhorre.
So spake the Fiend, and with necessitie,
The Tyrants plea, excus'd his devilish deeds.
Then from his lofty stand on that high Tree
Down he alights among the sportful Herd
Of those fourfooted kindes, himself now one,
Now other, as their shape serv'd best his end
Nearer to view his prey, and unespi'd
To mark what of their state he more might learn
By word or action markt: about them round
A Lion now he stalkes with fierce pace,
Then as a Tiger, who by chance hath spi'd
In some Purlieu two gentle Fawnes at play,
Strait couches close, then rising changes oft

His couchant watch, as one who choſe his ground
Whence ruſhing he might ſureſt ſeiſe them both
Grip't in each paw: when *Adam* firſt of men
To firſt of women *Eve* thus moving ſpeech,
Turnd him all eare to heare new utterance flow.
Sole partner and ſole part of all theſe joyes,
Dearer thy ſelf then all; needs muſt the Power
That made us, and for us this ample World
Be infinitly good, and of his good
As liberal and free as infinite,
That rais'd us from the duſt and plac't us here
In all this happineſs, who at his hand
Have nothing merited, nor can performe
Aught whereof hee hath need, hee who requires
From us no other ſervice then to keep
This one, this eaſie charge, of all the Trees
In Paradiſe that beare delicious fruit
So various, not to taſte that onely Tree
Of knowledge, planted by the Tree of Life,
So neer grows Death to Life, what ere Death is,
Som dreadful thing no doubt; for well thou knowſt
God hath pronounc't it death to taſte that Tree,
The only ſign of our obedience left
Among ſo many ſignes of power and rule
Conferrd upon us, and Dominion giv'n
Over all other Creatures that poſſeſſe
Earth, Aire, and Sea. Then let us not think hard
One eaſie prohibition, who enjoy
Free leave ſo large to all things elſe, and choice
Unlimited of manifold delights:
But let us ever praiſe him, and extoll
His bountie, following our delightful taſk

To prune theſe growing Plants, & tend theſe Flours,
Which were it toilſom, yet with thee were ſweet.
To whom thus *Eve* repli'd. O thou for whom
And from whom I was formd fleſh of thy fleſh,
And without whom am to no end, my Guide
And Head, what thou haſt ſaid is juſt and right.
For wee to him indeed all praiſes owe,
And daily thanks, I chiefly who enjoy
So farr the happier Lot, enjoying thee
Preeminent by ſo much odds, while thou
Like conſort to thy ſelf canſt no where find.
That day I oft remember, when from ſleep
I firſt awak't, and found my ſelf repos'd
Under a ſhade on flours, much wondring where.
And what I was, whence thither brought, and how.
Not diſtant far from thence a murmuring ſound
Of waters iſſu'd from a Cave and ſpread
Into a liquid Plain, then ſtood unmov'd
Pure as th' expanſe of Heav'n; I thither went
With unexperienc't thought, and laid me downe
On the green bank, to look into the cleer
Smooth Lake, that to me ſeemd another Skie.
As I bent down to look, juſt oppoſite,
A Shape within the watry gleam appeerd
Bending to look on me, I ſtarted back,
It ſtarted back, but pleaſd I ſoon returnd,
Pleas'd it returnd as ſoon with anſwering looks
Of ſympathie and love, there I had fixt
Mine eyes till now, and pin'd with vain deſire,
Had not a voice thus warnd me, What thou ſeeſt,
What there thou ſeeſt fair Creature is thy ſelf,
With thee it came and goes: but follow me,

And I will bring thee where no ſhadow ſtaies
Thy coming, and thy ſoft imbraces, hee
Whoſe image thou art, him thou ſhall enjoy
Inſeparablie thine, to him ſhalt beare
Multitudes like thy ſelf, and thence be call'd
Mother of human Race: what could I doe,
But follow ſtrait, inviſibly thus led?
Till I eſpi'd thee, fair indeed and tall,
Under a Platan, yet methought leſs faire,
Leſs winning ſoft, leſs amiablie milde,
Then that ſmooth watry image; back I turnd,
Thou following cryd'ſt aloud, Return fair *Eve*,
Whom fli'ſt thou? whom thou fli'ſt, of him thou art,
His fleſh, his bone; to give thee being I lent
Out of my ſide to thee, neereſt my heart
Subſtantial Life, to have thee by my ſide
Henceforth an individual ſolace dear;
Part of my Soul I ſeek thee, and thee claim
My other half: with that thy gentle hand
Seiſd mine, I yeilded, and from that time ſee
How beauty is excelld by manly grace
And wiſdom, which alone is truly fair.
So ſpake our general Mother, and with eyes
Of conjugal attraction unreprov'd,
And meek ſurrender, half imbracing leand
On our firſt Father, half her ſwelling Breaſt
Naked met his under the flowing Gold
Of her looſe treſſes hid: he in delight
Both of her Beauty and ſubmiſſive Charms
Smil'd with ſuperior Love, as *Jupiter*
On *Juno* ſmiles, when he impregns the Clouds
That ſhed *May* Flowers; and preſs'd her Matron lip

With kiſſes pure: aſide the Devil turnd
For envie, yet with jealous leer maligne
Ey'd them aſkance, and to himſelf thus plaind.
Sight hateful, ſight tormenting! thus theſe two
Imparadis't in one anothers arms
The happier *Eden*, ſhall enjoy thir fill
Of bliſs on bliſs, while I to Hell am thruſt,
Where neither joy nor love, but fierce deſire,
Among our other torments not the leaſt,
Still unfulfill'd with pain of longing pines;
Yet let me not forget what I have gain'd
From thir own mouths; all is not theirs it ſeems:
One fatal Tree there ſtands of Knowledge call'd,
Forbidden them to taſte: Knowledge forbidd'n?
Suſpicious, reaſonleſs. Why ſhould thir Lord
Envie them that? can it be ſin to know,
Can it be death? and do they onely ſtand
By Ignorance, is that thir happie ſtate,
The proof of thir obedience and thir faith?
O fair foundation laid whereon to build
Thir ruine! Hence I will excite thir minds
With more deſire to know, and to reject
Envious commands, invented with deſigne
To keep them low whom knowledge might exalt
Equal with Gods; aſpiring to be ſuch,
They taſte and die: what likelier can enſue?
But firſt with narrow ſearch I muſt walk round
This Garden, and no corner leave unſpi'd;
A chance but chance may lead where I may meet
Some wandring Spirit of Heav'n, by Fountain ſide,
Or in thick ſhade retir'd, from him to draw
What further would be learnt. Live while ye may,

Yet happie pair; enjoy, till I return,
Short pleaſures, for long woes are to ſucceed.
So ſaying, his proud ſtep he ſcornful turn'd,
But with ſly circumſpection, and began [roam.
Through wood, through waſte, o're hil, o're dale his
Mean while in utmoſt Longitude, where Heav'n
With Earth and Ocean meets, the ſetting Sun
Slowly deſcended, and with right aſpect
Againſt the eaſtern Gate of Paradiſe
Leveld his eevning Rayes: it was a Rock
Of Alablaſter, pil'd up to the Clouds,
Conſpicuous farr, winding with one aſcent
Acceſſible from Earth, one entrance high;
The reſt was craggie cliff, that overhung
Still as it roſe, impoſſible to climbe.
Betwixt theſe rockie Pillars *Gabriel* ſat
Chief of th' Angelic Guards, awaiting night;
About him exercis'd Heroic Games
Th' unarmed Youth of Heav'n, but nigh at hand
Celeſtial Armourie, Shields, Helmes, and Speares
Hung high with Diamond flaming, and with Gold.
Thither came *Uriel*, gliding through the Eeven
On a Sun beam, ſwift as a ſhooting Starr
In *Autumn* thwarts the night, when vapors fir'd
Impreſs the Air, and ſhews the Mariner
From what point of his Compaſs to beware
Impetuous winds: he thus began in haſte.
Gabriel, to thee thy cours by Lot hath giv'n
Charge and ſtrict watch that to this happie place
No evil thing approach or enter in;
This day at highth of Noon came to my Spheare
A Spirit, zealous, as he ſeem'd, to know

More of th' Almighties works, and chiefly Man
Gods lateſt Image: I deſcrib'd his way
Bent all on ſpeed, and markt his Aerie Gate;
But in the Mount that lies from *Eden* North,
Where he firſt lighted, ſoon diſcernd his looks
Alien from Heav'n, with paſſions foul obſcur'd:
Mine eye purſu'd him ſtill, but under ſhade
Loſt ſight of him; one of the baniſht crew
I fear, hath ventur'd from the deep, to raiſe
New troubles; him thy care muſt be to find.
To whom the winged Warriour thus returnd:
Uriel, no wonder if thy perfet ſight,
Amid the Suns bright circle where thou ſitſt,
See farr and wide: in at this Gate none paſs
The vigilance here plac't, but ſuch as come
Well known from Heav'n; and ſince Meridian hour
No Creature thence: if Spirit of other ſort,
So minded, have oreleapt theſe earthie bounds
On purpoſe, hard thou knowſt it to exclude
Spiritual ſubſtance with corporeal barr.
But if within the circuit of theſe walks
In whatſoever ſhape he lurk, of whom
Thou telſt, by morrow dawning I ſhall know.
So promis'd hee, and *Uriel* to his charge
Returnd on that bright beam, whoſe point now raiſd
Bore him ſlope downward to the Sun now fall'n
Beneath th' *Azores*; whither the prime Orb,
Incredible how ſwift, had thither rowl'd
Diurnal, or this leſs volubil Earth
By ſhorter flight to th' Eaſt, had left him there
Arraying with reflected Purple and Gold
The Clouds that on his Weſtern Throne attend:

Now came ſtill Eevning on, and Twilight gray
Had in her ſober Liverie all things clad;
Silence accompanied, for Beaſt and Bird,
They to thir graſſie Couch, theſe to thir Neſts
Were ſlunk, all but the wakeful Nightingale;
She all night long her amorous deſcant ſung;
Silence was pleas'd: now glow'd the Firmament
With living Saphirs: *Heſperus* that led
The ſtarrie Hoſt, rode brighteſt, till the Moon
Riſing in clouded Majeſtie, at length
Apparent Queen unvaild her peerleſs light,
And o're the dark her Silver Mantle threw.

When *Adam* thus to *Eve:* Fair Conſort, th' hour
Of night, and all things now retir'd to reſt
Mind us of like repoſe, ſince God hath ſet
Labour and reſt, as day and night to men
Succeſſive, and the timely dew of ſleep
Now falling with ſoft ſlumbrous weight inclines
Our eye-lids; other Creatures all day long
Rove idle unimploid, and leſs need reſt;
Man hath his daily work of body or mind
Appointed, which declares his Dignitie,
And the regard of Heav'n on all his waies;
While other Animals unactive range,
And of thir doings God takes no account.
To morrow ere freſh Morning ſtreak the Eaſt
With firſt approach of light, we muſt be ris'n,
And at our pleaſant labour, to reform
Yon flourie Arbors, yonder Allies green,
Our walks at noon, with branches overgrown,
That mock our ſcant manuring, and require

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628 *manuring*] manœuvring, or working with hands.

More hands then ours to lop thir wanton growth:
Thoſe Bloſſoms alſo, and thoſe dropping Gumms,
That lie beſtrowne unſightly and unſmooth,
Aſk riddance, if we mean to tread with eaſe;
Mean while, as Nature wills, Night bids us reſt.
To whom thus *Eve* with perfet beauty adornd.
My Author and Diſpoſer, what thou bidſt
Unargu'd I obey; ſo God ordains,
God is thy Law, thou mine: to know no more
Is womans happieſt knowledge and her praiſe.
With thee converſing I forget all time,
All ſeaſons and thir change, all pleaſe alike.
Sweet is the breath of morn, her riſing ſweet,
With charm of earlieſt Birds; pleaſant the Sun
When firſt on this delightful Land he ſpreads
His orient Beams, on herb, tree, fruit, and flour,
Gliſtring with dew; fragrant the fertil earth
After ſoft ſhowers; and ſweet the coming on
Of grateful Eevning milde, then ſilent Night
With this her ſolemn Bird and this fair Moon,
And theſe the Gemms of Heav'n, her ſtarrie train:
But neither breath of Morn when ſhe aſcends
With charm of earlieſt Birds, nor riſing Sun
On this delightful land, nor herb, fruit, floure,
Gliſtring with dew, nor fragrance after ſhowers,
Nor grateful Evening mild, nor ſilent Night
With this her ſolemn Bird, nor walk by Moon,
Or glittering Starr-light without thee is ſweet.
But wherfore all night long ſhine theſe, for whom
This glorious ſight, when ſleep hath ſhut all eyes?
To whom our general Anceſtor repli'd.
Daughter of God and Man, accompliſht *Eve*,

Thoſe have thir courſe to finiſh, round the Earth,
By morrow Eevning, and from Land to Land
In order, though to Nations yet unborn,
Miniſtring light prepar'd, they ſet and riſe;
Leaſt total darkneſs ſhould by Night regaine
Her old poſſeſſion, and extinguiſh life
In Nature and all things, which theſe ſoft fires
Not only enlighten, but with kindly heate
Of various influence foment and warme,
Temper or nouriſh, or in part ſhed down
Thir ſtellar vertue on all kinds that grow
On Earth, made hereby apter to receive
Perfection from the Suns more potent Ray.
Theſe then, though unbeheld in deep of night,
Shine not in vain, nor think, though men were none,
That heav'n would want ſpectators, God want praiſe;
Millions of ſpiritual Creatures walk the Earth
Unſeen, both when we wake, and when we ſleep:
All theſe with ceaſleſs praiſe his works behold
Both day and night: how often from the ſteep
Of echoing Hill or Thicket have we heard
Celeſtial voices to the midnight air,
Sole, or reſponſive each to others note
Singing thir great Creator: oft in bands
While they keep watch, or nightly rounding walk
With Heav'nly touch of inſtrumental ſounds
In full harmonic number joind, thir ſongs
Divide the night, and lift our thoughts to Heaven.

Thus talking hand in hand alone they paſs'd
On to thir bliſsful Bower; it was a place
Chos'n by the ſovran Planter, when he fram'd
All things to mans delightful uſe; the roofe

Of thickeſt covert was inwoven ſhade
Laurel and Mirtle, and what higher grew
Of firm and fragrant leaf; on either ſide
Acanthus, and each odorous buſhie ſhrub
Fenc'd up the verdant wall; each beauteous flour,
Iris all hues, Roſes, and Geſſamin [wrought
Rear'd high thir flouriſht heads between, and
Moſaic; underfoot the Violet,
Crocus, and Hyacinth with rich inlay
Broiderd the ground, more colour'd then with ſtone
Of coſtlieſt Emblem: other Creature here
Beaſt, Bird, Inſect, or Worm durſt enter none;
Such was thir awe of man. In ſhadier Bower
More ſacred and ſequeſterd, though but feignd,
Pan or *Silvanus* never ſlept, nor Nymph,
Nor *Faunus* haunted. Here in cloſe receſs
With Flowers, Garlands, and ſweet-ſmelling Herbs
Eſpouſed *Eve* deckt firſt her Nuptial Bed,
And heav'nly Quires the Hymenæan ſung,
What day the genial Angel to our Sire
Brought her in naked beauty more adorn'd
More lovely then *Pandora*, whom the Gods
Endowd with all thir gifts, and O too like
In ſad event, when to the unwiſer Son
Of *Japhet* brought by *Hermes*, ſhe enſnar'd
Mankind with her faire looks, to be aveng'd
On him who had ſtole *Joves* authentic fire.
Thus at thir ſhadie Lodge arriv'd, both ſtood
Both turnd, and under op'n Skie ador'd
The God that made both Skie, Air, Earth & Heav'n
Which they beheld, the Moons reſplendent Globe
And ſtarrie Pole: Thou alſo mad'ſt the Night,

Maker Omnipotent, and thou the Day,
Which we in our appointed work imployd
Have finiſht happie in our mutual help
And mutual love, the Crown of all our bliſs
Ordain'd by thee, and this delicious place
For us too large, where thy abundance wants
Partakers, and uncropt falls to the ground.
But thou haſt promis'd from us two a Race
To fill the Earth, who ſhall with us extoll
Thy goodneſs infinite, both when we wake,
And when we ſeek, as now, thy gift of ſleep.
This ſaid unanimous, and other Rites
Obſerving none, but adoration pure
Which God likes beſt, into thir inmoſt bower
Handed they went; and eas'd the putting off
Theſe troubleſom diſguiſes which wee wear,
Strait ſide by ſide were laid, nor turnd I weene
Adam from his fair Spouſe, nor *Eve* the Rites
Myſterious of connubial Love refus'd:
Whatever Hypocrites auſterely talk
Of puritie and place and innocence,
Defaming as impure what God declares
Pure, and commands to ſom, leaves free to all.
Our Maker bids increaſe, who bids abſtain
But our Deſtroyer, foe to God and Man?
Haile wedded Love, myſterious Law, true ſourſe
Of human ofspring, ſole proprietie,
In Paradiſe of all things common elſe.
By thee adulterous luſt was driv'n from men
Among the beſtial herds to raunge, by thee
Founded in Reaſon, Loyal, Juſt, and Pure,
Relations dear, and all the Charities

Of Father, Son, and Brother firſt were known.
Farr be it, that I ſhould write thee ſin or blame,
Or think thee unbefitting holieſt place,
Perpetual Fountain of Domeſtic ſweets,
Whoſe Bed is undefil'd and chaſt pronounc't,
Preſent, or paſt, as Saints and Patriarchs us'd.
Here Love his golden ſhafts imploies, here lights
His conſtant Lamp, and waves his purple wings,
Reigns here and revels; not in the bought ſmile
Of Harlots, loveleſs, joyleſs, unindeard,
Caſual fruition, nor in Court Amours
Mixt Dance, or wanton Maſk, or Midnight Bal,
Or Serenate, which the ſtarv'd Lover ſings
To his proud fair, beſt quitted with diſdain.
Theſe lulld by Nightingales imbraceing ſlept,
And on thir naked limbs the flourie roof
Showrd Roſes, which the Morn repair'd. Sleep on,
Bleſt pair; and O yet happieſt if ye ſeek
No happier ſtate, and know to know no more.
Now had night meaſur'd with her ſhaddowie
Half way up Hill this vaſt Sublunar Vault, [Cone
And from thir Ivorie Port the Cherubim
Forth iſſuing at th' accuſtomd hour ſtood armd
To thir night watches in warlike Parade,
When *Gabriel* to his next in power thus ſpake.
Uzziel, half theſe draw off, and coaſt the South
With ſtricteſt watch; theſe other wheel the North,
Our circuit meets full Weſt. As flame they part
Half wheeling to the Shield, half to the Spear.
From theſe, two ſtrong and ſuttle Spirits he calld
That neer him ſtood, and gave them thus in charge.
Ithuriel and *Zephon*, with wingd ſpeed

Search through this Garden, leav unſearcht no nook,
But chiefly where thoſe two fair Creatures Lodge,
Now laid perhaps aſleep ſecure of harme.
This Eevning from the Sun's decline arriv'd
Who tells of ſom infernal Spirit ſeen
Hitherward bent (who could have thought?) eſcap'd
The barrs of Hell, on errand bad no doubt:
Such where ye find, ſeiſe faſt, and hither bring.
So ſaying, on he led his radiant Files,
Daz'ling the Moon; theſe to the Bower direct
In ſearch of whom they ſought: him there they found
Squat like a Toad, cloſe at the eare of *Eve*;
Aſſaying by his Deviliſh art to reach
The Organs of her Fancie, and with them forge
Illuſions as he liſt, Phantaſms and Dreams,
Or if, inſpiring venom, he might taint
Th' animal Spirits that from pure blood ariſe
Like gentle breaths from Rivers pure, thence raiſe
At leaſt diſtemperd, diſcontented thoughts,
Vain hopes, vain aimes, inordinate deſires
Blown up with high conceits ingendring pride.
Him thus intent *Ithuriel* with his Spear
Touch'd lightly; for no falſhood can endure
Touch of Celeſtial temper, but returns
Of force to its own likeneſs: up he ſtarts
Diſcoverd and ſurpriz'd. As when a ſpark
Lights on a heap of nitrous Powder, laid
Fit for the Tun ſom Magazin to ſtore
Againſt a rumord Warr, the Smuttie graine
With ſudden blaze diffus'd, inflames the Aire:
So ſtarted up in his own ſhape the Fiend.
Back ſtept thoſe two fair Angels half amaz'd

So ſudden to behold the grieſlie King;
Yet thus, unmovd with fear, accoſt him ſoon.
Which of thoſe rebell Spirits adjudg'd to Hell
Com'ſt thou, eſcap'd thy priſon, and transform'd,
Why ſatſt thou like an enemie in waite
Here watching at the head of theſe that ſleep?
Know ye not then ſaid *Satan*, filld with ſcorn,
Know ye not me? ye knew me once no mate
For you, there ſitting where ye durſt not ſoare;
Not to know mee argues your ſelves unknown,
The loweſt of your throng; or if ye know,
Why aſk ye, and ſuperfluous begin
Your meſſage, like to end as much in vain?
To whom thus *Zephon*, anſwering ſcorn with ſcorn.
Think not, revolted Spirit, thy ſhape the ſame,
Or undiminiſht brightneſs, to be known
As when thou ſtoodſt in Heav'n upright and pure;
That Glorie then, when thou no more waſt good,
Departed from thee, and thou reſembl'ſt now
Thy ſin and place of doom obſcure and foule.
But come, for thou, beſure, ſhalt give account
To him who ſent us, whoſe charge is to keep
This place inviolable, and theſe from harm.
So ſpake the Cherube, and his grave rebuke
Severe in youthful beautie, added grace
Invincible: abaſht the Devil ſtood,
And felt how awful goodneſs is, and ſaw
Vertue in her ſhape how lovly, ſaw, and pin'd
His loſs; but chiefly to find here obſervd
His luſtre viſibly impar'd; yet ſeemd
Undaunted. If I muſt contend, ſaid he,
Beſt with the beſt, the Sender not the ſent,

Or all at once; more glorie will be wonn,
Or leſs be loſt. Thy fear, ſaid *Zephon* bold,
Will ſave us trial what the leaſt can doe
Single againſt thee wicked, and thence weak.
The Fiend repli'd not, overcome with rage;
But like a proud Steed reind, went hautie on,
Chaumping his iron curb: to ſtrive or flie
He held it vain; awe from above had quelld
His heart, not elſe diſmai'd. Now drew they nigh
The weſtern point, where thoſe half-rounding guards
Juſt met, & cloſing ſtood in ſquadron joind
Awaiting next command. To whom thir Chief
Gabriel from the Front thus calld aloud,
O friends, I hear the tread of nimble feet
Haſting this way, and now by glimps diſcerne
Ithuriel and *Zephon* through the ſhade,
And with them comes a third of Regal port,
But faded ſplendor wan; who by his gate
And fierce demeanour ſeems the Prince of Hell,
Not likely to part hence without conteſt;
Stand firm, for in his look defiance lours.
He ſcarce had ended, when thoſe two approachd
And brief related whom they brought, wher found,
How buſied, in what form and poſture coucht.
To whom with ſtern regard thus *Gabriel* ſpake.
Why haſt thou, *Satan*, broke the bounds preſcrib'd
To thy tranſgreſſions, and diſturbd the charge
Of others, who approve not to tranſgreſs
By thy example, but have power and right
To queſtion thy bold entrance on this place;
Imploi'd it ſeems to violate ſleep, and thoſe
Whoſe dwelling God hath planted here in bliſs?
To whom thus *Satan* with contemptuous brow.

Gabriel, thou hadſt in Heav'n th' eſteem of wiſe,
And ſuch I held thee; but this queſtion aſkt
Puts me in doubt. Lives ther who loves his pain?
Who would not, finding way, break looſe from Hell,
Though thither doomd? Thou wouldſt thy ſelf, no doubt,
And boldly venture to whatever place
Fartheſt from pain, where thou mightſt hope to change
Torment with eaſe, & ſooneſt recompence
Dole with delight, which in this place I ſought;
To thee no reaſon; who knowſt only good,
But evil haſt not tri'd: and wilt object
His will who bound us? let him ſurer barr
His Iron Gates, if he intends our ſtay
In that dark durance: thus much what was aſkt.
The reſt is true, they found me where they ſay;
But that implies not violence or harme.
Thus hee in ſcorn. The warlike Angel mov'd,
Diſdainfully half ſmiling thus repli'd.
O loſs of one in Heav'n to judge of wiſe,
Since *Satan* fell, whom follie overthrew,
And now returns him from his priſon ſcap't,
Gravely in doubt whether to hold them wiſe
Or not, who aſk what boldneſs brought him hither
Unlicenc't from his bounds in Hell preſcrib'd;
So wiſe he judges it to fly from pain
However, and to ſcape his puniſhment.
So judge thou ſtill, preſumptuous, till the wrauth,
Which thou incurr'ſt by flying, meet thy flight
Seavenfold, and ſcourge that wiſdom back to Hell,
Which taught thee yet no better, that no pain
Can equal anger infinite provok't.
But wherefore thou alone? wherefore with thee
Came not all Hell broke looſe? is pain to them

Leſs pain, leſs to be fled, or thou then they
Leſs hardie to endure? courageous Chief,
The firſt in flight from pain, had'ſt thou alleg'd
To thy deſerted hoſt this cauſe of flight,
Thou ſurely hadſt not come ſole fugitive.
To which the Fiend thus anſwerd frowning ſtern.
Not that I leſs endure, or ſhrink from pain,
Inſulting Angel, well thou knowſt I ſtood
Thy fierceſt, when in Battel to thy aide
The blaſting volied Thunder made all ſpeed
And ſeconded thy elſe not dreaded Spear.
But ſtill thy words at random, as before,
Argue thy inexperience what behooves
From hard aſſaies and ill ſucceſſes paſt
A faithful Leader, not to hazard all
Through wayes of danger by himſelf untri'd.
I therefore, I alone firſt undertook
To wing the deſolate Abyſs, and ſpie
This new created World, whereof in Hell
Fame is not ſilent, here in hope to find
Better abode, and my afflicted Powers
To ſettle here on Earth, or in mid Aire;
Though for poſſeſſion put to try once more
What thou and thy gay Legions dare againſt;
Whoſe eaſier buſineſs were to ſerve thir Lord
High up in Heav'n, with ſongs to hymne his Throne,
And practis'd diſtances to cringe, not fight.
To whom the warriour Angel ſoon repli'd.
To ſay and ſtrait unſay, pretending firſt
Wiſe to flie pain, profeſſing next the Spie,
Argues no Leader, but a lyar trac't,
Satan, and couldſt thou faithful add? O name,
O ſacred name of faithfulneſs profan'd!

Faithful to whom? to thy rebellious crew?
Armie of Fiends, fit body to fit head;
Was this your diſcipline and faith ingag'd,
Your military obedience, to diſſolve
Allegeance to th' acknowledg'd Power ſupream?
And thou ſly hypocrite, who now wouldſt ſeem
Patron of liberty, who more then thou
Once fawn'd, and cring'd, and ſervilly ador'd
Heav'ns awful Monarch? wherefore but in hope
To diſpoſſeſs him, and thy ſelf to reigne?
But mark what I arreede thee now, avant;
Flie thither whence thou fledſt: if from this houre
Within theſe hallowd limits thou appeer,
Back to th' infernal pit I drag thee chaind,
And Seale thee ſo, as henceforth not to ſcorne
The facil gates of hell too ſlightly barrd.
So threatn'd hee, but *Satan* to no threats
Gave heed, but waxing more in rage repli'd.
Then when I am thy captive talk of chaines,
Proud limitarie Cherube, but ere then
Farr heavier load thy ſelf expect to feel
From my prevailing arme, though Heavens King
Ride on thy wings, and thou with thy Compeers,
Us'd to the yoak, draw'ſt his triumphant wheels
In progreſs through the rode of Heav'n Star-pav'd.
While thus he ſpake, th' Angelic Squadron bright
Turnd fierie red, ſharpning in mooned hornes
Thir Phalanx, and began to hemm him round
With ported Spears, as thick as when a field
Of *Ceres* ripe for harveſt waving bends
Her bearded Grove of ears, which way the wind
Swayes them; the careful Plowman doubting ſtands
Leaſt on the threſhing floore his hopeful ſheaves

Prove chaff. On th' other ſide *Satan* allarm'd
Collecting all his might dilated ſtood,
Like *Teneriff* or *Atlas* unremov'd:
His ſtature reacht the Skie, and on his Creſt
Sat horror Plum'd; nor wanted in his graſpe
What ſeemd both Spear and Shield: now dreadful deeds
Might have enſu'd, nor onely Paradiſe
In this commotion, but the Starrie Cope
Of Heav'n perhaps, or all the Elements
At leaſt had gon to rack, diſturbd and torne
With violence of this conflict, had not ſoon
Th' Eternal to prevent ſuch horrid fray
Hung forth in Heav'n his golden Scales, yet ſeen
Betwixt *Aſtrea* and the *Scorpion* ſigne,
Wherein all things created firſt he weighd,
The pendulous round Earth with ballanc't Aire
In counterpoiſe, now ponders all events,
Battels and Realms: in theſe he put two weights
The ſequel each of parting and of fight;
The latter quick up flew, and kickt the beam;
Which *Gabriel* ſpying, thus beſpake the Fiend.

Satan, I know thy ſtrength, and thou knowſt mine,
Neither our own but giv'n; what follie then
To boaſt what Arms can doe, ſince thine no more
Then Heav'n permits, nor mine, though doubld now
To trample thee as mire: for proof look up,
And read thy Lot in yon celeſtial Sign
Where thou art weigh'd, & ſhown how light, how weak,
If thou reſiſt. The Fiend lookt up and knew
His mounted ſcale aloft: nor more; but fled
Murmuring, and with him fled the ſhades of night.

The End of the Fourth Book.

Paradiſe Loſt.

BOOK V.

NOW Morn her roſie ſteps in th' Eaſtern Clime
Advancing, ſow'd the Earth with Orient Pearle,
When *Adam* wak't, ſo cuſtomd, for his ſleep
Was Aerie light, from pure digeſtion bred,
And temperat vapors bland, which th' only ſound
Of leaves and fuming rills, *Aurora's* fan,
Lightly diſpers'd, and the ſhrill Matin Song
Of Birds on every bough; ſo much the more
His wonder was to find unwak'nd *Eve*
With Treſſes diſcompos'd, and glowing Cheek,
As through unquiet reſt: he on his ſide
Leaning half-rais'd, with looks of cordial Love
Hung over her enamour'd, and beheld
Beautie, which whether waking or aſleep,
Shot forth peculiar Graces; then with voice
Milde, as when *Zephyrus* on *Flora* breathes,
Her hand ſoft touching, whiſperd thus. Awake
My faireſt, my eſpous'd, my lateſt found,
Heav'ns laſt beſt gift, my ever new delight,
Awake, the morning ſhines, and the freſh field
Calls us, we loſe the prime, to mark how ſpring

Our tended Plants, how blows the Citron Grove,
What drops the Myrrhe, & what the balmie Reed,
How Nature paints her colours, how the Bee
Sits on the Bloom extracting liquid ſweet.
Such whiſpering wak'd her, but with ſtartl'd eye
On *Adam*, whom imbracing, thus ſhe ſpake.
O Sole in whom my thoughts find all repoſe,
My Glorie, my Perfection, glad I ſee
Thy face, and Morn return'd, for I this Night,
Such night till this I never paſs'd, have dream'd,
If dream'd, not as I oft am wont, of thee,
Works of day paſs't, or morrows next deſigne,
But of offence and trouble, which my mind
Knew never till this irkſom night; methought
Cloſe at mine ear one call'd me forth to walk
With gentle voice, I thought it thine; it ſaid,
Why ſleepſt thou *Eve?* now is the pleaſant time,
The cool, the ſilent, ſave where ſilence yields
To the night-warbling Bird, that now awake
Tunes ſweeteſt his love-labor'd ſong; now reignes
Full Orb'd the Moon, and with more pleaſing light
Shadowie ſets off the face of things; in vain,
If none regard; Heav'n wakes with all his eyes,
Whom to behold but thee, Natures deſire,
In whoſe ſight all things joy, with raviſhment
Attracted by thy beauty ſtill to gaze.
I roſe as at thy call, but found thee not;
To find thee I directed then my walk;
And on, methought, alone I paſs'd through ways
That brought me on a ſudden to the Tree
Of interdicted Knowledge: fair it ſeem'd,
Much fairer to my Fancie then by day:

And as I wondring lookt, beſide it ſtood
One ſhap'd & wing'd like one of thoſe from Heav'n
By us oft ſeen; his dewie locks diſtill'd
Ambroſia; on that Tree he alſo gaz'd;
And O fair Plant, ſaid he, with fruit ſurcharg'd,
Deigns none to eaſe thy load and taſte thy ſweet,
Nor God, nor Man; is Knowledge ſo deſpis'd?
Or envie, or what reſerve forbids to taſte?
Forbid who will, none ſhall from me withhold
Longer thy offerd good, why elſe ſet here?
This ſaid he paus'd not, but with ventrous Arme
He pluckt, he taſted; mee damp horror chil'd
At ſuch bold words voucht with a deed ſo bold:
But he thus overjoy'd, O Fruit Divine,
Sweet of thy ſelf, but much more ſweet thus cropt,
Forbidd'n here, it ſeems, as onely fit
For Gods, yet able to make Gods of Men:
And why not Gods of Men, ſince good, the more
Communicated, more abundant growes,
The Author not impair'd, but honourd more?
Here, happie Creature, fair Angelic *Eve*,
Partake thou alſo; happie though thou art,
Happier thou mayſt be, worthier canſt not be:
Taſte this, and be henceforth among the Gods
Thy ſelf a Goddeſs, not to Earth confind,
But ſomtimes in the Air, as wee, ſomtimes
Aſcend to Heav'n, by merit thine, and ſee
What life the Gods live there, and ſuch live thou.
So ſaying, he drew nigh, and to me held,
Even to my mouth of that ſame fruit held part
Which he had pluckt; the pleaſant ſavourie ſmell
So quick'nd appetite, that I, methought,

Could not but taſte. Forthwith up to the Clouds
With him I flew, and underneath beheld
The Earth outſtretcht immenſe, a proſpect wide
And various: wondring at my flight and change
To this high exaltation; ſuddenly
My Guide was gon, and I, me thought, ſunk down,
And fell aſleep; but O how glad I wak'd
To find this but a dream! Thus *Eve* her Night
Related, and thus *Adam* anſwerd ſad.

Beſt Image of my ſelf and dearer half,
The trouble of thy thoughts this night in ſleep
Affects me equally; nor can I like
This uncouth dream, of evil ſprung I fear;
Yet evil whence? in thee can harbour none,
Created pure. But know that in the Soule
Are many leſſer Faculties that ſerve
Reaſon as chief; among theſe Fanſie next
Her office holds; of all external things,
Which the five watchful Senſes repreſent,
She forms Imaginations, Aerie ſhapes,
Which Reaſon joyning or disjoyning, frames
All what we affirm or what deny, and call
Our knowledge or opinion; then retires
Into her private Cell when Nature reſts.
Oft in her abſence mimic Fanſie wakes
To imitate her; but misjoyning ſhapes,
Wilde work produces oft, and moſt in dreams,
Ill matching words and deeds long paſt or late.
Som ſuch reſemblances methinks I find
Of our laſt Evnings talk, in this thy dream,
But with addition ſtrange; yet be not ſad.
Evil into the mind of God or Man

May come and go, ſo unapprov'd, and leave
No ſpot or blame behind: Which gives me hope
That what in ſleep thou didſt abhorr to dream,
Waking thou never wilt conſent to do:
Be not diſheart'nd then, nor cloud thoſe looks
That wont to be more chearful and ſerene
Then when fair Morning firſt ſmiles on the World,
And let us to our freſh imployments riſe
Among the Groves, the Fountains, and the Flours
That open now thir choiceſt boſom'd ſmells
Reſervd from night, and kept for thee in ſtore.
So cheard he his fair Spouſe, and ſhe was cheard,
But ſilently a gentle tear let fall
From either eye, and wip'd them with her haire;
Two other precious drops that ready ſtood,
Each in thir chryſtal ſluce, he ere they fell
Kiſs'd as the gracious ſigns of ſweet remorſe
And pious awe, that feard to have offended.
So all was cleard, and to the Field they haſte.
But firſt from under ſhadie arborous roof,
Soon as they forth were come to open ſight
Of day-ſpring, and the Sun, who ſcarce up riſen
With wheels yet hov'ring o're the Ocean brim,
Shot paralel to the earth his dewie ray,
Diſcovering in wide Lantſkip all the Eaſt
Of Paradiſe and *Edens* happie Plains,
Lowly they bow'd adoring, and began
Thir Oriſons, each Morning duly paid
In various ſtyle, for neither various ſtyle
Nor holy rapture wanted they to praiſe
Thir Maker, in fit ſtrains pronounc't or ſung
Unmeditated, ſuch prompt eloquence

Flowd from thir lips, in Proſe or numerous Verſe,
More tuneable then needed Lute or Harp
To add more ſweetneſs, and they thus began.
Theſe are thy glorious works Parent of good,
Almightie, thine this univerſal Frame,
Thus wondrous fair; thy ſelf how wondrous then!
Unſpeakable, who ſitſt above theſe Heavens,
To us inviſible or dimly ſeen
In theſe thy loweſt works, yet theſe declare
Thy goodneſs beyond thought, and Power Divine:
Speak ye who beſt can tell, ye Sons of light,
Angels, for ye behold him, and with ſongs
And choral ſymphonies, Day without Night,
Circle his Throne rejoycing, yee in Heav'n,
On Earth joyn all yee Creatures to extoll
Him firſt, him laſt, him midſt, and without end.
Faireſt of Starrs, laſt in the train of Night,
If better thou belong not to the dawn,
Sure pledge of day, that crownſt the ſmiling Morn
With thy bright Circlet, praiſe him in thy Spheare
While day ariſes, that ſweet hour of Prime.
Thou Sun, of this great World both Eye and Soule,
Acknowledge him thy Greater, ſound his praiſe
In thy eternal courſe, both when thou climb'ſt,
And when high Noon haſt gaind, & when thou fallſt.
Moon, that now meetſt the orient Sun, now fli'ſt
With the fixt Starrs, fixt in thir Orb that flies,
And yee five other wandring Fires that move
In myſtic Dance not without Song, reſound
His praiſe, who out of Darkneſs call'd up Light.
Aire, and ye Elements the eldeſt birth
Of Natures Womb, that in quaternion run

Perpetual Circle, multiform; and mix
And nouriſh all things, let your ceaſleſs change
Varie to our great Maker ſtill new praiſe.
Ye Miſts and Exhalations that now riſe
From Hill or ſteaming Lake, duſkie or grey,
Till the Sun paint your fleecie ſkirts with Gold,
In honour to the Worlds great Author riſe,
Whether to deck with Clouds the uncolourd ſkie,
Or wet the thirſtie Earth with falling ſhowers,
Riſing or falling ſtill advance his praiſe.
His praiſe ye Winds, that from four Quarters blow,
Breathe ſoft or loud; and wave your tops, ye Pines,
With every Plant, in ſign of Worſhip wave.
Fountains and yee, that warble, as ye flow,
Melodious murmurs, warbling tune his praiſe.
Joyn voices all ye living Souls, ye Birds,
That ſinging up to Heaven Gate aſcend,
Bear on your wings and in your notes his praiſe;
Yee that in Waters glide, and yee that walk
The Earth, and ſtately tread, or lowly creep;
Witneſs if I be ſilent, Morn or Eeven,
To Hill, or Valley, Fountain, or freſh ſhade
Made vocal by my Song, and taught his praiſe.
Hail univerſal Lord, be bounteous ſtill
To give us onely good; and if the night
Have gathered aught of evil or conceald,
Diſperſe it, as now light diſpels the dark.
So pray'd they innocent, and to thir thoughts
Firm peace recoverd ſoon and wonted calm.
On to thir mornings rural work they haſte
Among ſweet dewes and flours; where any row
Of Fruit-trees overwoodie reachd too farr

Thir pamperd boughes, and needed hands to check
Fruitleſs imbraces: or they led the Vine
To wed her Elm; ſhe ſpous'd about him twines
Her mariageable arms, and with her brings
Her dowr th' adopted Cluſters, to adorn
His barren leaves. Them thus imploid beheld
With pittie Heav'ns high King, and to him call'd
Raphael, the ſociable Spirit, that deign'd
To travel with *Tobias*, and ſecur'd
His marriage with the ſeaventimes-wedded Maid.
Raphael, ſaid hee, thou hear'ſt what ſtir on Earth
Satan from Hell ſcap't through the darkſom Gulf
Hath raiſd in Paradiſe, and how diſturbd
This night the human pair, how he deſignes
In them at once to ruin all mankind.
Go therefore, half this day as friend with friend
Converſe with *Adam*, in what Bowre or ſhade
Thou find'ſt him from the heat of Noon retir'd,
To reſpit his day-labour with repaſt,
Or with repoſe; and ſuch diſcourſe bring on,
As may adviſe him of his happie ſtate,
Happineſs in his power left free to will,
Left to his own free Will, his Will though free,
Yet mutable; whence warne him to beware
He ſwerve not too ſecure: tell him withall
His danger, and from whom, what enemie
Late falln himſelf from Heaven, is plotting now
The fall of others from like ſtate of bliſs;
By violence, no, for that ſhall be withſtood,
But by deceit and lies; this let him know,
Leaſt wilfully tranſgreſſing he pretend
Surpriſal, unadmoniſht, unforewarnd.

So ſpake th' Eternal Father, and fulfilld
All Juſtice: nor delaid the winged Saint
After his charge receivd; but from among
Thouſand Celeſtial Ardors, where he ſtood
Vaild with his gorgeous wings, up ſpringing light
Flew through the midſt of Heav'n; th' angelic Quires
On each hand parting, to his ſpeed gave way
Through all th' Empyreal road; till at the Gate
Of Heav'n arriv'd, the gate ſelf-opend wide
On golden Hinges turning, as by work
Divine the ſov'ran Architect had fram'd.
From hence, no cloud or, to obſtruct his ſight,
Starr interpos'd, however ſmall he ſees,
Not unconform to other ſhining Globes,
Earth and the Gard'n of God, with Cedars crownd
Above all Hills. As when by night the Glaſs
Of *Galileo*, leſs aſſur'd, obſerves
Imagind Lands and Regions in the Moon:
Or Pilot from amidſt the *Cyclades*
Delos or *Samos* firſt appeering kenns
A cloudy ſpot. Down thither prone in flight
He ſpeeds, and through the vaſt Ethereal Skie
Sailes between worlds & worlds, with ſteddie wing
Now on the polar windes, then with quick Fann
Winnows the buxom Air; till within ſoare
Of Towring Eagles, to all the Fowles he ſeems
A *Phœnix*, gaz'd by all, as that ſole Bird
When to enſhrine his reliques in the Sun's
Bright Temple, to *Ægyptian Theb's* he flies.
At once on th' Eaſtern cliff of Paradiſe
He lights, and to his proper ſhape returns
A Seraph wingd; ſix wings he wore, to ſhade

His lineaments Divine; the pair that clad
Each ſhoulder broad, came mantling o're his brêſt
With regal Ornament; the middle pair
Girt like a Starrie Zone his waſte, and round
Skirted his loines and thighes with downie Gold
And colours dipt in Heav'n; the third his feet
Shaddowd from either heele with featherd maile
Skie-tinctur'd grain. Like *Maia's* ſon he ſtood,
And ſhook his Plumes, that Heav'nly fragrance filld
The circuit wide. Strait knew him all the bands
Of Angels under watch; and to his ſtate,
And to his meſſage high in honour riſe;
For on ſom meſſage high they gueſſd him bound.
Thir glittering Tents he paſſd, and now is come
Into the bliſsful field, through Groves of Myrrhe,
And flouring Odours, Caſſia, Nard, and Balme;
A Wilderneſs of ſweets; for Nature here
Wantond as in her prime, and plaid at will
Her Virgin Fancies, pouring forth more ſweet,
Wilde above rule or art; enormous bliſs.
Him through the ſpicie Forreſt onward com
Adam diſcernd, as in the dore he ſat
Of his coole Bowre, while now the mounted Sun
Shot down direct his fervid Raies, to warme
Earths inmoſt womb, more warmth then *Adam* need;
And *Eve* within, due at her hour prepar'd
For dinner ſavourie fruits, of taſte to pleaſe
True appetite, and not diſreliſh thirſt
Of nectarous draughts between, from milkie ſtream,
Berrie or Grape: to whom thus *Adam* call'd.

Haſte hither *Eve*, and worth thy ſight behold
Eaſtward among thoſe Trees, what glorious ſhape

Comes this way moving; ſeems another Morn
Ris'n on mid-noon; ſom great beheſt from Heav'n
To us perhaps he brings, and will voutſafe
This day to be our Gueſt. But goe with ſpeed,
And what thy ſtores contain, bring forth and poure
Abundance, fit to honour and receive
Our Heav'nly ſtranger; well we may afford
Our givers thir own gifts, and large beſtow
From large beſtowd, where Nature multiplies
Her fertil growth, and by diſburd'ning grows
More fruitful, which inſtructs us not to ſpare.
To whom thus *Eve*. *Adam*, earths hallowd mould,
Of God inſpir'd, ſmall ſtore will ſerve, where ſtore,
All ſeaſons, ripe for uſe hangs on the ſtalk;
Save what by frugal ſtoring firmneſs gains
To nouriſh, and ſuperfluous moiſt conſumes:
But I will haſte and from each bough and break,
Each Plant & jucieſt Gourd will pluck ſuch choice
To entertain our Angel gueſt, as hee
Beholding ſhall confeſs that here on Earth
God hath diſpenſt his bounties as in Heav'n.
So ſaying, with diſpatchful looks in haſte
She turns, on hoſpitable thoughts intent
What choice to chuſe for delicacie beſt,
What order, ſo contriv'd as not to mix
Taſtes, not well joynd, inelegant, but bring
Taſte after taſte upheld with kindlieſt change,
Beſtirs her then, and from each tender ſtalk
Whatever Earth all-bearing Mother yeilds
In *India* Eaſt or Weſt, or middle ſhoare
In *Pontus* or the *Punic* Coaſt, or where
Alcinous reign'd, fruit of all kindes, in coate,

Rough, or ſmooth rin'd, or bearded huſk, or ſhell
She gathers, Tribute large, and on the board
Heaps with unſparing hand; for drink the Grape
She cruſhes, inoffenſive mouſt, and meathes
From many a berrie, and from ſweet kernels preſt
She tempers dulcet creams, nor theſe to hold
Wants her fit veſſels pure, then ſtrews the ground
With Roſe and Odours from the ſhrub unfum'd.
Mean while our Primitive great Sire, to meet
His god-like Gueſt, walks forth, without more train
Accompani'd then with his own compleat
Perfections, in himſelf was all his ſtate,
More ſolemn then the tedious pomp that waits
On Princes, when thir rich Retinue long
Of Horſes led, and Grooms beſmeard with Gold
Dazles the croud, and ſets them all agape.
Neerer his preſence *Adam* though not awd,
Yet with ſubmiſs approach and reverence meek,
As to a ſuperior Nature, bowing low,

Thus ſaid. Native of Heav'n, for other place
None can then Heav'n ſuch glorious ſhape contain;
Since by deſcending from the Thrones above,
Thoſe happie places thou haſt deignd a while
To want, and honour theſe, voutſafe with us
Two onely, who yet by ſov'ran gift poſſeſs
This ſpacious ground, in yonder ſhadie Bowre
To reſt, and what the Garden choiceſt bears
To ſit and taſte, till this meridian heat
Be over, and the Sun more coole decline.

Whom thus the Angelic Vertue anſwerd milde.
Adam, I therefore came, nor art thou ſuch
Created, or ſuch place haſt here to dwell,

As may not oft invite, though Spirits of Heav'n
To viſit thee; lead on then where thy Bowre
Oreſhades; for theſe mid-hours, till Eevning riſe
I have at will. So to the Silvan Lodge
They came, that like *Pomona's* Arbour ſmil'd
With flourets deck't and fragrant ſmells; but *Eve*
Undeckt, ſave with her ſelf more lovely fair
Then Wood-Nymph, or the faireſt Goddeſs feign'd
Of three that in Mount *Ida* naked ſtrove,
Stood to entertain her gueſt from Heav'n; no vaile
Shee needed, Vertue-proof, no thought infirme
Alterd her cheek. On whom the Angel *Haile*
Beſtowd, the holy ſalutation us'd
Long after to bleſt *Marie*, ſecond *Eve*.

Haile Mother of Mankind, whoſe fruitful Womb
Shall fill the World more numerous with thy Sons
Then with theſe various fruits the Trees of God
Have heap'd this Table. Rais'd of graſſie terf
Thir Table was, and moſſie ſeats had round,
And on her ample Square from ſide to ſide
All *Autumn* pil'd, though *Spring* and *Autumn* here
Danc'd hand in hand. A while diſcourſe they hold;
No fear leſt Dinner coole; when thus began
Our Authour. Heav'nly ſtranger, pleaſe to taſte
Theſe bounties which our Nouriſher, from whom
All perfet good unmeaſur'd out, deſcends,
To us for food and for delight hath caus'd
The Earth to yeild; unſavourie food perhaps
To ſpiritual Natures; only this I know,
That one Celeſtial Father gives to all.

To whom the Angel. Therefore what he gives
(Whoſe praiſe be ever ſung) to man in part

Spiritual, may of pureſt Spirits be found
No ingrateful food: and food alike thoſe pure
Intelligential ſubſtances require
As doth your Rational; and both contain
Within them every lower facultie
Of ſenſe, whereby they hear, ſee, ſmell, touch, taſte,
Taſting concoct, digeſt, aſſimilate,
And corporeal to incorporeal turn.
For know, whatever was created, needs
To be ſuſtaind and fed; of Elements
The groſſer feeds the purer, earth the ſea,
Earth and the Sea feed Air, the Air thoſe Fires
Ethereal, and as loweſt firſt the Moon;
Whence in her viſage round thoſe ſpots, unpurg'd
Vapours not yet into her ſubſtance turnd.
Nor doth the Moon no nouriſhment exhale
From her moiſt Continent to higher Orbes.
The Sun that light imparts to all, receives
From all his alimental recompence
In humid exhalations, and at Even
Sups with the Ocean: though in Heav'n the Trees
Of life ambroſial frutage bear, and vines [Morn
Yeild Nectar, though from off the boughs each
We bruſh mellifluous Dewes, and find the ground
Cover'd with pearly grain: yet God hath here
Varied his bounty ſo with new delights,
As may compare with Heaven; and to taſte
Think not I ſhall be nice. So down they ſat,
And to thir viands fell, nor ſeemingly
The Angel, nor in miſt, the common gloſs
Of Theologians, but with keen diſpatch
Of real hunger, and concoctive heate

To tranſubſtantiate; what redounds, tranſpires
Through Spirits with eaſe; nor wonder; if by fire
Of ſooty coal the Empiric Alchimiſt
Can turn, or holds it poſſible to turn
Metals of droſſieſt Ore to perfet Gold
As from the Mine. Mean while at Table *Eve*
Miniſterd naked, and thir flowing cups
With pleaſant liquors crown'd: O innocence
Deſerving Paradiſe! if ever, then,
Then had the Sons of God excuſe to have bin
Enamour'd at that ſight; but in thoſe hearts
Love unlibidinous reign'd, nor jealouſie
Was underſtood, the injur'd Lovers Hell.
Thus when with meats & drinks they had ſuffic'd,
Not burd'nd Nature, ſudden mind aroſe
In *Adam*, not to let th' occaſion paſs
Given him by this great Conference to know
Of things above his World, and of thir being
Who dwell in Heav'n, whoſe excellence he ſaw
Tranſcend his own ſo farr, whoſe radiant forms
Divine effulgence, whoſe high Power ſo far
Exceeded human, and his wary ſpeech
Thus to th' Empyreal Miniſter he fram'd.
Inhabitant with God, now know I well
Thy favour, in this honour done to man,
Under whoſe lowly roof thou haſt voutſaf't
To enter, and theſe earthly fruits to taſte,
Food not of Angels, yet accepted ſo,
As that more willingly thou couldſt not ſeem
At Heav'ns high feaſts to have fed: yet what com-
To whom the winged Hierarch repli'd. [pare?
O *Adam*, one Almightie is, from whom

All things proceed, and up to him return,
If not deprav'd from good, created all
Such to perfection, one firſt matter all,
Indu'd with various forms, various degrees
Of ſubſtance, and in things that live, of life;
But more refin'd, more ſpiritous, and pure,
As neerer to him plac't or neerer tending
Each in thir ſeveral active Sphears aſſignd,
Till body up to ſpirit work, in bounds
Proportiond to each kind. So from the root [leaves
Springs lighter the green ſtalk, from thence the
More aerie, laſt the bright conſummate floure
Spirits odorous breathes: flours and thir fruit
Mans nouriſhment, by gradual ſcale ſublim'd
To vital Spirits aſpire, to animal,
To intellectual, give both life and ſenſe,
Fanſie and underſtanding, whence the ſoule
Reaſon receives, and reaſon is her being,
Diſcurſive, or Intuitive; diſcourſe
Is ofteſt yours, the latter moſt is ours,
Differing but in degree, of kind the ſame.
Wonder not then, what God for you ſaw good
If I refuſe not, but convert, as you,
To proper ſubſtance; time may come when men
With Angels may participate, and find
No inconvenient Diet, nor too light Fare:
And from theſe corporal nutriments perhaps
Your bodies may at laſt turn all to Spirit,
Improv'd by tract of time, and wingd aſcend
Ethereal, as wee, or may at choice
Here or in Heav'nly Paradiſes dwell;
If ye be found obedient, and retain

Unalterably firm his love entire
Whoſe progenie you are. Mean while enjoy
Your fill what happineſs this happie ſtate
Can comprehend, incapable of more.
To whom the Patriarch of mankind repli'd.
O favourable ſpirit, propitious gueſt,
Well haſt thou taught the way that might direct
Our knowledge, and the ſcale of Nature ſet
From center to circumference, whereon
In contemplation of created things
By ſteps we may aſcend to God. But ſay,
What meant that caution joind, *if ye be found*
Obedient? can wee want obedience then
To him, or poſſibly his love deſert
Who formd us from the duſt, and plac'd us here
Full to the utmoſt meaſure of what bliſs
Human deſires can ſeek or apprehend?
To whom the Angel. Son of Heav'n and Earth,
Attend: That thou art happie, owe to God;
That thou continu'ſt ſuch, owe to thy ſelf,
That is, to thy obedience; therein ſtand.
This was that caution giv'n thee; be advis'd.
God made thee perfet, not immutable;
And good he made thee, but to perſevere
He left it in thy power, ordaind thy will
By nature free, not over-rul'd by Fate
Inextricable, or ſtrict neceſſity;
Our voluntarie ſervice he requires,
Not our neceſſitated, ſuch with him
Findes no acceptance, nor can find, for how
Can hearts, not free, be tri'd whether they ſerve
Willing or no, who will but what they muſt

By Deſtinie, and can no other chooſe?
My ſelf and all th' Angelic Hoſt that ſtand
In ſight of God enthron'd, our happie ſtate
Hold, as you yours, while our obedience holds;
On other ſurety none; freely we ſerve.
Becauſe wee freely love, as in our will
To love or not; in this we ſtand or fall:
And ſom are fall'n, to diſobedience fall'n,
And ſo from Heav'n to deepeſt Hell; O fall
From what high ſtate of bliſs into what woe!
To whom our great Progenitor. Thy words
Attentive, and with more delighted eare
Divine inſtructer, I have heard, then when
Cherubic Songs by night from neighbouring Hills
Aereal Muſic ſend: nor knew I not
To be both will and deed created free;
Yet that we never ſhall forget to love
Our maker, and obey him whoſe command
Single, is yet ſo juſt, my conſtant thoughts
Aſſur'd me and ſtill aſſure: though what thou tellſt
Hath paſt in Heav'n, ſom doubt within me move,
But more deſire to hear, if thou conſent,
The full relation, which muſt needs be ſtrange,
Worthy of Sacred ſilence to be heard;
And we have yet large day, for ſcarce the Sun
Hath finiſht half his journey, and ſcarce begins
His other half in the great Zone of Heav'n.
Thus *Adam* made requeſt, and *Raphael*
After ſhort pauſe aſſenting, thus began.
High matter thou injoinſt me, O prime of men,
Sad taſk and hard, for how ſhall I relate
To human ſenſe th' inviſible exploits

Of warring Spirits; how without remorſe
The ruin of ſo many glorious once
And perfet while they ſtood; how laſt unfould
The ſecrets of another world, perhaps
Not lawful to reveal? yet for thy good
This is diſpenc't, and what ſurmounts the reach
Of human ſenſe, I ſhall delineate ſo,
By lik'ning ſpiritual to corporal forms,
As may expreſs them beſt, though what if Earth
Be but the ſhaddow of Heav'n, and things therein
Each to other like, more then on earth is thought?
As yet this world was not, and *Chaos* wilde
Reignd where theſe Heav'ns now rowl, where Earth now reſts
Upon her Center pois'd, when on a day
(For Time, though in Eternitie, appli'd
To motion, meaſures all things durable
By preſent, paſt, and future) on ſuch day
As Heav'ns great Year brings forth, th' Empyreal
Of Angels by Imperial ſummons call'd, [Hoſt
Innumerable before th' Almighties Throne
Forthwith from all the ends of Heav'n appeerd
Under thir Hierarchs in orders bright
Ten thouſand thouſand Enſignes high advanc'd,
Standards, and Gonfalons twixt Van and Reare
Streame in the Aire, and for diſtinction ſerve
Of Hierarchies, of Orders, and Degrees;
Or in thir glittering Tiſſues bear imblaz'd
Holy Memorials, acts of Zeale and Love
Recorded eminent. Thus when in Orbes
Of circuit inexpreſſible they ſtood,
Orb within Orb, the Father infinite,

By whom in bliſs imboſom'd ſat the Son,
A midſt as from a flaming Mount, whoſe top
Brightneſs had made inviſible, thus ſpake.
  Hear, all ye Angels, Progenie of Light,
Thrones, Dominations, Princedoms, Vertues, Powers,
Hear my Decree, which unrevok't ſhall ſtand.
This day I have begot whom I declare
My onely Son, and on this holy Hill
Him have anointed, whom ye now behold
At my right hand; your Head I him appoint;
And by my Self have ſworn to him ſhall bow
All knees in Heav'n, and ſhall confeſs him Lord:
Under his great Vice-gerent Reign abide
United as one individual Soule
For ever happie: him who diſobeyes
Mee diſobeyes, breaks union, and that day
Caſt out from God and bleſſed viſion, falls
Into utter darkneſs, deep ingulft, his place
Ordaind without redemption, without end.
  So ſpake th' Omnipotent, and with his words
All ſeemd well pleas'd, all ſeem'd, but were not all.
That day, as other ſolem dayes, they ſpent
In ſong and dance about the ſacred Hill,
Myſtical dance, which yonder ſtarrie Spheare
Of Planets and of fixt in all her Wheeles
Reſembles neareſt, mazes intricate,
Eccentric, intervolv'd, yet regular
Then moſt, when moſt irregular they ſeem:
And in thir motiõns harmonie Divine
So ſmooths her charming tones, that Gods own ear
Liſtens delighted. Eevning approachd
(For we have alſo our Eevning and our Morn,

We ours for change delectable, not need)
Forthwith from dance to ſweet repaſt they turn
Deſirous, all in Circles as they ſtood,
Tables are ſet, and on a ſudden pil'd
With Angels Food, and rubied Nectar flows:
In Pearl, in Diamond, and maſſie Gold,
Fruit of delicious Vines, the growth of Heav'n.
They eat, they drink, and with refection ſweet
Are fill'd, before th'all bounteous King, who ſhowrd
With copious hand, rejoycing in thir joy.
Now when ambroſial Night with Clouds exhal'd
From that high mount of God, whence light & ſhade
Spring both, the face of brighteſt Heav'n had changd
To grateful Twilight (for Night comes not there
In darker veile) and roſeat Dews diſpos'd
All but the unſleeping eyes of God to reſt,
Wide over all the Plain, and wider farr
Then all this globous Earth in Plain outſpred,
(Such are the Courts of God) Th' Angelic throng
Diſperſt in Bands and Files thir Camp extend
By living Streams among the Trees of Life,
Pavilions numberleſs, and ſudden reard,
Celeſtial Tabernacles, where they ſlept [courſe
Fannd with coole Winds, ſave thoſe who in thir
Melodious Hymns about the ſovran Throne
Alternate all night long: but not ſo wak'd
Satan, ſo call him now, his former name
Is heard no more in Heav'n; he of the firſt,
If not the firſt Arch-Angel, great in Power,
In favour and præeminence, yet fraught
With envie againſt the Son of God, that day
Honourd by his great Father, and proclaimd

Meſſiah King anointed, could not beare
Through pride that ſight, and thought himſelf im-
Deep malice thence conceiving & diſdain, [paird.
Soon as midnight brought on the duſkie houre
Friendlieſt to ſleep and ſilence, he reſolv'd
With all his Legions to diſlodge, and leave
Unworſhipt, unobey'd the Throne ſupream
Contemptuous, and his next ſubordinate
Awak'ning, thus to him in ſecret ſpake. [cloſe
Sleepſt thou, Companion dear, what ſleep can
Thy eye-lids? and remembreſt what Decree
Of yeſterday, ſo late hath paſt the lips
Of Heav'ns Almightie. Thou to me thy thoughts
Waſt wont, I mine to thee was wont to impart;
Both waking we were one; how then can now
Thy ſleep diſſent? new Laws thou ſeeſt impos'd;
New Laws from him who reigns, new minds may
In us who ſerve, new Counſels, to debate [raiſe
What doubtful may enſue, more in this place
To utter is not ſafe. Aſſemble thou
Of all thoſe Myriads which we lead the chief;
Tell them that by command, ere yet dim Night
Her ſhadowie Cloud withdraws, I am to haſte,
And all who under me thir Banners wave,
Homeward with flying march where we poſſeſs
The Quarters of the North, there to prepare
Fit entertainment to receive our King
The great *Meſſiah*, and his new commands,
Who ſpeedily through all the Hierarchies
Intends to paſs triumphant, and give Laws.
So ſpake the falſe Arch-Angel, and infus'd
Bad influence into th' unwarie breſt

Of his Aſſociate; hee together calls,
Or ſeveral one by one, the Regent Powers,
Under him Regent, tells, as he was taught,
That the moſt High commanding, now ere Night,
Now ere dim Night had diſincumberd Heav'n,
The great Hierarchal Standard was to move;
Tells the ſuggeſted cauſe, and caſts between
Ambiguous words and jealouſies, to ſound
Or taint integritie; but all obey'd
The wonted ſignal, and ſuperior voice
Of thir great Potentate; for great indeed
His name, and high was his degree in Heav'n;
His count'nance, as the Morning Starr that guides
The ſtarrie flock, allur'd them, and with lyes
Drew after him the third part of Heav'ns Hoſt:
Mean while th' Eternal eye, whoſe ſight diſcernes
Abſtruſeſt thoughts, from forth his holy Mount
And from within the golden Lamps that burne
Nightly before him, ſaw without thir light
Rebellion riſing, ſaw in whom, how ſpred
Among the ſons of Morn, what multitudes
Were banded to oppoſe his high Decree;
And ſmiling to his onely Son thus ſaid.

Son, thou in whom my glory I behold
In full reſplendence, Heir of all my might,
Neerly it now concernes us to be ſure
Of our Omnipotence, and with what Arms
We mean to hold what anciently we claim
Of Deitie or Empire, ſuch a foe
Is riſing, who intends to erect his Throne
Equal to ours, throughout the ſpacious North;
Nor ſo content, hath in his thought to trie

In battel, what our Power is, or our right.
Let us adviſe, and to this hazard draw
With ſpeed what force is left, and all imploy
In our defence, leſt unawares we loſe
This our high place, our Sanctuarie, our Hill.
To whom the Son with calm aſpect and cleer
Light'ning Divine, ineffable, ſerene,
Made anſwer. Mightie Father, thou thy foes
Juſtly haſt in deriſion, and ſecure
Laugh'ſt at thir vain deſignes and tumults vain,
Matter to mee of Glory, whom thir hate
Illuſtrates, when they ſee all Regal Power
Giv'n me to quell thir pride, and in event
Know whether I be dextrous to ſubdue
Thy Rebels, or be found the worſt in Heav'n.
So ſpake the Son, but *Satan* with his Powers
Farr was advanc't on winged ſpeed, an Hoſt
Innumerable as the Starrs of Night,
Or Starrs of Morning, Dew-drops, which the Sun
Impearls on every leaf and every flouer.
Regions they paſs'd, the mightie Regencies
Of Seraphim and Potentates and Thrones
In thir triple Degrees, Regions to which
All thy Dominion, *Adam*, is no more
Then what this Garden is to all the Earth,
And all the Sea, from one entire globoſe
Stretcht into Longitude; which having paſs'd
At length into the limits of the North
They came, and *Satan* to his Royal ſeat
High on a Hill, far blazing, as a Mount
Rais'd on a Mount, with Pyramids and Towrs
From Diamond Quarries hew'n, & Rocks of Gold,

The Palace of great *Lucifer*, (ſo call
That Structure in the Dialect of men
Interpreted) which not long after, hee
Affecting all equality with God,
In imitation of that Mount whereon
Meſſiah was declar'd in ſight of Heav'n,
The Mountain of the Congregation call'd;
For thither he aſſembl'd all his Train,
Pretending ſo commanded to conſult
About the great reception of thir King,
Thither to come, and with calumnious Art
Of counterfeted truth thus held thir ears.
Thrones, Dominations, Princedomes, Vertues,
If theſe magnific Titles yet remain [Powers,
Not meerly titular, ſince by Decree
Another now hath to himſelf ingroſs't
All Power, and us eclipſt under the name
Of King anointed, for whom all this haſte
Of midnight march, and hurried meeting here,
This onely to conſult how we may beſt
With what may be devis'd of honours new
Receive him coming to receive from us
Knee-tribute yet unpaid, proſtration vile,
Too much to one, but double how endur'd,
To one and to his image now proclaim'd?
But what if better counſels might erect
Our minds and teach us to caſt off this Yoke?
Will ye ſubmit your necks, and chuſe to bend
The ſupple knee? ye will not, if I truſt
To know ye right, or if ye know your ſelves
Natives and Sons of Heav'n poſſeſt before
By none, and if not equal all, yet free,

Equally free; for Orders and Degrees
Jarr not with liberty, but well conſiſt.
Who can in reaſon then or right aſſume
Monarchie over ſuch as live by right
His equals, if in power and ſplendor leſs,
In freedome equal? or can introduce
Law and Edict on us, who without law
Erre not, much leſs for this to be our Lord,
And look for adoration to th' abuſe
Of thoſe Imperial Titles which aſſert
Our being ordain'd to govern, not to ſerve?
Thus farr his bold diſcourſe without controule
Had audience, when among the Seraphim
Abdiel, then whom none with more zeale ador'd
The Deitie, and divine commands obei'd,
Stood up, and in a flame of zeale ſevere
The current of his fury thus oppos'd.
O argument blaſphemous, falſe and proud!
Words which no eare ever to hear in Heav'n
Expected, leaſt of all from thee, ingrate
In place thy ſelf ſo high above thy Peeres.
Canſt thou with impious obloquie condemne
The juſt Decree of God, pronounc't and ſworn,
That to his only Son by right endu'd
With Regal Scepter, every Soule in Heav'n
Shall bend the knee, and in that honour due
Confeſs him rightful King? unjuſt thou ſaiſt
Flatly unjuſt, to binde with Laws the free,
And equal over equals to let Reigne,
One over all with unſucceeded power.
Shalt thou give Law to God, ſhalt thou diſpute
With him the points of libertie, who made

Thee what thou art, & formd the Pow'rs of Heav'n
Such as he pleaſd, and circumſcrib'd thir being?
Yet by experience taught we know how good,
And of our good, and of our dignitie
How provident he is, how farr from thought
To make us leſs, bent rather to exalt
Our happie ſtate under one Head more neer
United. But to grant it thee unjuſt,
That equal over equals Monarch Reigne:
Thy ſelf though great & glorious doſt thou count,
Or all Angelic Nature joind in one,
Equal to him begotten Son, by whom
As by his Word the mighty Father made
All things, ev'n thee, and all the Spirits of Heav'n
By him created in thir bright degrees,
Crownd them with Glory, & to thir Glory nam'd
Thrones, Dominations, Princedoms, Vertues, Pow-
Eſſential Powers, nor by his Reign obſcur'd, [ers
But more illuſtrious made, ſince he the Head
One of our number thus reduc't becomes,
His Laws our Laws, all honour to him done
Returns our own. Ceaſe then this impious rage,
And tempt not theſe; but haſt'n to appeaſe
Th' incenſed Father, and th' incenſed Son,
While Pardon may be found in time beſought.
So ſpake the fervent Angel, but his zeale
None ſeconded, as out of ſeaſon judg'd,
Or ſingular and raſh, whereat rejoic'd
Th' Apoſtat, and more haughty thus repli'd.
That we were formd then ſaiſt thou? & the work
Of ſecondarie hands, by taſk transferd
From Father to his Son? ſtrange point and new!

Doctrin which we would know whence learnt: who
When this creation was? rememberſt thou [ſaw
Thy making, while the Maker gave thee being?
We know no time when we were not as now;
Know none before us, ſelf-begot, ſelf-rais'd
By our own quick'ning power, when fatal courſe
Had circl'd his full Orbe, the birth mature
Of this our native Heav'n, Ethereal Sons.
Our puiſſance is our own, our own right hand
Shall teach us higheſt deeds, by proof to try
Who is our equal: then thou ſhalt behold
Whether by ſupplication we intend
Addreſs, and to begirt th' Almighty Throne
Beſeeching or beſieging. This report,
Theſe tidings carrie to th' anointed King;
And fly, ere evil intercept thy flight.
He ſaid, and as the ſound of waters deep
Hoarce murmur echo'd to his words applauſe
Through the infinite Hoſt, nor leſs for that
The flaming Seraph fearleſs, though alone
Encompaſs'd round with foes, thus anſwerd bold.
O alienate from God, O ſpirit accurſt,
Forſak'n of all good; I ſee thy fall
Determind, and thy hapleſs crew involv'd
In this perfidious fraud, contagion ſpred
Both of thy crime and puniſhment: henceforth
No more be troubl'd how to quit the yoke
Of Gods *Meſſiah*; thoſe indulgent Laws
Will not be now voutſaf't, other Decrees
Againſt thee are gon forth without recall;
That Golden Scepter which thou didſt reject
Is now an Iron Rod to bruiſe and breake

Thy diſobedience. Well thou didſt adviſe,
Yet not for thy adviſe or threats I fly
Theſe wicked Tents devoted, leaſt the wrauth
Impendent, raging into ſudden flame
Diſtinguiſh not: for ſoon expect to feel
His Thunder on thy head, devouring fire.
Then who created thee lamenting learne,
When who can uncreate thee thou ſhalt know.
So ſpake the Seraph *Abdiel* faithful found,
Among the faithleſs, faithful only hee;
Among innumerable falſe, unmov'd,
Unſhak'n, unſeduc'd, unterrifi'd
His Loyaltie he kept, his Love, his Zeale;
Nor number, nor example with him wrought
To ſwerve from truth, or change his conſtant mind
Though ſingle. From amidſt them forth he paſsd,
Long way through hoſtile ſcorn, which he ſuſteind
Superior, nor of violence fear'd aught;
And with retorted ſcorn his back he turn'd
On thoſe proud Towrs to ſwift deſtruction doom'd.

The End of the Fifth Book.

Paradiſe Loſt.

BOOK VI.

ALL night the dreadleſs Angel unpurſu'd
Through Heav'ns wide Champain held his way, till Morn,
Wak't by the circling Hours, with roſie hand
Unbarr'd the gates of Light. There is a Cave
Within the Mount of God, faſt by his Throne,
Where light and darkneſs in perpetual round
Lodge and diſlodge by turns, which makes through
Grateful viciſſitude, like Day and Night; [Heav'n
Light iſſues forth, and at the other dore
Obſequious darkneſs enters, till her houre [well
To veile the Heav'n, though darkneſs there might
Seem twilight here; and now went forth the Morn
Such as in higheſt Heav'n, arrayd in Gold
Empyreal, from before her vaniſht Night,
Shot through with orient Beams: when all the Plain
Coverd with thick embatteld Squadrons bright,
Chariots and flaming Armes, and fierie Steeds
Reflecting blaze on blaze, firſt met his view:
Warr he perceav'd, warr in procinct, and found
Already known what he for news had thought
To have reported: gladly then he mixt
Among thoſe friendly Powers who him receav'd

With joy and acclamations loud, that one
That of ſo many Myriads fall'n, yet one
Returnd not loſt: On to the ſacred hill
They led him high applauded, and preſent
Before the ſeat ſupream; from whence a voice
From midſt a Golden Cloud thus milde was heard.
Servant of God, well done, well haſt thou fought
The better fight, who ſingle haſt maintaind
Againſt revolted multitudes the Cauſe
Of Truth, in word mightier then they in Armes;
And for the teſtimonie of Truth haſt born
Univerſal reproach, far worſe to beare
Then violence: for this was all thy care
To ſtand approv'd in ſight of God, though Worlds
Judg'd thee perverſe: the eaſier conqueſt now
Remains thee, aided by this hoſt of friends,
Back on thy foes more glorious to return
Then ſcornd thou didſt depart, and to ſubdue
By force, who reaſon for thir Law refuſe,
Right reaſon for thir Law, and for thir King
Meſſiah, who by right of merit Reigns.
Goe *Michael* of Celeſtial Armies Prince,
And thou in Military proweſs next
Gabriel, lead forth to Battel theſe my Sons
Invincible, lead forth my armed Saints
By Thouſands and by Millions rang'd for fight;
Equal in number to that Godleſs crew
Rebellious, them with Fire and hoſtile Arms
Fearleſs aſſault, and to the brow of Heav'n
Purſuing drive them out from God and bliſs,
Into thir place of puniſhment, the Gulf
Of *Tartarus*, which ready opens wide

His fiery *Chaos* to receave thir fall.
So ſpake the Sovran voice, and Clouds began
To darken all the Hill, and ſmoak to rowl
In duſkie wreathes, reluctant flames, the ſigne
Of wrauth awak't: nor with leſs dread the loud
Ethereal Trumpet from on high gan blow:
At which command the Powers Militant,
That ſtood for Heav'n, in mighty Quadrate joyn'd
Of Union irreſiſtible, mov'd on
In ſilence thir bright Legions, to the ſound
Of inſtrumental Harmonie that breath'd
Heroic Ardor to advent'rous deeds
Under thir God-like Leaders, in the Cauſe
Of God and his *Meſſiah*. On they move
Indiſſolubly firm; nor obvious Hill,
Nor ſtreit'ning Vale, nor Wood, nor Stream divides
Thir perfet ranks; for high above the ground
Thir march was, and the paſſive Air upbore
Thir nimble tread; as when the total kind
Of Birds in orderly array on wing
Came ſummond over *Eden* to receive
Thir names of thee; ſo over many a tract
Of Heav'n they march'd, and many a Province wide
Tenfold the length of this terrene: at laſt
Farr in th' Horizon to the North appeer'd
From ſkirt to ſkirt a fierie Region, ſtretcht
In battailous aſpect, and neerer view
Briſtl'd with upright beams innumerable
Of rigid Spears, and Helmets throng'd, and Shields
Various, with boaſtful Argument portraid,
The banded Powers of *Satan* haſting on
With furious expedition; for they weend

That ſelf ſame day by fight, or by ſurprize
To win the Mount of God, and on his Throne
To ſet the envier of his State, the proud
Aſpirer, but thir thoughts prov'd fond and vain
In the mid way: though ſtrange to us it ſeemd
At firſt, that Angel ſhould with Angel warr,
And in fierce hoſting meet, who wont to meet
So oft in Feſtivals of joy and love
Unanimous, as ſons of one great Sire
Hymning th' Eternal Father: but the ſhout
Of Battel now began, and ruſhing ſound
Of onſet ended ſoon each milder thought.
High in the midſt exalted as a God
Th' Apoſtat in his Sun-bright Chariot ſate
Idol of Majeſtie Divine, enclos'd
With Flaming Cherubim, and golden Shields;
Then lighted from his gorgeous Throne, for now
'Twixt Hoſt and Hoſt but narrow ſpace was left,
A dreadful interval, and Front to Front
Preſented ſtood in terrible array
Of hideous length: before the cloudie Van,
On the rough edge of battel ere it joyn'd,
Satan with vaſt and haughtie ſtrides advanc't,
Came towring, armd in Adamant and Gold;
Abdiel that ſight endur'd not, where he ſtood
Among the mightieſt, bent on higheſt deeds,
And thus his own undaunted heart explores.

O Heav'n! that ſuch reſemblance of the Higheſt
Should yet remain, where faith and realtie
Remain not; wherefore ſhould not ſtrength & might
There fail where Vertue fails, or weakeſt prove
Where boldeſt; though to ſight unconquerable?

His puiſſance, truſting in th' Almightie's aide,
I mean to try, whoſe Reaſon I have tri'd
Unſound and falſe; nor is it aught but juſt,
That he who in debate of Truth hath won,
Should win in Arms, in both diſputes alike
Victor; though brutiſh that conteſt and foule,
When Reaſon hath to deal with force, yet ſo
Moſt reaſon is that Reaſon overcome.
So pondering, and from his armed Peers
Forth ſtepping oppoſite, half way he met
His daring foe, at this prevention more
Incens't, and thus ſecurely him defi'd.
Proud, art thou met? thy hope was to have reacht
The highth of thy aſpiring unoppos'd,
The Throne of God unguarded, and his ſide
Abandond at the terror of thy Power
Or potent tongue; fool, not to think how vain
Againſt th' Omnipotent to riſe in Arms;
Who out of ſmalleſt things could without end
Have rais'd inceſſant Armies to defeat
Thy folly; or with ſolitarie hand
Reaching beyond all limit, at one blow
Unaided could have finiſht thee, and whelmd
Thy Legions under darkneſs; but thou ſeeſt
All are not of thy Train; there be who Faith
Prefer, and Pietie to God, though then
To thee not viſible, when I alone
Seemd in thy World erroneous to diſſent
From all: my Sect thou ſeeſt, now learn too late
How few ſomtimes may know, when thouſands err.
Whom the grand foe with ſcornful eye aſkance
Thus anſwerd. Ill for thee, but in wiſht houre

Of my revenge, firſt ſought for thou returnſt
From flight, ſeditious Angel, to receave
Thy merited reward, the firſt aſſay
Of this right hand provok't, ſince firſt that tongue
Inſpir'd with contradiction durſt oppoſe
A third part of the Gods, in Synod met
Thir Deities to aſſert, who while they feel
Vigour Divine within them, can allow
Omnipotence to none. But well thou comſt
Before thy fellows, ambitious to win
From me ſom Plume, that thy ſucceſs may ſhow
Deſtruction to the reſt: this pauſe between
(Unanſwerd leaſt thou boaſt) to let thee know;
At firſt I thought that Libertie and Heav'n
To heav'nly Soules had bin all one; but now
I ſee that moſt through ſloth had rather ſerve,
Miniſtring Spirits, traind up in Feaſt and Song;
Such haſt thou arm'd, the Minſtrelſie of Heav'n,
Servilitie with freedom to contend,
As both thir deeds compar'd this day ſhall prove.
To whom in brief thus *Abdiel* ſtern repli'd.
Apoſtat, ſtill thou errſt, nor end wilt find
Of erring, from the path of truth remote:
Unjuſtly thou deprav'ſt it with the name
Of *Servitude* to ſerve whom God ordains,
Or Nature; God and Nature bid the ſame,
When he who rules is worthieſt, and excells
Them whom he governs. This is ſervitude,
To ſerve th' unwiſe, or him who hath rebelld
Againſt his worthier, as thine now ſerve thee,
Thy ſelf not free, but to thy ſelf enthrall'd;
Yet leudly dar'ſt our miniſtring upbraid.

Reign thou in Hell thy Kingdom, let mee ſerve
In Heav'n God ever bleſt, and his Divine
Beheſts obey, worthieſt to be obey'd,
Yet Chains in Hell, not Realms expect: mean while
From mee returnd, as erſt thou ſaidſt, from flight,
This greeting on thy impious Creſt receive.
So ſaying, a noble ſtroke he lifted high,
Which hung not, but ſo ſwift with tempeſt fell
On the proud Creſt of *Satan*, that no ſight,
Nor motion of ſwift thought, leſs could his Shield
Such ruin intercept: ten paces huge
He back recoild; the tenth on bended knee
His maſſie Spear upſtaid; as if on Earth
Winds under ground or waters forcing way
Sidelong, had puſh't a Mountain from his ſeat
Half ſunk with all his Pines. Amazement ſeis'd
The Rebel Thrones, but greater rage to ſee
Thus foil'd thir mightieſt, ours joy filld, and ſhout,
Preſage of Victorie and fierce deſire
Of Battel: whereat *Michael* bid ſound
Th'Arch-angel trumpet; through the vaſt of Heav'n
It ſounded, and the faithful Armies rung
Hoſanna to the Higheſt: nor ſtood at gaze
Th' adverſe Legions, nor leſs hideous joyn'd
The horrid ſhock: now ſtorming furie roſe,
And clamour ſuch as heard in Heav'n till now
Was never, Arms on Armour claſhing bray'd
Horrible diſcord, and the madding Wheeles
Of brazen Chariots rag'd; dire was the noiſe
Of conflict; over head the diſmal hiſs
Of fiery Darts in flaming volies flew,
And flying vaulted either Hoſt with fire.

So under fierie Cope together ruſh'd
Both Battels maine, with ruinous aſſault
And inextinguiſhable rage; all Heav'n
Reſounded, and had Earth bin then, all Earth
Had to her Center ſhook. What wonder? when
Millions of fierce encountring Angels fought
On either ſide, the leaſt of whom could weild
Theſe Elements, and arm him with the force
Of all thir Regions: how much more of Power
Armie againſt Armie numberleſs to raiſe
Dreadful combuſtion warring, and diſturb,
Though not deſtroy, thir happie Native ſeat;
Had not th' Eternal King Omnipotent
From his ſtrong hold of Heav'n high over-rul'd
And limited thir might; though numberd ſuch
As each divided Legion might have ſeemd
A numerous Hoſt, in ſtrength each armed hand
A Legion; led in fight, yet Leader ſeemd
Each Warriour ſingle as in Chief, expert
When to advance, or ſtand, or turn the ſway
Of Battel, open when, and when to cloſe
The ridges of grim Warr; no thought of flight,
None of retreat, no unbecoming deed
That argu'd fear; each on himſelf reli'd,
As onely in his arm the moment lay
Of victorie; deeds of eternal fame
Were don, but infinite: for wide was ſpred
That Warr and various; ſomtimes on firm ground
A ſtanding fight, then ſoaring on main wing
Tormented all the Air; all Air ſeemd then
Conflicting Fire: long time in even ſcale
The Battel hung; till *Satan*, who that day

Prodigious power had ſhewn, and met in Armes
No equal, raunging through the dire attack
Of fighting Seraphim confus'd, at length
Saw where the Sword of *Michael* ſmote, and fell'd
Squadrons at once, with huge two-handed ſway
Brandiſht aloft the horrid edge came down
Wide waſting; ſuch deſtruction to withſtand
He haſted, and oppos'd the rockie Orb
Of tenfold Adamant, his ample Shield
A vaſt circumference: At his approach
The great Arch-Angel from his warlike toile
Surceas'd, and glad as hoping here to end
Inteſtine War in Heav'n, the arch foe ſubdu'd
Or Captive drag'd in Chains, with hoſtile frown
And viſage all enflam'd firſt thus began.

Author of evil, unknown till thy revolt,
Unnam'd in Heav'n, now plenteous, as thou ſeeſt
Theſe Acts of hateful ſtrife, hateful to all,
Though heavieſt by juſt meaſure on thy ſelf
And thy adherents: how haſt thou diſturb'd
Heav'ns bleſſed peace, and into Nature brought
Miſerie, uncreated till the crime
Of thy Rebellion? how haſt thou inſtill'd
Thy malice into thouſands, once upright
And faithful, now prov'd falſe. But think not here
To trouble Holy Reſt; Heav'n caſts thee out
From all her Confines. Heav'n the ſeat of bliſs
Brooks not the works of violence and Warr.
Hence then, and evil go with thee along
Thy ofspring, to the place of evil, Hell,
Thou and thy wicked crew; there mingle broiles,
Ere this avenging Sword begin thy doome,

Or ſom more ſudden vengeance wing'd from God
Precipitate thee with augmented paine.
So ſpake the Prince of Angels; to whom thus
The Adverſarie. Nor think thou with wind
Of airie threats to aw whom yet with deeds
Thou canſt not. Haſt thou turnd the leaſt of theſe
To flight, or if to fall, but that they riſe
Unvanquiſht, eaſier to tranſact with mee
That thou ſhouldſt hope, imperious, & with threats
To chaſe me hence? erre not that ſo ſhall end
The ſtrife which thou call'ſt evil, but wee ſtyle
The ſtrife of Glorie: which we mean to win,
Or turn this Heav'n it ſelf into the Hell
Thou fableſt, here however to dwell free,
If not to reign: mean while thy utmoſt force,
And join him nam'd *Almightie* to thy aid,
I flie not, but have ſought thee farr and nigh.
They ended parle, and both addreſt for fight
Unſpeakable; for who, though with the tongue
Of Angels, can relate, or to what things
Liken on Earth conſpicuous, that may lift
Human imagination to ſuch highth
Of Godlike Power: for likeſt Gods they ſeemd,
Stood they or mov'd, in ſtature, motion, arms
Fit to decide the Empire of great Heav'n.
Now wav'd thir fierie Swords, and in the Aire
Made horrid Circles; two broad Suns thir Shields
Blaz'd oppoſite, while expectation ſtood
In horror; from each hand with ſpeed retir'd
Where erſt was thickeſt fight, th' Angelic throng,
And left large field, unſafe within the wind
Of ſuch commotion, ſuch as to ſet forth

Great things by ſmall, if Natures concord broke,
Among the Conſtellations warr were ſprung,
Two Planets ruſhing from aſpect maligne
Of fierceſt oppoſition in mid Skie,
Should combat, and thir jarring Sphears confound.
Together both with next to Almightie Arme,
Uplifted imminent one ſtroke they aim'd
That might determine, and not need repeate,
As not of power, at once; nor odds appeerd
In might or ſwift prevention; but the ſword
Of *Michael* from the Armorie of God
Was giv'n him temperd ſo, that neither keen
Nor ſolid might reſiſt that edge: it met
The ſword of *Satan* with ſteep force to ſmite
Deſcending, and in half cut ſheere, nor ſtaid,
But with ſwift wheele reverſe, deep entring ſhar'd
All his right ſide; then *Satan* firſt knew pain,
And writh'd him to and fro convolv'd; ſo ſore
The griding ſword with diſcontinuous wound
Paſs'd through him, but th' Ethereal ſubſtance clos'd
Not long diviſible, and from the gaſh
A ſtream of Nectarous humor iſſuing flow'd
Sanguin, ſuch as Celeſtial Spirits may bleed,
And all his Armour ſtaind ere while ſo bright.
Forthwith on all ſides to his aide was run
By Angels many and ſtrong, who interpos'd
Defence, while others bore him on thir Shields
Back to his Chariot; where it ſtood retir'd
From off the files of warr; there they him laid
Gnaſhing for anguiſh and deſpite and ſhame
To find himſelf not matchleſs, and his pride
Humbl'd by ſuch rebuke, ſo farr beneath

His confidence to equal God in power.
Yet ſoon he heal'd; for Spirits that live throughout
Vital in every part, not as frail man
In Entrailes, Heart or Head, Liver or Reines,
Cannot but by annihilating die;
Nor in thir liquid texture mortal wound
Receive, no more then can the fluid Aire:
All Heart they live, all Head, all Eye, all Eare,
All Intellect, all Senſe, and as they pleaſe,
They Limb themſelves, and colour, ſhape or ſize
Aſſume, as likes them beſt, condenſe or rare.
Mean while in other parts like deeds deſervd
Memorial, where the might of *Gabriel* fought,
And with fierce Enſignes pierc'd the deep array
Of *Moloc* furious King, who him defi'd,
And at his Chariot wheeles to drag him bound
Threatn'd, nor from the Holie One of Heav'n
Refrein'd his tongue blaſphemous; but anon
Down clov'n to the waſte, with ſhatterd Armes
And uncouth paine fled bellowing. On each wing
Uriel and *Raphael* his vaunting foe,
Though huge, and in a Rock of Diamond Armd,
Vanquiſh'd *Adramelec*, and *Aſmadai*,
Two potent Thrones, that to be leſs then Gods
Diſdain'd, but meaner thoughts learnd in thir flight,
Mangl'd with gaſtly wounds through Plate and [Maile.
Nor ſtood unmindful *Abdiel* to annoy
The Atheiſt crew, but with redoubl'd blow
Ariel and *Arioc*, and the violence
Of *Ramiel* ſcorcht and blaſted overthrew.
I might relate of thouſands, and thir names
Eternize here on Earth; but thoſe elect

Angels contented with thir fame in Heav'n
Seek not the praiſe of men; the other ſort
In might though wondrous and in Acts of Warr,
Nor of Renown leſs eager, yet by doome
Canceld from Heav'n and ſacred memorie,
Nameleſs in dark oblivion let them dwell.
For ſtrength from Truth divided and from Juſt,
Illaudable, naught merits but diſpraiſe
And ignominie, yet to glorie aſpires
Vain glorious, and through infamie ſeeks fame:
Therfore Eternal ſilence be thir doome.
And now thir mightieſt quelld, the battel ſwerv'd,
With many an inrode gor'd; deformed rout
Enter'd, and foul diſorder; all the ground
With ſhiverd armour ſtrow'n, and on a heap
Chariot and Charioter lay overturnd
And fierie foaming Steeds; what ſtood, recoyld
Orewearied, through the faint Satanic Hoſt
Defenſive ſcarſe, or with pale fear ſurpris'd,
Then firſt with fear ſurpris'd and ſenſe of paine
Fled ignominious, to ſuch evil brought
By ſinne of diſobedience, till that hour
Not liable to fear or flight or paine.
Far otherwiſe th' inviolable Saints
In Cubic Phalanx firm advanc't entire,
Invulnerable, impenitrably arm'd:
Such high advantages thir innocence
Gave them above thir foes, not to have ſinnd,
Not to have diſobei'd; in fight they ſtood
Unwearied, unobnoxious to be pain'd
By wound, though from thir place by violence mov'd.
Now Night her courſe began, and over Heav'n

Inducing darkneſs, grateful truce impos'd,
And ſilence on the odious dinn of Warr:
Under her Cloudie covert both retir'd,
Victor and Vanquiſht: on the foughten field
Michael and his Angels prevalent
Encamping, plac'd in Guard thir Watches round,
Cherubic waving fires: on th' other part
Satan with his rebellious diſappeerd,
Far in the dark diſlodg'd, and void of reſt,
His Potentates to Councel call'd by night;
And in the midſt thus undiſmai'd began.

O now in danger tri'd, now known in Armes
Not to be overpowerd, Companions deare,
Found worthy not of Libertie alone,
Too mean pretenſe, but what we more affect,
Honour, Dominion, Glorie, and renowne,
Who have ſuſtaind one day in doubtful fight,
(And if one day, why not Eternal dayes?)
What Heavens Lord had powerfulleſt to ſend
Againſt us from about his Throne, and judg'd
Sufficient to ſubdue us to his will,
But proves not ſo: then fallible, it ſeems,
Of future we may deem him, though till now
Omniſcient thought. True is, leſs firmly arm'd,
Some diſadvantage we endur'd and paine,
Till now not known, but known as ſoon contemnd,
Since now we find this our Empyreal forme
Incapable of mortal injurie
Imperiſhable, and though peirc'd with wound,
Soon cloſing, and by native vigour heal'd.
Of evil then ſo ſmall as eaſie think
The remedie; perhaps more valid Armes,

Weapons more violent, when next we meet,
May ſerve to better us, and worſe our foes,
Or equal what between us made the odds,
In Nature none: if other hidden cauſe
Left them Superiour, while we can preſerve
Unhurt our mindes, and underſtanding ſound,
Due ſearch and conſultation will diſcloſe.
He ſat; and in th' aſſembly next upſtood
Niſroc, of Principalities the prime;
As one he ſtood eſcap't from cruel fight,
Sore toild, his riv'n Armes to havoc hewn,
And cloudie in aſpect thus anſwering ſpake.
Deliverer from new Lords, leader to free
Enjoyment of our right as Gods; yet hard
For Gods, and too unequal work we find
Againſt unequal armes to fight in paine,
Againſt unpaind, impaſſive; from which evil
Ruin muſt needs enſue; for what availes [pain
Valour or ſtrength, though matchleſs, quelld with
Which all ſubdues, and makes remiſs the hands
Of Mightieſt. Senſe of pleaſure we may well
Spare out of life perhaps, and not repine,
But live content, which is the calmeſt life:
But pain is perfet miſerie, the worſt
Of evils, and exceſſive, overturnes
All patience. He who therefore can invent
With what more forcible we may offend
Our yet unwounded Enemies, or arme
Our ſelves with like defence, to mee deſerves
No leſs then for deliverance what we owe.
Whereto with look compos'd *Satan* repli'd.
Not uninvented that, which thou aright

Beleivſt ſo main to our ſucceſs, I bring;
Which of us who beholds the bright ſurface
Of this Ethereous mould whereon we ſtand,
This continent of ſpacious Heav'n, adornd
With Plant, Fruit, Flour Ambroſial, Gemms &
Whoſe Eye ſo ſuperficially ſurveyes [Gold,
Theſe things, as not to mind from whence they grow
Deep under ground, materials dark and crude,
Of ſpiritous and fierie ſpume, till toucht
With Heav'ns ray, and temperd they ſhoot forth
So beauteous, op'ning to the ambient light.
Theſe in thir dark Nativitie the Deep
Shall yeild us, pregnant with infernal flame,
Which into hallow Engins long and round
Thick-rammd, at th' other bore with touch of fire
Dilated and infuriate ſhall ſend forth
From far with thundring noiſe among our foes
Such implements of miſchief as ſhall daſh
To pieces, and orewhelm whatever ſtands
Adverſe, that they ſhall fear we have diſarmd
The Thunderer of his only dreaded bolt.
Nor long ſhall be our labour, yet ere dawne,
Effect ſhall end our wiſh. Mean while revive;
Abandon fear; to ſtrength and counſel joind
Think nothing hard, much leſs to be deſpaird.
He ended, and his words thir drooping chere
Enlightn'd, and thir languiſht hope reviv'd.
Th' invention all admir'd, and each, how hee
To be th' inventer miſs'd, ſo eaſie it ſeemd
Once found, which yet unfound moſt would have
Impoſſible: yet haply of thy Race [thought
In future dayes, if Malice ſhould abound,

Some one intent on miſchief, or inſpir'd
With dev'liſh machination might deviſe
Like inſtrument to plague the Sons of men
For ſin, on warr and mutual ſlaughter bent.
Forthwith from Councel to the work they flew,
None arguing ſtood, innumerable hands
Were ready, in a moment up they turnd
Wide the Celeſtial ſoile, and ſaw beneath
Th' originals of Nature in thir crude
Conception; Sulphurous and Nitrous Foame
They found, they mingl'd, and with ſuttle Art,
Concocted and aduſted they reduc'd
To blackeſt grain, and into ſtore conveyd:
Part hidd'n veins diggd up (nor hath this Earth
Entrails unlike) of Mineral and Stone,
Whereof to found thir Engins and thir Balls
Of miſſive ruin; part incentive reed
Provide, pernicious with one touch to fire.
So all ere day-ſpring, under conſcious Night
Secret they finiſh'd, and in order ſet,
With ſilent circumſpection uneſpi'd.
Now when fair Morn Orient in Heav'n appeerd
Up roſe the Victor Angels, and to Arms
The matin Trumpet Sung: in Arms they ſtood
Of Golden Panoplie, refulgent Hoſt,
Soon banded; others from the dawning Hills
Lookd round, and Scouts each Coaſt light-armed
Each quarter, to deſcrie the diſtant foe, [ſcoure,
Where lodg'd, or whither fled, or if for fight,
In motion or in alt: him ſoon they met
Under ſpred Enſignes moving nigh, in ſlow
But firm Battalion; back with ſpeedieſt Sail

Zophiel, of Cherubim the ſwifteſt wing,
Came flying, and in mid Aire aloud thus cri'd.
Arme, Warriours, Arme for fight, the foe at hand,
Whom fled we thought, will ſave us long purſuit
This day, fear not his flight; ſo thick a Cloud
He comes, and ſettl'd in his face I ſee
Sad reſolution and ſecure: let each
His Adamantine coat gird well, and each
Fit well his Helme, gripe faſt his orbed Shield,
Born eevn or high, for this day will pour down,
If I conjecture aught, no drizling ſhowr,
But ratling ſtorm of Arrows barbd with fire.
So warnd he them aware themſelves, and ſoon
In order, quit of all impediment;
Inſtant without diſturb they took Allarm,
And onward move Embattelld; when behold
Not diſtant far with heavie pace the Foe
Approaching groſs and huge; in hollow Cube
Training his deviliſh Enginrie, impal'd
On every ſide with ſhaddowing Squadrons Deep,
To hide the fraud. At interview both ſtood
A while, but ſuddenly at head appeerd
Satan: And thus was heard Commanding loud.
Vangard, to Right and Left the Front unfould;
That all may ſee who hate us, how we ſeek
Peace and compoſure, and with open breſt
Stand readie to receive them, if they like
Our overture, and turn not back perverſe;
But that I doubt, however witneſs Heaven,
Heav'n witneſs thou anon, while we diſcharge
Freely our part: yee who appointed ſtand
Do as you have in charge, and briefly touch

What we propound, and loud that all may hear.
So ſcoffing in ambiguous words, he ſcarce
Had ended; when to Right and Left the Front
Divided, and to either Flank retir'd.
Which to our eyes diſcoverd new and ſtrange,
A triple-mounted row of Pillars laid
On Wheels (for like to Pillars moſt they ſeem'd
Or hollow'd bodies made of Oak or Firr
With branches lopt, in Wood or Mountain fell'd)
Braſs, Iron, Stonie mould, had not thir mouthes
With hideous orifice gap't on us wide,
Portending hollow truce; at each behind
A Seraph ſtood, and in his hand a Reed
Stood waving tipt with fire; while we ſuſpenſe,
Collected ſtood within our thoughts amus'd,
Not long, for ſudden all at once thir Reeds
Put forth, and to a narrow vent appli'd
With niceſt touch. Immediate in a flame,
But ſoon obſcur'd with ſmoak, all Heav'n appeerd,
From thoſe deep-throated Engins belcht, whoſe roar
Emboweld with outragious noiſe the Air,
And all her entrails tore, diſgorging foule
Thir devilliſh glut, chaind Thunderbolts and Hail
Of Iron Globes, which on the Victor Hoſt
Level'd, with ſuch impetuous furie ſmote,
That whom they hit, none on thir feet might ſtand,
Though ſtanding elſe as Rocks, but down they fell
By thouſands, Angel on Arch-Angel rowl'd;
The ſooner for thir Arms, unarm'd they might
Have eaſily as Spirits evaded ſwift
By quick contraction or remove; but now
Foule diſſipation follow'd and forc't rout;

Nor ſerv'd it to relax thir ſerried files.
What ſhould they do? if on they ruſht, repulſe
Repeated, and indecent overthrow
Doubl'd, would render them yet more deſpis'd,
And to thir foes a laughter; for in view
Stood rankt of Seraphim another row
In poſture to diſplode thir ſecond tire
Of Thunder: back defeated to return
They worſe abhorr'd. *Satan* beheld thir plight,
And to his Mates thus in deriſion call'd.
O Friends, why come not on theſe Victors proud?
Ere while they fierce were coming, and when wee,
To entertain them fair with open Front
And Breſt, (what could we more?) propounded terms
Of compoſition, ſtrait they chang'd thir minds,
Flew off, and into ſtrange vagaries fell,
As they would dance, yet for a dance they ſeemd
Somwhat extravagant and wilde, perhaps
For joy of offerd peace: but I ſuppoſe
If our propoſals once again were heard
We ſhould compel them to a quick reſult.
To whom thus *Belial* in like gameſom mood.
Leader, the terms we ſent were terms of weight,
Of hard contents, and full of force urg'd home,
Such as we might perceive amus'd them all,
And ſtumbl'd many, who receives them right,
Had need from head to foot well underſtand;
Not underſtood, this gift they have beſides,
They ſhew us when our foes walk not upright.
So they among themſelves in pleaſant veine
Stood ſcoffing, highthn'd in thir thoughts beyond
All doubt of Victorie, eternal might

To match with thir inventions they preſum'd
So eaſie, and of his Thunder made a ſcorn,
And all his Hoſt derided, while they ſtood
A while in trouble; but they ſtood not long,
Rage prompted them at length, & found them arms
Againſt ſuch helliſh miſchief fit to oppoſe.
Forthwith (behold the excellence, the power
Which God hath in his mighty Angels plac'd)
Thir Arms away they threw, and to the Hills
(For Earth hath this variety from Heav'n
Of pleaſure ſituate in Hill and Dale)
Light as the Lightning glimps they ran, they flew,
From thir foundations looſning to and fro
They pluckt the ſeated Hills with all thir load,
Rocks, Waters, Woods, and by the ſhaggie tops
Up lifting bore them in thir hands: Amaze,
Be ſure, and terrour ſeiz'd the rebel Hoſt,
When coming towards them ſo dread they ſaw
The bottom of the Mountains upward turn'd,
Till on thoſe curſed Engins triple-row
They ſaw them whelmd, and all thir confidence
Under the weight of Mountains buried deep,
Themſelves invaded next, and on thir heads
Main Promontories flung, which in the Air
Came ſhadowing, and oppreſt whole Legions arm'd,
Thir armor help'd thir harm, cruſh't in and brus'd
Into thir ſubſtance pent, which wrought them pain
Implacable, and many a dolorous groan,
Long ſtrugling underneath, ere they could wind
Out of ſuch priſon, though Spirits of pureſt light,
Pureſt at firſt, now groſs by ſinning grown.
The reſt in imitation to like Armes

Betook them, and the neighbouring Hills uptore;
So Hills amid the Air encounterd Hills
Hurl'd to and fro with jaculation dire,
That under ground they fought in diſmal ſhade;
Infernal noiſe; Warr ſeem'd a civil Game
To this uproar; horrid confuſion heapt
Upon confuſion roſe: and now all Heav'n
Had gone to wrack, with ruin overſpred,
Had not th' Almightie Father where he ſits
Shrin'd in his Sanctuarie of Heav'n ſecure,
Conſulting on the ſum of things, foreſeen
This tumult, and permitted all, advis'd:
That his great purpoſe he might ſo fulfill,
To honour his Anointed Son aveng'd
Upon his enemies, and to declare
All power on him transferr'd: whence to his Son
Th' Aſſeſſor of his Throne he thus began.
Effulgence of my Glorie, Son belov'd,
Son in whoſe face inviſible is beheld
Viſibly, what by Deitie I am,
And in whoſe hand what by Decree I doe,
Second Omnipotence, two dayes are paſt,
Two dayes, as we compute the dayes of Heav'n,
Since *Michael* and his Powers went forth to tame
Theſe diſobedient; ſore hath been thir fight,
As likelieſt was, when two ſuch Foes met arm'd;
For to themſelves I left them, and thou knowſt,
Equal in their Creation they were form'd,
Save what ſin hath impaird, which yet hath wrought
Inſenſibly, for I ſuſpend thir doom;
Whence in perpetual fight they needs muſt laſt
Endleſs, and no ſolution will be found:

Warr wearied hath perform'd what Warr can do,
And to diſorder'd rage let looſe the reines, [makes
With Mountains as with Weapons arm'd, which
Wild work in Heav'n, and dangerous to the maine.
Two dayes are therefore paſt, the third is thine;
For thee I have ordain'd it, and thus farr
Have ſufferd, that the Glorie may be thine
Of ending this great Warr, ſince none but Thou
Can end it. Into thee ſuch Vertue and Grace
Immenſe I have transfus'd, that all may know
In Heav'n and Hell thy Power above compare,
And this perverſe Commotion governd thus,
To manifeſt thee worthieſt to be Heir
Of all things, to be Heir and to be King
By Sacred Unction, thy deſerved right.
Go then thou Mightieſt in thy Fathers might,
Aſcend my Chariot, guide the rapid Wheeles
That ſhake Heav'ns baſis, bring forth all my Warr,
My Bow and Thunder, my Almightie Arms
Gird on, and Sword upon thy puiſſant Thigh;
Purſue theſe ſons of Darkneſs, drive them out
From all Heav'ns bounds into the utter Deep:
There let them learn, as likes them, to deſpiſe
God and *Meſſiah* his anointed King.
He ſaid, and on his Son with Rayes direct
Shon full, he all his Father full expreſt
Ineffably into his face receiv'd,
And thus the filial Godhead anſwering ſpake.
O Father, O Supream of heav'nly Thrones,
Firſt, Higheſt, Holieſt, Beſt, thou alwayes ſeekſt
To glorifie thy Son, I alwayes thee,
As is moſt juſt; this I my Glorie account,

My exaltation, and my whole delight,
That thou in me well pleas'd, declarſt thy will
Fulfill'd, which to fulfil is all my bliſs.
Scepter and Power, thy giving, I aſſume,
And gladlier ſhall reſign, when in the end
Thou ſhalt be All in All, and I in thee
For ever, and in mee all whom thou lov'ſt:
But whom thou hat'ſt, I hate, and can put on
Thy terrors, as I put thy mildneſs on,
Image of thee in all things; and ſhall ſoon,
Armd with thy might, rid heav'n of theſe rebell'd,
To thir prepar'd ill Manſion driven down
To chains of Darkneſs, and th' undying Worm,
That from thy juſt obedience could revolt,
Whom to obey is happineſs entire.
Then ſhall thy Saints unmixt, and from th' impure
Farr ſeparate, circling thy holy Mount
Unfained *Halleluiahs* to thee ſing,
Hymns of high praiſe, and I among them chief.
So ſaid, he o're his Scepter bowing, roſe
From the right hand of Glorie where he ſate,
And the third ſacred Morn began to ſhine
Dawning through Heav'n: forth ruſh'd with whirl-
The Chariot of Paternal Deitie, [wind ſound
Flaſhing thick flames, Wheele within Wheele un-
It ſelf inſtinct with Spirit, but convoyd [drawn,
By four Cherubic ſhapes, four Faces each
Had wondrous, as with Starrs thir bodies all
And Wings were ſet with Eyes, with Eyes the Wheels
Of Beril, and careering Fires between;
Over thir heads a chryſtal Firmament,
Whereon a Saphir Throne, inlaid with pure

Amber, and colours of the ſhowrie Arch.
Hee in Celeſtial Panoplie all armd
Of radiant *Urim*, work divinely wrought,
Aſcended, at his right hand Victorie
Sate Eagle-wing'd, beſide him hung his Bow
And Quiver with three-bolted Thunder ſtor'd,
And from about him fierce Effuſion rowld
Of ſmoak and bickering flame, and ſparkles dire;
Attended with ten thouſand thouſand Saints,
He onward came, farr off his coming ſhon,
And twentie thouſand (I thir number heard)
Chariots of God, half on each hand were ſeen:
Hee on the wings of Cherub rode ſublime
On the Cryſtallin Skie, in Saphir Thron'd.
Illuſtrious farr and wide, but by his own
Firſt ſeen, them unexpected joy ſurpriz'd,
When the great Enſign of *Meſſiah* blaz'd
Aloft by Angels born, his Sign in Heav'n:
Under whoſe Conduct *Michael* ſoon reduc'd
His Armie, circumfus'd on either Wing,
Under thir Head imbodied all in one.
Before him Power Divine his way prepar'd;
At his command the uprooted Hills retir'd
Each to his place, they heard his voice and went
Obſequious, Heav'n his wonted face renewd,
And with freſh Flourets Hill and Valley ſmil'd.
This ſaw his hapleſs Foes, but ſtood obdur'd,
And to rebellious fight rallied thir Powers
Inſenſate, hope conceiving from deſpair.
In heav'nly Spirits could ſuch perverſeneſs dwell?
But to convince the proud what Signs availe,
Or Wonders move th' obdurate to relent?

They hard'nd more by what might moſt reclame,
Grieving to ſee his Glorie, at the fight
Took envie, and aſpiring to his highth,
Stood reimbattell'd fierce, by force or fraud
Weening to proſper, and at length prevaile
Againſt God and *Meſſiah*, or to fall
In univerſal ruin laſt, and now
To final Battel drew, diſdaining flight,
Or faint retreat; when the great Son of God
To all his Hoſt on either hand thus ſpake.
Stand ſtill in bright array ye Saints, here ſtand
Ye Angels arm'd, this day from Battel reſt;
Faithful hath been your Warfare, and of God
Accepted, fearleſs in his righteous Cauſe,
And as ye have receivd, ſo have ye don
Invincibly: but of this curſed crew
The puniſhment to other hand belongs,
Vengeance is his, or whoſe he ſole appoints;
Number to this dayes work is not ordain'd
Nor multitude, ſtand onely and behold
Gods indignation on theſe Godleſs pourd
By mee; not you but mee they have deſpis'd,
Yet envied; againſt mee is all thir rage,
Becauſe the Father, t'whom in Heav'n ſupream
Kingdom and Power and Glorie appertains,
Hath honourd me according to his will.
Therefore to mee thir doom he hath aſſig'n'd;
That they may have thir wiſh, to trie with mee
In Battel which the ſtronger proves, they all,
Or I alone againſt them, ſince by ſtrength
They meaſure all, of other excellence
Not emulous, nor care who them excells;

Nor other ſtrife with them do I voutſafe.
So ſpake the Son, and into terrour chang'd
His count'nance too ſevere to be beheld
And full of wrauth bent on his Enemies.
At once the Four ſpred out thir Starrie wings
With dreadful ſhade contiguous, and the Orbes
Of his fierce Chariot rowld, as with the ſound
Of torrent Floods, or of a numerous Hoſt.
Hee on his impious Foes right onward drove,
Gloomie as Night; under his burning Wheeles
The ſtedfaſt Empyrean ſhook throughout,
All but the Throne it ſelf of God. Full ſoon
Among them he arriv'd; in his right hand
Graſping ten thouſand Thunders, which he ſent
Before him, ſuch as in thir Soules infix'd
Plagues; they aſtoniſht all reſiſtance loſt,
All courage; down thir idle weapons drop'd;
O're Shields and Helmes, and helmed heads he rode
Of Thrones and mighty Seraphim proſtrate,
That wiſh'd the Mountains now might be again
Thrown on them as a ſhelter from his ire.
Nor leſs on either ſide tempeſtuous fell
His arrows, from the fourfold-viſag'd Foure,
Diſtinct with eyes, and from the living Wheels,
Diſtinct alike with multitude of eyes,
One Spirit in them rul'd, and every eye
Glar'd lightning, and ſhot forth pernicious fire
Among th' accurſt, that witherd all thir ſtrength,
And of thir wonted vigour left them draind,
Exhauſted, ſpiritleſs, afflicted, fall'n.
Yet half his ſtrength he put not forth, but check'd
His Thunder in mid Volie, for he meant

Not to deſtroy, but root them out of Heav'n:
The overthrown he rais'd, and as a Heard
Of Goats or timerous flock together throngd
Drove them before him Thunder-ſtruck, purſu'd
With terrors and with furies to the bounds
And Chryſtall wall of Heav'n, which op'ning wide,
Rowld inward, and a ſpacious Gap diſclos'd
Into the waſtful Deep; the monſtrous ſight
Strook them with horror backward, but far worſe
Urg'd them behind; headlong themſelvs they threw
Down from the verge of Heav'n, Eternal wrauth
Burnt after them to the bottomleſs pit.
Hell heard th' unſufferable noiſe, Hell ſaw
Heav'n ruining from Heav'n, and would have fled
Affrighted; but ſtrict Fate had caſt too deep
Her dark foundations, and too faſt had bound.
Nine dayes they fell; confounded *Chaos* roard,
And felt tenfold confuſion in thir fall
Through his wilde Anarchie, ſo huge a rout
Incumberd him with ruin: Hell at laſt
Yawning receavd them whole, and on them clos'd,
Hell thir fit habitation fraught with fire
Unquenchable, the houſe of woe and paine.
Diſburd'nd Heav'n rejoic'd, and ſoon repaird
Her mural breach, returning whence it rowld.
Sole Victor from th' expulſion of his Foes
Meſſiah his triumphal Chariot turnd:
To meet him all his Saints, who ſilent ſtood
Eye witneſſes of his Almightie Acts,
With Jubilie advanc'd; and as they went,
Shaded with branching Palme, each order bright,
Sung Triumph, and him ſung Victorious King,

Son, Heire, and Lord, to him Dominion giv'n,
Worthieſt to Reign: he celebrated rode
Triumphant through mid Heav'n, into the Courts
And Temple of his mightie Father Thron'd
On high; who into Glorie him receav'd,
Where now he ſits at the right hand of bliſs.
Thus meaſuring things in Heav'n by things on
At thy requeſt, and that thou maiſt beware [Earth
By what is paſt, to thee I have reveal'd
What might have elſe to human Race bin hid;
The diſcord which befel, and Warr in Heav'n
Among th' Angelic Powers, and the deep fall
Of thoſe too high aſpiring, who rebelld
With *Satan*, hee who envies now thy ſtate,
Who now is plotting how he may ſeduce
Thee alſo from obedience, that with him
Bereavd of happineſs thou maiſt partake
His puniſhment, Eternal miſerie;
Which would be all his ſolace and revenge,
As a deſpite don againſt the moſt High,
Thee once to gaine Companion of his woe.
But liſt'n not to his Temptations, warne
Thy weaker; let it profit thee to have heard
By terrible Example the reward
Of diſobedience; firm they might have ſtood,
Yet fell; remember, and fear to tranſgreſs.

The End of the Sixth Book.

Paradiſe Loſt.

BOOK VII.

DESCEND from Heav'n *Urania*, by that name
If rightly thou art call'd, whoſe Voice divine
Following, above th' *Olympian* Hill I ſoare,
Above the flight of *Pegaſean* wing.
The meaning, not the Name I call: for thou
Nor of the Muſes nine, nor on the top
Of old *Olympus* dwell'ſt, but Heav'nlie borne,
Before the Hills appeerd, or Fountain flow'd,
Thou with Eternal wiſdom didſt converſe,
Wiſdom thy Siſter, and with her didſt play
In preſence of th' Almightie Father, pleas'd
With thy Celeſtial Song. Up led by thee
Into the Heav'n of Heav'ns I have preſum'd,
An Earthlie Gueſt, and drawn Empyreal Aire,
Thy tempring; with like ſafetie guided down
Return me to my Native Element:
Leaſt from this flying Steed unrein'd, (as once
Bellerophon, though from a lower Clime)
Diſmounted, on th' *Aleian* Field I fall
Erroneous, there to wander and forlorne.
Half yet remaines unſung, but narrower bound

Within the viſible Diurnal Spheare;
Standing on Earth, not rapt above the Pole,
More ſafe I Sing with mortal voice, unchang'd
To hoarce or mute, though fall'n on evil dayes,
On evil dayes though fall'n, and evil tongues;
In darkneſs, and with dangers compaſt round,
And ſolitude; yet not alone, while thou
Viſit'ſt my ſlumbers Nightly, or when Morn
Purples the Eaſt: ſtill govern thou my Song,
Urania, and fit audience find, though few.
But drive farr off the barbarous diſſonance
Of *Bacchus* and his Revellers, the Race
Of that wilde Rout that tore the *Thracian* Bard
In *Rhodope*, where Woods and Rocks had Eares
To rapture, till the ſavage clamor dround
Both Harp and Voice; nor could the Muſe defend
Her Son. So fail not thou, who thee implores:
For thou art Heav'n lie, ſhee an empty dreame.
Say Goddeſs, what enſu'd when *Raphael*,
The affable Arch-angel, had forewarn'd
Adam by dire example to beware
Apoſtaſie, by what befell in Heaven
To thoſe Apoſtates, leaſt the like befall
In Paradiſe to *Adam* or his Race,
Charg'd not to touch the interdicted Tree,
If they tranſgreſs, and ſlight that ſole command,
So eaſily obeyd amid the choice
Of all taſts elſe to pleaſe thir appetite,
Though wandring. He with his conſorted *Eve*
The ſtorie heard attentive, and was fill'd
With admiration, and deep Muſe to heare
Of things ſo high and ſtrange, things to thir thought

So unimaginable as hate in Heav'n,
And Warr ſo neer the Peace of God in bliſs
With ſuch confuſion: but the evil ſoon
Driv'n back redounded as a flood on thoſe
From whom it ſprung, impoſſible to mix
With Bleſſedneſs. Whence *Adam* ſoon repeal'd
The doubts that in his heart aroſe: and now
Led on, yet ſinleſs, with deſire to know
What neerer might concern him, how this World
Of Heav'n and Earth conſpicuous firſt began,
When, and whereof created, for what cauſe,
What within *Eden* or without was done
Before his memorie, as one whoſe drouth
Yet ſcarce allay'd ſtill eyes the current ſtreame,
Whoſe liquid murmur heard new thirſt excites,
Proceeded thus to aſk his Heav'nly Gueſt.

Great things, and full of wonder in our eares,
Farr differing from this World, thou haſt reveal'd
Divine Interpreter, by favour ſent
Down from the Empyrean to forewarne
Us timely of what might elſe have bin our loſs,
Unknown, which human knowledg could not reach:
For which to the infinitly Good we owe
Immortal thanks, and his admoniſhment
Receave with ſolemne purpoſe to obſerve
Immutably his ſovran will, the end
Of what we are. But ſince thou haſt voutſaf't
Gently for our inſtruction to impart
Things above Earthly thought, which yet concernd
Our knowing, as to higheſt wiſdom ſeemd,
Deign to deſcend now lower, and relate
What may no leſs perhaps availe us known,

How firſt began this Heav'n which we behold
Diſtant ſo high, with moving Fires adornd
Innumerable, and this which yeelds or fills
All ſpace, the ambient Aire wide interfus'd
Imbracing round this florid Earth, what cauſe
Mov'd the Creator in his holy Reſt
Through all Eternitie ſo late to build
In *Chaos*, and the work begun, how ſoon
Abſolv'd, if unforbid thou maiſt unfould
What wee, not to explore the ſecrets aſke
Of his Eternal Empire, but the more
To magnifie his works, the more we know.
And the great Light of Day yet wants to run
Much of his Race though ſteep, ſuſpens in Heav'n
Held by thy voice, thy potent voice he heares,
And longer will delay to heare thee tell
His Generation, and the riſing Birth
Of Nature from the unapparent Deep:
Or if the Starr of Eevning and the Moon
Haſte to thy audience, Night with her will bring
Silence, and Sleep liſtning to thee will watch,
Or we can bid his abſence, till thy Song
End, and diſmiſs thee ere the Morning ſhine.
Thus *Adam* his illuſtrious Gueſt beſought:
And thus the Godlike Angel anſwerd milde.
This alſo thy requeſt with caution aſkt
Obtaine: though to recount Almightie works
What words or tongue of Seraph can ſuffice,
Or heart of man ſuffice to comprehend?
Yet what thou canſt attain, which beſt may ſerve
To glorifie the Maker, and inferr
Thee alſo happier, ſhall not be withheld

Thy hearing, ſuch Commiſſion from above
I have receav'd, to anſwer thy deſire
Of knowledge within bounds; beyond abſtain
To aſk, nor let thine own inventions hope
Things not reveal'd, which th' inviſible King,
Onely Omniſcient, hath ſuppreſt in Night,
To none communicable in Earth or Heaven:
Anough is left beſides to ſearch and know.
But Knowledge is as food, and needs no leſs
Her Temperance over Appetite, to know
In meaſure what the mind may well contain,
Oppreſſes elſe with Surfet, and ſoon turns
Wiſdom to Folly, as Nouriſhment to Winde.
Know then, that after *Lucifer* from Heav'n
(So call him, brighter once amidſt the Hoſt
Of Angels, then that Starr the Starrs among)
Fell with his flaming Legions through the Deep
Into his place, and the great Son returnd
Victorious with his Saints, th' Omnipotent
Eternal Father from his Throne beheld
Thir multitude, and to his Son thus ſpake.
At leaſt our envious Foe hath fail'd, who thought
All like himſelf rebellious, by whoſe aid
This inacceſſible high ſtrength, the ſeat
Of Deitie ſupream, us diſpoſſeſt,
He truſted to have ſeis'd, and into fraud
Drew many, whom thir place knows here no more;
Yet farr the greater part have kept, I ſee,
Thir ſtation, Heav'n yet populous retaines
Number ſufficient to poſſeſs her Realmes
Though wide, and this high Temple to frequent
With Miniſteries due and ſolemn Rites:

But leaſt his heart exalt him in the harme
Already done, to have diſpeopl'd Heav'n,
My damage fondly deem'd, I can repaire
That detriment, if ſuch it be to loſe
Self-loſt, and in a moment will create
Another World, out of one man a Race
Of men innumerable, there to dwell,
Not here, till by degrees of merit rais'd
They open to themſelves at length the way
Up hither, under long obedience tri'd,
And Earth be chang'd to Heavn, & Heav'n to Earth,
One Kingdom, Joy and Union without end.
Mean while inhabit laxe, ye Powers of Heav'n,
And thou my Word, begotten Son, by thee
This I perform, ſpeak thou, and be it don:
My overſhadowing Spirit and might with thee
I ſend along, ride forth, and bid the Deep
Within appointed bounds be Heav'n and Earth,
Boundleſs the Deep, becauſe I am who fill
Infinitude, nor vacuous the ſpace.
Though I uncircumſcrib'd my ſelf retire,
And put not forth my goodneſs, which is free
To act or not, Neceſſitie and Chance
Approach not mee, and what I will is Fate.
So ſpake th' Almightie, and to what he ſpake
His Word, the Filial Godhead, gave effect.
Immediate are the Acts of God, more ſwift
Then time or motion, but to human ears
Cannot without proceſs of ſpeech be told,
So told as earthly notion can receave.
Great triumph and rejoycing was in Heav'n
When ſuch was heard declar'd the Almightie's will;

Glorie they ſung to the moſt High, good will
To future men, and in thir dwellings peace:
Glorie to him whoſe juſt avenging ire
Had driven out th' ungodly from his ſight
And th' habitations of the juſt; to him
Glorie and praiſe, whoſe wiſdom had ordain'd
Good out of evil to create, in ſtead
Of Spirits maligne a better Race to bring
Into thir vacant room, and thence diffuſe
His good to Worlds and Ages infinite.
So ſang the Hierarchies: Mean while the Son
On his great Expedition now appeer'd,
Girt with Omnipotence, with Radiance crown'd
Of Majeſtie Divine, Sapience and Love
Immenſe, and all his Father in him ſhon.
About his Chariot numberleſs were pour'd
Cherub and Seraph, Potentates and Thrones,
And Vertues, winged Spirits, and Chariots wing'd,
From the Armoury of God, where ſtand of old
Myriads between two brazen Mountains lodg'd
Againſt a ſolemn day, harneſt at hand,
Celeſtial Equipage; and now came forth
Spontaneous, for within them Spirit livd,
Attendant on thir Lord: Heav'n op'nd wide
Her ever during Gates, Harmonious ſound
On golden Hinges moving, to let forth
The King of Glorie in his powerful Word
And Spirit coming to create new Worlds.
On heav'nly ground they ſtood, and from the ſhore
They view'd the vaſt immeaſurable Abyſs
Outrageous as a Sea, dark, waſteful, wilde,
Up from the bottom turn'd by furious windes

And ſurging waves, as Mountains to aſſault
Heav'ns highth, and with the Center mix the Pole.
Silence, ye troubl'd waves, and thou Deep, peace,
Said then th' Omnific Word, your diſcord end:
Nor ſtaid, but on the Wings of Cherubim
Uplifted, in Paternal Glorie rode
Farr into *Chaos*, and the World unborn;
For *Chaos* heard his voice: him all his Traine
Follow'd in bright proceſſion to behold
Creation, and the wonders of his might.
Then ſtaid the fervid Wheeles, and in his hand
He took the golden Compaſſes, prepar'd
In Gods Eternal ſtore, to circumſcribe
This Univerſe, and all created things:
One foot he center'd, and the other turn'd
Round through the vaſt profunditie obſcure,
And ſaid, thus farr extend, thus farr thy bounds,
This be thy juſt Circumference, O World.
Thus God the Heav'n created, thus the Earth,
Matter unform'd and void: Darkneſs profound
Cover'd th' Abyſs: but on the watrie calme
His brooding wings the Spirit of God outſpred,
And vital vertue infus'd, and vital warmth
Throughout the fluid Maſs, but downward purg'd
The black tartareous cold infernal dregs
Adverſe to life; then founded, then conglob'd
Like things to like, the reſt to ſeveral place
Diſparted, and between ſpun out the Air,
And Earth ſelf-ballanc't on her Center hung.
Let ther be Light, ſaid God, and forthwith Light
Ethereal, firſt of things, quinteſſence pure
Sprung from the Deep, and from her Native Eaſt

To journie through the airie gloom began,
Sphear'd in a radiant Cloud, for yet the Sun
Was not; ſhee in a cloudie Tabernacle
Sojourn'd the while. God ſaw the Light was good;
And light from darkneſs by the Hemiſphere
Divided: Light the Day, and Darkneſs Night
He nam'd. Thus was the firſt Day Eev'n and Morn:
Nor paſt uncelebrated, nor unſung
By the Celeſtial Quires, when Orient Light
Exhaling firſt from Darkneſs they beheld;
Birth-day of Heav'n and Earth; with joy and ſhout
The hollow Univerſal Orb they fill'd,
And touch't thir Golden Harps, & hymning prais'd
God and his works, Creatour him they ſung,
Both when firſt Eevning was, and when firſt Morn.
Again, God ſaid, let ther be Firmament
Amid the Waters, and let it divide
The Waters from the Waters: and God made
The Firmament, expanſe of liquid, pure,
Tranſparent, Elemental Air, diffus'd
In circuit to the uttermoſt convex
Of this great Round: partition firm and ſure,
The Waters underneath from thoſe above
Dividing: for as Earth, ſo hee the World
Built on circumfluous Waters calme, in wide
Cryſtallin Ocean, and the loud miſrule
Of *Chaos* farr remov'd, leaſt fierce extreames
Contiguous might diſtemper the whole frame:
And Heav'n he nam'd the Firmament: So Eev'n
And Morning *Chorus* ſung the ſecond Day.
The Earth was form'd, but in the Womb as yet
Of Waters, Embryon immature involv'd,

Appeer'd not: over all the face of Earth
Main Ocean flow'd, not idle, but with warme
Prolific humour ſoft'ning all her Globe,
Fermented the great Mother to conceave,
Satiate with genial moiſture, when God ſaid
Be gather'd now ye Waters under Heav'n
Into one place, and let dry Land appeer.
Immediately the Mountains huge appeer
Emergent, and thir broad bare backs upheave
Into the Clouds, thir tops aſcend the Skie:
So high as heav'd the tumid Hills, ſo low
Down ſunk a hollow bottom broad and deep,
Capacious bed of Waters: thither they
Haſted with glad precipitance, uprowld
As drops on duſt conglobing from the drie;
Part riſe in cryſtal Wall, or ridge direct,
For haſte; ſuch flight the great command impreſs'd
On the ſwift flouds: as Armies at the call
Of Trumpet (for of Armies thou haſt heard)
Troop to thir Standard, ſo the watrie throng,
Wave rowling after Wave, where way they found,
If ſteep, with torrent rapture, if through Plaine,
Soft-ebbing; nor withſtood them Rock or Hill,
But they, or under ground, or circuit wide
With Serpent errour wandring, found thir way,
And on the waſhie Ooſe deep Channels wore;
Eaſie, e're God had bid the ground be drie,
All but within thoſe banks, where Rivers now
Stream, and perpetual draw thir humid traine.
The dry Land, Earth, and the great receptacle
Of congregated Waters he call'd Seas:
And ſaw that it was good, and ſaid, Let th' Earth

Put forth the verdant Graſs, Herb yeilding Seed,
And Fruit Tree yeilding Fruit after her kind;
Whoſe Seed is in her ſelf upon the Earth.
He ſcarce had ſaid, when the bare Earth, till then
Deſert and bare, unſightly, unadorn'd,
Brought forth the tender Graſs, whoſe verdure clad
Her Univerſal Face with pleaſant green,
Then Herbs of every leaf, that ſudden flour'd
Op'ning thir various colours, and made gay
Her boſom ſmelling ſweet: and theſe ſcarce blown,
Forth flouriſh't thick the cluſtring Vine, forth crept
The ſmelling Gourd, up ſtood the cornie Reed
Embattell'd in her field: add the humble Shrub,
And Buſh with frizl'd hair implicit: laſt
Roſe as in Dance the ſtately Trees, and ſpred
Thir branches hung with copious Fruit: or gemm'd
Thir Bloſſoms: with high Woods the Hills were crownd,
With tufts the vallies & each fountain ſide,
With borders long the Rivers. That Earth now
Seemd like to Heav'n, a ſeat where Gods might dwell,
Or wander with delight, and love to haunt
Her ſacred ſhades: though God had yet not rain'd
Upon the Earth, and man to till the ground
None was, but from the Earth a dewie Miſt
Went up and waterd all the ground, and each
Plant of the field, which e're it was in the Earth
God made, and every Herb, before it grew
On the green ſtemm; God ſaw that it was good:
So Eev'n and Morn recorded the Third Day.
Again th' Almightie ſpake: Let there be Lights
High in th' expanſe of Heaven to divide

The Day from Night; and let them be for Signes,
For Seaſons, and for Dayes, and circling Years,
And let them be for Lights as I ordaine
Thir Office in the Firmament of Heav'n
To give Light on the Earth; and it was ſo.
And God made two great Lights, great for thir uſe
To Man, the greater to have rule by Day,
The leſs by Night alterne: and made the Starrs,
And ſet them in the Firmament of Heav'n
To illuminate the Earth, and rule the Day
In thir viciſſitude, and rule the Night,
And Light from Darkneſs to divide. God ſaw,
Surveying his great Work, that it was good:
For of Celeſtial Bodies firſt the Sun
A mightie Spheare he fram'd, unlightſom firſt,
Though of Ethereal Mould: then form'd the Moon
Globoſe, and everie magnitude of Starrs,
And ſowd with Starrs the Heav'n thick as a field:
Of Light by farr the greater part he took,
Tranſplanted from her cloudie Shrine, and plac'd
In the Suns Orb, made porous to receive
And drink the liquid Light, firm to retaine
Her gather'd beams, great Palace now of Light.
Hither as to thir Fountain other Starrs
Repairing, in thir gold'n Urns draw Light,
And hence the Morning Planet guilds his horns;
By tincture or reflection they augment
Thir ſmall peculiar, though from human ſight
So farr remote, with diminution ſeen.
Firſt in his Eaſt the glorious Lamp was ſeen,
Regent of Day, and all th' Horizon round
Inveſted with bright Rayes, jocond to run

His Longitude through Heav'ns high rode: the gray
Dawn, and the *Pleiades* before him danc'd
Shedding ſweet influence: leſs bright the Moon,
But oppoſite in leveld Weſt was ſet
His mirror, with full face borrowing her Light
From him, for other light ſhe needed none
In that aſpect, and ſtill that diſtance keepes
Till night, then in the Eaſt her turn ſhe ſhines,
Revolvd on Heav'ns great Axle, and her Reign
With thouſand leſſer Lights dividual holds,
With thouſand thouſand Starres, that then appeer'd
Spangling the Hemiſphere: then firſt adornd
With thir bright Luminaries that Set and Roſe,
Glad Eevning & glad Morn crownd the fourth day.
And God ſaid, let the Waters generate
Reptil with Spawn abundant, living Soule:
And let Fowle flie above the Earth, with wings
Diſplayd on the op'n Firmament of Heav'n.
And God created the great Whales, and each
Soul living, each that crept, which plenteouſly
The waters generated by thir kindes,
And every Bird of wing after his kinde;
And ſaw that it was good, and bleſs'd them, ſaying,
Be fruitful, multiply, and in the Seas
And Lakes and running Streams the waters fill;
And let the Fowle be multiply'd on the Earth.
Forthwith the Sounds and Seas, each Creek & Bay
With Frie innumerable ſwarme, and Shoales
Of Fiſh that with thir Finns and ſhining Scales
Glide under the green Wave, in Sculles that oft
Bank the mid Sea: part ſingle or with mate
Graze the Sea weed thir paſture, & through Groves

Of Coral ſtray, or ſporting with quick glance
Show to the Sun thir wav'd coats dropt with Gold,
Or in thir Pearlie ſhells at eaſe, attend
Moiſt nutriment, or under Rocks thir food
In jointed Armour watch: on ſmooth the Seale,
And bended Dolphins play: part huge of bulk
Wallowing unweildie, enormous in thir Gate
Tempeſt the Ocean: there Leviathan
Hugeſt of living Creatures, on the Deep
Stretcht like a Promontorie ſleeps or ſwimmes,
And ſeems a moving Land, and at his Gilles
Draws in, and at his Trunck ſpouts out a Sea.
Mean while the tepid Caves, and Fens and ſhoares
Thir Brood as numerous hatch, from the Egg that
Burſting with kindly rupture forth diſclos'd [ſoon
Thir callow young, but featherd ſoon and fledge
They ſumm'd thir Penns, and ſoaring th' air ſublime
With clang deſpis'd the ground, under a cloud
In proſpect; there the Eagle and the Stork
On Cliffs and Cedar tops thir Eyries build:
Part looſly wing the Region, part more wiſe
In common, rang'd in figure wedge thir way,
Intelligent of ſeaſons, and ſet forth
Thir Aierie Caravan high over Sea's
Flying, and over Lands with mutual wing
Eaſing thir flight; ſo ſtears the prudent Crane
Her annual Voiage, born on Windes; the Aire
Floats, as they paſs, fann'd with unnumber'd plumes:
From Branch to Branch the ſmaller Birds with ſong
Solac'd the Woods, and ſpred thir painted wings
Till Ev'n, nor then the ſolemn Nightingal
Ceas'd warbling, but all night tun'd her ſoft layes:

Others on Silver Lakes and Rivers Bath'd
Thir downie Breſt; the Swan with Arched neck
Between her white wings mantling proudly, Rowes
Her ſtate with Oarie feet: yet oft they quit
The Dank, and riſing on ſtiff Pennons, towre
The mid Aereal Skie: Others on ground
Walk'd firm; the creſted Cock whoſe clarion ſounds
The ſilent hours, and th' other whoſe gay Traine
Adorns him, colour'd with the Florid hue
Of Rainbows and Starrie Eyes. The Waters thus
With Fiſh repleniſht, and the Aire with Fowle,
Ev'ning and Morn ſolemniz'd the Fift day.
The Sixt, and of Creation laſt aroſe
With Eevning Harps and Mattin, when God ſaid,
Let th' Earth bring forth Fowle living in her kinde,
Cattel and Creeping things, and Beaſt of the Earth,
Each in their kinde. The Earth obey'd, and ſtrait
Op'ning her fertil Woomb teem'd at a Birth
Innumerous living Creatures, perfet formes,
Limb'd and full-grown: out of the ground up roſe
As from his Laire the wilde Beaſt where he wonns
In Forreſt wilde, in Thicket, Brake, or Den;
Among the Trees in Pairs they roſe, they walk'd:
The Cattel in the Fields and Meddowes green:
Thoſe rare and ſolitarie, theſe in flocks
Paſturing at once, and in broad Herds upſprung.
The graſſie Clods now Calv'd, now half appeer'd
The Tawnie Lion, pawing to get free
His hinder parts, then ſprings as broke from Bonds,
And Rampant ſhakes his Brinded main; the Ounce,
The Libbard, and the Tyger, as the Moale
Riſing, the crumbl'd Earth above them threw

In Hillocks; the ſwift Stag from under ground
Bore up his branching head: ſcarſe from his mould
Behemoth biggeſt born of Earth upheav'd
His vaſtneſs: Fleec't the Flocks and bleating roſe,
As Plants: ambiguous between Sea and Land
The River Horſe and ſcalie Crocodile.
At once came forth whatever creeps the ground,
Inſect or Worme; thoſe wav'd thir limber fans
For wings, and ſmalleſt Lineaments exact
In all the Liveries dect of Summers pride
With ſpots of Gold and Purple, azure and green:
Theſe as a line thir long dimenſion drew,
Streaking the ground with ſinuous trace; not all
Minims of Nature; ſome of Serpent kinde
Wondrous in length and corpulence involv'd
Thir Snakie foulds, and added wings. Firſt crept
The Parſimonious Emmet, provident
Of future, in ſmall room large heart enclos'd,
Pattern of juſt equalitie perhaps
Hereafter, join'd in her popular Tribes
Of Commonaltie: ſwarming next appeer'd
The Femal Bee that feeds her Huſband Drone
Deliciouſly, and builds her waxen Cells
With Honey ſtor'd: the reſt are numberleſs,
And thou thir Natures know'ſt, and gav'ſt them
Needleſt to thee repeated; nor unknown [Names,
The Serpent ſuttl'ſt Beaſt of all the field,
Of huge extent ſomtimes, with brazen Eyes
And hairie Main terrific, though to thee
Not noxious, but obedient at thy call.
Now Heav'n in all her Glorie ſhon, and rowld
Her motions, as the great firſt-Movers hand

Firſt wheeld thir courſe; Earth in her rich attire
Conſummate lovly ſmil'd; Aire, Water, Earth,
By Fowl, Fiſh, Beaſt, was flown, was ſwum, was walkt
Frequent; and of the Sixt day yet remain'd;
There wanted yet the Maſter work, the end
Of all yet don; a Creature who not prone
And Brute as other Creatures, but endu'd
With Sanctitie of Reaſon, might erect
His Stature, and upright with Front ſerene
Govern the reſt, ſelf-knowing, and from thence
Magnanimous to correſpond with Heav'n,
But grateful to acknowledge whence his good
Deſcends, thither with heart and voice and eyes
Directed in Devotion, to adore
And worſhip God Supream, who made him chief
Of all his works: therefore the Omnipotent
Eternal Father (For where is not hee
Preſent) thus to his Son audibly ſpake.
Let us make now Man in our image, Man
In our ſimilitude, and let them rule
Over the Fiſh and Fowle of Sea and Aire,
Beaſt of the Field, and over all the Earth,
And every creeping thing that creeps the ground.
This ſaid, he formd thee, *Adam*, thee O Man
Duſt of the ground, and in thy noſtrils breath'd
The breath of Life; in his own Image hee
Created thee, in the Image of God
Expreſs, and thou becam'ſt a living Soul.
Male he created thee, but thy conſort
Femal for Race; then bleſs'd Mankinde, and ſaid,
Be fruitful, multiplie, and fill the Earth,

Subdue it, and throughout Dominion hold
Over Fiſh of the Sea, and Fowle of the Aire,
And every living thing that moves on the Earth.
Wherever thus created, for no place
Is yet diſtinct by name, thence, as thou know'ſt
He brought thee into this delicious Grove,
This Garden, planted with the Trees of God,
Delectable both to behold and taſte;
And freely all thir pleaſant fruit for food
Gave thee, all ſorts are here that all th' Earth yeelds,
Varietie without end; but of the Tree
Which taſted works knowledge of Good and Evil,
Thou mai'ſt not; in the day thou eat'ſt, thou di'ſt;
Death is the penaltie impos'd, beware,
And govern well thy appetite, leaſt ſin
Surpriſe thee, and her black attendant Death.
Here finiſh'd hee, and all that he had made
View'd, and behold all was entirely good;
So Ev'n and Morn accompliſh'd the Sixt day:
Yet not till the Creator from his work
Deſiſting, though unwearied, up returnd
Up to the Heav'n of Heav'ns his high abode,
Thence to behold this new created World
Th' addition of his Empire, how it ſhew'd
In proſpect from his Throne, how good, how faire,
Anſwering his great Idea. Up he rode
Followd with acclamation and the ſound
Symphonious of ten thouſand Harpes that tun'd
Angelic harmonies: the Earth, the Aire
Reſounded, (thou remember'ſt, for thou heardſt)
The Heav'ns and all the Conſtellations rung,
The Planets in thir ſtations liſt'ning ſtood,

While the bright Pomp aſcended jubilant.
Open, ye everlaſting Gates, they ſung,
Open, ye Heav'ns, your living dores; let in
The great Creator from his work returnd
Magnificent, his Six days work, a World;
Open, and henceforth oft; for God will deigne
To viſit oft the dwellings of juſt Men
Delighted, and with frequent intercourſe
Thither will ſend his winged Meſſengers
On errands of ſupernal Grace. So ſung
The glorious Train aſcending: He through Heav'n,
That open'd wide her blazing Portals, led
To Gods Eternal houſe direct the way,
A broad and ample rode, whoſe duſt is Gold
And pavement Starrs, as Starrs to thee appeer,
Seen in the Galaxie, that Milkie way
Which nightly as a circling Zone thou ſeeſt
Pouderd with Starrs. And now on Earth the Seaventh
Eev'ning aroſe in *Eden*, for the Sun
Was ſet, and twilight from the Eaſt came on,
Forerunning Night; when at the holy mount
Of Heav'ns high-ſeated top, th' Impereal Throne
Of Godhead, fixt for ever firm and ſure,
The Filial Power arriv'd, and ſate him down
With his great Father (for he alſo went
Inviſible, yet ſtaid (ſuch priviledge
Hath Omnipreſence) and the work ordain'd,
Author and end of all things, and from work
Now reſting, bleſs'd and hallowd the Seav'nth day,
As reſting on that day from all his work,
But not in ſilence holy kept; the Harp
Had work and reſted not, the ſolemn Pipe,

And Dulcimer, all Organs of ſweet ſtop,
All ſounds on Fret by String or Golden Wire
Temper'd ſoft Tunings, intermixt with Voice
Choral or Uniſon; of incenſe Clouds
Fuming from Golden Cenſers hid the Mount.
Creation and the Six dayes acts they ſung,
Great are thy works, *Jehovah*, infinite
Thy power; what thought can meaſure thee or
Relate thee; greater now in thy return [tongue
Then from the Giant Angels; thee that day
Thy Thunders magnifi'd; but to create
Is greater then created to deſtroy.
Who can impair thee, mighty King, or bound
Thy Empire? eaſily the proud attempt
Of Spirits apoſtat and thir Counſels vaine
Thou haſt repeld, while impiouſly they thought
Thee to diminiſh, and from thee withdraw
The number of thy worſhippers. Who ſeekes
To leſſen thee, againſt his purpoſe ſerves
To manifeſt the more thy might: his evil
Thou uſeſt, and from thence creat'ſt more good.
Witneſs this new-made World, another Heav'n
From Heaven Gate not farr, founded in view
On the cleer *Hyaline*, the Glaſſie Sea;
Of amplitude almoſt immenſe, with Starr's
Numerous, and every Starr perhaps a World
Of deſtind habitation; but thou know'ſt
Thir ſeaſons: among theſe the ſeat of men,
Earth with her nether Ocean circumfus'd,
Thir pleaſant dwelling place. Thrice happie men,
And ſons of men, whom God hath thus advanc't,
Created in his Image, there to dwell

And worſhip him, and in reward to rule
Over his Works, on Earth, in Sea, or Air,
And multiply a Race of Worſhippers
Holy and juſt: thrice happie if they know
Thir happineſs, and perſevere upright.
So ſung they, and the Empyrean rung,
With *Halleluiahs*: Thus was Sabbath kept.
And thy requeſt think now fulfill'd, that aſk'd
How firſt this World and face of things began,
And what before thy memorie was don
From the beginning, that poſteritie
Informd by thee might know; if elſe thou ſeek'ſt
Aught, not ſurpaſſing humane meaſure, ſay.

The End of the Seventh Book.

Paradiſe Loſt.

BOOK VIII.

THE Angel Ended and in *Adam's* Ear
So Charming left his Voice that he a while [fixt to hear;
Thought him ſtill ſpeaking, ſtill ſtood
Then as new waked thus gratefully replied.
What thanks ſufficient, or what recompence
Equal have I to render thee, Divine
Hyſtorian, who thus largely haſt allayd
The thirſt I had of knowledge, and voutſaf't
This friendly condeſcention to relate
Things elſe by me unſearchable, now heard
With wonder, but delight, and, as is due,
With glorie attributed to the high
Creator; ſome thing yet of doubt remaines,
Which onely thy ſolution can reſolve.
When I behold this goodly Frame, this World
Of Heav'n and Earth conſiſting, and compute,
Thir magnitudes, this Earth a ſpot, a graine,
An Atom, with the Firmament compar'd
And all her numberd Starrs, that ſeem to rowle
Spaces incomprehenſible (for ſuch
Thir diſtance argues and thir ſwift return
Diurnal) meerly to officiate light

Round this opacous Earth, this punctual ſpot,
One day and night; in all thir vaſt ſurvey
Uſeleſs beſides, reaſoning I oft admire,
How Nature wiſe and frugal could commit
Such diſproportions, with ſuperfluous hand
So many nobler Bodies to create,
Greater ſo manifold to this one uſe,
For aught appeers, and on thir Orbs impoſe
Such reſtleſs revolution day by day
Repeated, while the ſedentarie Earth,
That better might with farr leſs compaſs move,
Serv'd by more noble then her ſelf, attaines
Her end without leaſt motion, and receaves,
As Tribute ſuch a ſumleſs journey brought
Of incorporeal ſpeed, her warmth and light;
Speed, to deſcribe whoſe ſwiftneſs Number failes.
So ſpake our Sire, and by his count'nance ſeemd
Entring on ſtudious thoughts abſtruſe, which *Eve*
Perceaving where ſhe ſat retir'd in ſight,
With lowlineſs Majeſtic from her ſeat,
And Grace that won who ſaw to wiſh her ſtay,
Roſe, and went forth among her Fruits and Flours,
To viſit how they proſper'd, bud and bloom,
Her Nurſerie; they at her coming ſprung
And toucht by her fair tendance gladlier grew.
Yet went ſhe not, as not with ſuch diſcourſe
Delighted, or not capable her eare
Of what was high: ſuch pleaſure ſhe reſerv'd,
Adam relating, ſhe ſole Auditreſs;
Her Huſband the Relater ſhe preferr'd
Before the Angel, and of him to aſk
Choſe rather; hee, ſhe knew would intermix

Grateful digreſſions, and ſolve high diſpute
With conjugal Careſſes, from his Lip
Not Words alone pleas'd her. O when meet now
Such pairs, in Love and mutual Honour joyn'd?
With Goddeſs-like demeanour forth ſhe went;
Not unattended, for on her as Queen
A pomp of winning Graces waited ſtill,
And from about her ſhot Darts of deſire
Into all Eyes to wiſh her ſtill in ſight.
And *Raphael* now to *Adam's* doubt propos'd
Benevolent and facil thus repli'd.

To aſk or ſearch I blame thee not, for Heav'n
Is as the Book of God before thee ſet,
Wherein to read his wondrous Works, and learne
His Seaſons, Hours, or Days, or Months, or Yeares;
This to attain, whether Heav'n move or Earth,
Imports not, if thou reck'n right, the reſt
From Man or Angel the great Architect
Did wiſely to conceal, and not divulge
His ſecrets to be ſcann'd by them who ought
Rather admire; or if they liſt to try
Conjecture, he his Fabric of the Heav'ns
Hath left to thir diſputes, perhaps to move
His laughter at thir quaint Opinions wide
Hereafter, when they come to model Heav'n
And calculate the Starrs, how they will weild
The mightie frame, how build, unbuild, contrive
To ſave appeerances, how gird the Sphear
With Centric and Eccentric ſcribl'd o're,
Cycle and Epicycle, Orb in Orb:
Alreadie by thy reaſoning this I gueſs,
Who art to lead thy ofspring, and ſuppoſeſt

That Bodies bright and greater ſhould not ſerve
The leſs not bright, nor Heav'n ſuch journies run,
Earth ſitting ſtill, when ſhe alone receaves
The benefit: conſider firſt, that Great
Or Bright inferrs not Excellence: the Earth
Though, in compariſon of Heav'n, ſo ſmall,
Nor gliſtering, may of ſolid good containe
More plenty then the Sun that barren ſhines,
Whoſe vertue on it ſelf workes no effect,
But in the fruitful Earth; there firſt receavd
His beams, unactive elſe, thir vigor find.
Yet not to Earth are thoſe bright Luminaries
Officious, but to thee Earths habitant.
And for the Heav'ns wide Circuit, let it ſpeak
The Makers high magnificence, who built
So ſpacious, and his Line ſtretcht out ſo farr;
That Man may know he dwells not in his own;
An Edifice too large for him to fill,
Lodg'd in a ſmall partition, and the reſt
Ordain'd for uſes to his Lord beſt known.
The ſwiftneſs of thoſe Circles attribute,
Though numberleſs, to his Omnipotence,
That to corporeal ſubſtances could adde
Speed almoſt Spiritual; mee thou thinkſt not ſlow,
Who ſince the Morning hour ſet out from Heav'n
Where God reſides, and ere mid-day arriv'd
In *Eden*, diſtance inexpreſſible
By Numbers that have name. But this I urge,
Admitting Motion in the Heav'ns, to ſhew
Invalid that which thee to doubt it mov'd;
Not that I ſo affirm, though ſo it ſeem
To thee who haſt thy dwelling here on Earth.

God to remove his wayes from human ſenſe,
Plac'd Heav'n from Earth ſo farr, that earthly ſight,
If it preſume, might erre in things too high,
And no advantage gaine. What if the Sun
Be Center to the World, and other Starrs
By his attractive vertue and thir own
Incited, dance about him various rounds?
Thir wandring courſe now high, now low, then hid,
Progreſſive, retrograde, or ſtanding ſtill,
In ſix thou ſeeſt, and what if ſev'nth to theſe
The Planet Earth, ſo ſtedfaſt though ſhe ſeem,
Inſenſibly three different Motions move?
Which elſe to ſeveral Sphears thou muſt aſcribe,
Mov'd contrarie with thwart obliquities,
Or ſave the Sun his labour, and that ſwift
Nocturnal and Diurnal rhomb ſuppos'd,
Inviſible elſe above all Starrs, the Wheele
Of Day and Night; which needs not thy beleefe,
If Earth induſtrious of her ſelf fetch Day
Travelling Eaſt, and with her part averſe
From the Suns beam meet Night, her other part
Still luminous by his ray. What if that light
Sent from her through the wide tranſpicuous aire,
To the terreſtrial Moon be as a Starr
Enlightning her by Day, as ſhe by Night
This Earth? reciprocal, if Land be there,
Feilds and Inhabitants: Her ſpots thou ſeeſt
As Clouds, and Clouds may rain, and Rain produce
Fruits in her ſoft'nd Soile, for ſome to eate
Allotted there; and other Suns perhaps
With thir attendant Moons thou wilt deſcrie
Communicating Male and Femal Light,

Which two great Sexes animate the World,
Stor'd in each Orb perhaps with ſome that live.
For ſuch vaſt room in Nature unpoſſeſt
By living Soule, deſert and deſolate,
Onely to ſhine, yet ſcarce to contribute
Each Orb a glimps of Light, conveyd ſo farr
Down to this habitable, which returnes
Light back to them, is obvious to diſpute.
But whether thus theſe things, or whether not,
Whether the Sun predominant in Heav'n
Riſe on the Earth, or Earth riſe on the Sun,
Hee from the Eaſt his flaming rode begin,
Or Shee from Weſt her ſilent courſe advance
With inoffenſive pace that ſpinning ſleeps
On her ſoft Axle, while ſhe paces Eev'n,
And bears thee ſoft with the ſmooth Air along,
Sollicit not thy thoughts with matters hid,
Leave them to God above, him ſerve and feare;
Of other Creatures, as him pleaſes beſt,
Wherever plac't, let him diſpoſe: joy thou
In what he gives to thee, this Paradiſe
And thy faire *Eve*; Heav'n is for thee too high
To know what paſſes there; be lowlie wiſe:
Think onely what concernes thee and thy being;
Dream not of other Worlds, what Creatures there
Live, in what ſtate, condition or degree,
Contented that thus farr hath been reveal'd
Not of Earth onely but of higheſt Heav'n.

To whom thus *Adam* cleerd of doubt, repli'd.
How fully haſt thou ſatisfi'd mee, pure
Intelligence of Heav'n, Angel ſerene,
And freed from intricacies, taught to live,

The eaſieſt way, nor with perplexing thoughts
To interrupt the ſweet of Life, from which
God hath bid dwell farr off all anxious cares,
And not moleſt us, unleſs we our ſelves
Seek them with wandring thoughts, and notions
But apt the Mind or Fancie is to roave [vaine.
Uncheckt, and of her roaving is no end;
Till warn'd, or by experience taught, ſhe learne,
That not to know at large of things remote
From uſe, obſcure and ſuttle, but to know
That which before us lies in daily life,
Is the prime Wiſdom, what is more, is fume,
Or emptineſs, or fond impertinence,
And renders us in things that moſt concerne
Unpractis'd, unprepar'd, and ſtill to ſeek.
Therefore from this high pitch let us deſcend
A lower flight, and ſpeak of things at hand
Uſeful, whence haply mention may ariſe
Of ſomthing not unſeaſonable to aſk
By ſufferance, and thy wonted favour deign'd.
Thee I have heard relating what was don
Ere my remembrance: now hear mee relate
My Storie, which perhaps thou haſt not heard;
And Day is yet not ſpent; till then thou ſeeſt
How ſuttly to detaine thee I deviſe,
Inviting thee to hear while I relate,
Fond, were it not in hope of thy reply:
For while I ſit with thee, I ſeem in Heav'n,
And ſweeter thy diſcourſe is to my eare
Then Fruits of Palm-tree pleaſanteſt to thirſt
And hunger both, from labour, at the houre
Of ſweet repaſt; they ſatiate, and ſoon fill,

Though pleaſant, but thy words with Grace Divine
Imbu'd, bring to thir ſweetneſs no ſatietie.
To whom thus *Raphael* anſwer'd heav'nly meek.
Nor are thy lips ungraceful, Sire of men,
Nor tongue ineloquent; for God on thee
Abundantly his gifts hath alſo pour'd
Inward and outward both, his image faire:
Speaking or mute all comlineſs and grace
Attends thee, and each word, each motion formes.
Nor leſs think wee in Heav'n of thee on Earth
Then of our fellow ſervant, and inquire
Gladly into the wayes of God with Man:
For God we ſee hath honour'd thee, and ſet
On Man his equal Love: ſay therefore on;
For I that Day was abſent, as befell,
Bound on a voyage uncouth and obſcure,
Farr on excurſion toward the Gates of Hell;
Squar'd in full Legion (ſuch command we had)
To ſee that none thence iſſu'd forth a ſpie,
Or enemie, while God was in his work,
Leaſt hee incenſt at ſuch eruption bold,
Deſtruction with Creation might have mixt.
Not that they durſt without his leave attempt,
But us he ſends upon his high beheſts
For ſtate, as Sovran King, and to enure
Our prompt obedience. Faſt we found, faſt ſhut
The diſmal Gates, and barricado'd ſtrong;
But long ere our approaching heard within
Noiſe, other then the ſound of Dance or Song,
Torment, and lowd lament, and furious rage.
Glad we return'd up to the coaſts of Light
Ere Sabbath Eev'ning: ſo we had in charge.

But thy relation now; for I attend,
Pleas'd with thy words no leſs then thou with mine.
So ſpake the Godlike Power, and thus our Sire.
For Man to tell how human Life began
Is hard: for who himſelf beginning knew?
Deſire with thee ſtill longer to converſe
Induc'd me. As new wak't from ſoundeſt ſleep
Soſt on the flourie herb I found me laid
In Balmie Sweat, which with his Beames the Sun
Soon dri'd, and on the reaking moiſture fed.
Strait toward Heav'n my wondring Eyes I turnd,
And gaz'd a while the ample Skie, till rais'd
By quick inſtinctive motion up I ſprung,
As thitherward endevoring, and upright
Stood on my feet; about me round I ſaw
Hill, Dale, and ſhadie Woods, and ſunnie Plaines,
And liquid Lapſe of murmuring Streams; by theſe,
Creatures that livd, and movd, and walk'd, or flew,
Birds on the branches warbling; all things ſmil'd,
With fragrance and with joy my heart oreflow'd.
My ſelf I then perus'd, and Limb by Limb
Survey'd, and ſometimes went, and ſometimes ran
With ſupple joints, as lively vigour led:
But who I was, or where, or from what cauſe,
Knew not; to ſpeak I tri'd, and forthwith ſpake,
My Tongue obey'd and readily could name
What e're I ſaw. Thou Sun, ſaid I, faire Light,
And thou enlight'nd Earth, ſo freſh and gay,
Ye Hills and Dales, ye Rivers, Woods, and Plaines,
And ye that live and move, fair Creatures, tell,
Tell, if ye ſaw, how came I thus, how here?
Not of my ſelf; by ſome great Maker then,

In goodneſs and in power præeminent;
Tell me, how may I know him, how adore,
From whom I have that thus I move and live,
And feel that I am happier then I know.
While thus I call'd, and ſtray'd I knew not whither,
From where I firſt drew Aire, and firſt beheld
This happie Light, when anſwer none return'd,
On a green ſhadie Bank profuſe of Flours
Penſive I ſate me down; there gentle ſleep
Firſt found me, and with ſoft oppreſſion ſeis'd
My drouſed ſenſe, untroubl'd, though I thought
I then was paſſing to my former ſtate
Inſenſible, and forthwith to diſſolve:
When ſuddenly ſtood at my Head a dream,
Whoſe inward apparition gently mov'd
My Fancy to believe I yet had being,
And livd: One came, methought, of ſhape Divine,
And ſaid, thy Manſion wants thee, *Adam*, riſe,
Firſt Man, of Men innumerable ordain'd
Firſt Father, call'd by thee I come thy Guide
To the Garden of bliſs, thy ſeat prepar'd.
So ſaying, by the hand he took me rais'd,
And over Fields and Waters, as in Aire
Smooth ſliding without ſtep, haſt led me up
A woodie Mountain; whoſe high top was plaine,
A Circuit wide, enclos'd, with goodlieſt Trees
Planted, with Walks, and Bowers, that what I ſaw
Of Earth before ſcarſe pleaſant ſeemd. Each Tree
Load'n with faireſt Fruit, that hung to the Eye
Tempting, ſtirr'd in me ſudden appetite
To pluck and eate; whereat I wak'd, and found
Before mine Eyes all real, as the dream

Had lively ſhadowd: Here had new begun
My wandring, had not hee who was my Guide
Up hither, from among the Trees appeer'd,
Preſence Divine. Rejoycing, but with aw
In adoration at his feet I fell
Submiſs: he rear'd me, & Whom thou ſought'ſt I am,
Said mildely, Author of all this thou ſeeſt
Above, or round about thee or beneath.
This Paradiſe I give thee, count it thine
To Till and keep, and of the Fruit to eate:
Of every Tree that in the Garden growes
Eate freely with glad heart; fear here no dearth:
But of the Tree whoſe operation brings
Knowledg of good and ill, which I have ſet
The Pledge of thy Obedience and thy Faith,
Amid the Garden by the Tree of Life,
Remember what I warne thee, ſhun to taſte,
And ſhun the bitter conſequence: for know,
The day thou eat'ſt thereof, my ſole command
Tranſgreſt, inevitably thou ſhalt dye;
From that day mortal, and this happie State
Shalt looſe, expell'd from hence into a World
Of woe and ſorrow. Sternly he pronounc'd
The rigid interdiction, which reſounds
Yet dreadful in mine eare, though in my choice
Not to incur; but ſoon his cleer aſpect
Return'd and gratious purpoſe thus renew'd.
Not onely theſe fair bounds, but all the Earth
To thee and to thy Race I give; as Lords
Poſſeſs it, and all things that therein live,
Or live in Sea, or Aire, Beaſt, Fiſh, and Fowle.
In ſigne whereof each Bird and Beaſt behold

After thir kindes; I bring them to receave
From thee thir Names, and pay thee fealtie
With low ſubjection; underſtand the ſame
Of Fiſh within thir watry reſidence,
Not hither ſummond, ſince they cannot change
Thir Element to draw the thinner Aire.
As thus he ſpake, each Bird and Beaſt behold
Approaching two and two, Theſe cowring low
With blandiſhment, each Bird ſtoop'd on his wing.
I nam'd them, as they paſs'd, and underſtood
Thir Nature, with ſuch knowledg God endu'd
My ſudden apprehenſion: but in theſe
I found not what me thought I wanted ſtill;
And to the Heav'nly viſion thus preſum'd.

O by what Name, for thou above all theſe,
Above mankinde, or aught then mankinde higher,
Surpaſſeſt farr my naming, how may I
Adore thee, Author of this Univerſe,
And all this good to man, for whoſe well being
So amply, and with hands ſo liberal
Thou haſt provided all things: but with mee
I ſee not who partakes. In ſolitude
What happineſs, who can enjoy alone,
Or all enjoying, what contentment find?
Thus I preſumptuous; and the viſion bright,
As with a ſmile more bright'nd, thus repli'd.

What call'ſt thou ſolitude, is not the Earth
With various living creatures, and the Aire
Repleniſht, and all theſe at thy command
To come and play before thee, know'ſt thou not
Thir language and thir wayes, they alſo know,
And reaſon not contemptibly; with theſe

Find paſtime, and beare rule; thy Realm is large.
So ſpake the Univerſal Lord, and ſeem'd
So ordering. I with leave of ſpeech implor'd,
And humble deprecation thus repli'd.
Let not my words offend thee, Heav'nly Power,
My Maker, be propitious while I ſpeak.
Haſt thou not made me here thy ſubſtitute,
And theſe inferiour farr beneath me ſet?
Among unequals what ſocietie
Can ſort, what harmonie or true delight?
Which muſt be mutual, in proportion due
Giv'n and receiv'd; but in diſparitie
The one intenſe, the other ſtill remiſs
Cannot well ſuite with either, but ſoon prove
Tedious alike: Of fellowſhip I ſpeak
Such as I ſeek, fit to participate
All rational delight, wherein the brute
Cannot be human conſort; they rejoyce
Each with thir kinde, Lion with Lioneſs;
So fitly them in pairs thou haſt combin'd;
Much leſs can Bird with Beaſt, or Fiſh with Fowle
So well converſe, nor with the Ox the Ape;
Wors then can Man with Beaſt, and leaſt of all.
Whereto th' Almighty anſwer'd, not diſpleas'd.
A nice and ſuttle happineſs I ſee
Thou to thy ſelf propoſeſt, in the choice
Of thy Aſſociates, *Adam*, and wilt taſte
No pleaſure, though in pleaſure, ſolitarie.
What thinkſt thou then of mee, and this my State,
Seem I to thee ſufficiently poſſeſt
Of happineſs, or not? who am alone
From all Eternitie, for none I know

Second to mee or like, equal much leſs.
How have I then with whom to hold converſe
Save with the Creatures which I made, and thoſe
To me inferiour, infinite deſcents
Beneath what other Creatures are to thee?
He ceas'd, I lowly anſwer'd. To attaine
The highth and depth of thy Eternal wayes
All human thoughts come ſhort, Supream of things;
Thou in thy ſelf art perfet, and in thee
Is no deficience found; not ſo is Man,
But in degree, the cauſe of his deſire
By converſation with his like to help,
Or ſolace his defects. No need that thou
Shouldſt propagat, already infinite;
And through all numbers abſolute, though One;
But Man by number is to manifeſt
His ſingle imperfection, and beget
Like of his like, his Image multipli'd,
In unitie defective, which requires
Collateral love, and deereſt amitie.
Thou in thy ſecreſie although alone,
Beſt with thy ſelf accompanied, ſeek'ſt not
Social communication, yet ſo pleas'd,
Canſt raiſe thy Creature to what highth thou wilt
Of Union or Communion, deifi'd;
I by converſing cannot theſe erect
From prone, nor in thir wayes complacence find.
Thus I embold'nd ſpake, and freedom us'd
Permiſſive, and acceptance found, which gain'd
This anſwer from the gratious voice Divine.
Thus farr to try thee, *Adam*, I was pleas'd,
And finde thee knowing not of Beaſts alone,

Which thou haſt rightly nam'd, but of thy ſelf,
Expreſſing well the ſpirit within thee free,
My Image, not imparted to the Brute,
Whoſe fellowſhip therefore unmeet for thee
Good reaſon was thou freely ſhouldſt diſlike,
And be ſo minded ſtill; I, ere thou ſpak'ſt,
Knew it not good for Man to be alone,
And no ſuch companie as then thou ſaw'ſt
Intended thee, for trial onely brought,
To ſee how thou could'ſt judge of fit and meet:
What next I bring ſhall pleaſe thee, be aſſur'd,
Thy likeneſs, thy fit help, thy other ſelf,
Thy wiſh, exactly to thy hearts deſire.
Hee ended, or I heard no more, for now
My earthly by his Heav'nly overpowerd,
Which it had long ſtood under, ſtreind to the highth
In that celeſtial Colloquie ſublime,
As with an object that excels the ſenſe,
Dazl'd and ſpent, ſunk down, and ſought repair
Of ſleep, which inſtantly fell on me, call'd
By Nature as in aide, and clos'd mine eyes.
Mine eyes he clos'd, but op'n left the Cell
Of Fancie my internal ſight, by which
Abſtract as in a tranſe methought I ſaw,
Though ſleeping, where I lay, and ſaw the ſhape
Still glorious before whom awake I ſtood;
Who ſtooping op'nd my left ſide, and took
From thence a Rib, with cordial ſpirits warme,
And Life-blood ſtreaming freſh; wide was the wound,
But ſuddenly with fleſh fill'd up & heal'd:
The Rib he formd and faſhond with his hands;

Under his forming hands a Creature grew,
Manlike, but different ſex, ſo lovly faire,
That what ſeemd fair in all the World, ſeemd now
Mean, or in her ſummd up, in her containd
And in her looks, which from that time infus'd
Sweetneſs into my heart, unfelt before,
And into all things from her Aire inſpir'd
The ſpirit of love and amorous delight.
She diſappeerd, and left me dark, I wak'd
To find her, or for ever to deplore
Her loſs, and other pleaſures all abjure:
When out of hope, behold her, not farr off,
Such as I ſaw her in my dream, adornd
With what all Earth or Heaven could beſtow
To make her amiable: On ſhe came,
Led by her Heav'nly Maker, though unſeen,
And guided by his voice, nor uninformd
Of nuptial Sanctitie and marriage Rites:
Grace was in all her ſteps, Heav'n in her Eye,
In every geſture dignitie and love.
I overjoyd could not forbear aloud.

This turn hath made amends; thou haſt fulfill'd
Thy words, Creator bounteous and benigne,
Giver of all things faire, but faireſt this
Of all thy gifts, nor envieſt. I now ſee
Bone of my Bone, Fleſh of my Fleſh, my Self
Before me; Woman is her Name, of Man
Extracted; for this cauſe he ſhall forgoe
Father and Mother, and to his Wife adhere;
And they ſhall be one Fleſh, one Heart, one Soule.

She heard me thus, and though divinely brought,
Yet Innocence and Virgin Modeſtie,

Her vertue and the conſcience of her worth,
That would be woo'd, and not unſought be won.
Not obvious, not obtruſive, but retir'd,
The more deſirable, or to ſay all,
Nature her ſelf, though pure of ſinful thought,
Wrought in her ſo, that ſeeing me, ſhe turn'd;
I follow'd her, ſhe what was Honour knew,
And with obſequious Majeſtie approv'd
My pleaded reaſon. To the Nuptial Bowre
I led her bluſhing like the Morn: all Heav'n,
And happie Conſtellations on that houre
Shed thir ſelecteſt influence; the Earth
Gave ſign of gratulation, and each Hill;
Joyous the Birds; freſh Gales and gentle Aires
Whiſper'd it to the Woods, and from thir wings
Flung Roſe, flung Odours from the ſpicie Shrub,
Diſporting, till the amorous Bird of Night
Sung Spouſal, and bid haſte the Eevning Starr
On his Hill top, to light the bridal Lamp.
Thus I have told thee all my State, and brought
My Storie to the ſum of earthly bliſs
Which I enjoy, and muſt confeſs to find
In all things elſe delight indeed, but ſuch
As us'd or not, works in the mind no change,
Nor vehement deſire, theſe delicacies [Flours,
I mean of Taſte, Sight, Smell, Herbs, Fruits, &
Walks, and the melodie of Birds; but here
Farr otherwiſe, tranſported I behold,
Tranſported touch; here paſſion firſt I felt,
Commotion ſtrange, in all enjoyments elſe
Superiour and unmov'd, here onely weake
Againſt the charm of Beauties powerful glance.

Or Nature faild in mee, and left ſome part
Not proof enough ſuch Object to ſuſtain,
Or from my ſide ſubducting, took perhaps
More then enough; at leaſt on her beſtow'd
Too much of Ornament, in outward ſhew
Elaborate, of inward leſs exact.
For well I underſtand in the prime end
Of Nature her th' inferiour, in the mind
And inward Faculties, which moſt excell,
In outward alſo her reſembling leſs
His Image who made both, and leſs expreſſing
The character of that Dominion giv'n
O're other Creatures; yet when I approach
Her lovelineſs, ſo abſolute ſhe ſeems
And in her ſelf compleat, ſo well to know
Her own, that what ſhe wills to do or ſay,
Seems wiſeſt, vertuouſeſt, diſcreeteſt, beſt;
All higher knowledge in her preſence falls
Degraded, Wiſdom in diſcourſe with her
Looſes diſcount'nanc't, and like folly ſhewes;
Authoritie and Reaſon on her waite,
As one intended firſt, not after made
Occaſionally; and to conſummate all,
Greatneſs of mind and nobleneſs thir ſeat
Build in her loveliеſt, and create an awe
About her, as a guard Angelic plac't.
To whom the Angel with contracted brow.
  Accuſe not Nature, ſhe hath don her part;
Do thou but thine, and be not diffident
Of Wiſdom, ſhe deſerts thee not, if thou
Diſmiſs not her, when moſt thou needſt her nigh,
By attributing overmuch to things

Leſs excellent, as thou thy ſelf perceav'ſt.
For what admir'ſt thou, what tranſports thee ſo,
An outſide? fair no doubt, and worthy well
Thy cheriſhing, thy honouring, and thy love,
Not thy ſubjection: weigh with her thy ſelf;
Then value: Oft times nothing profits more
Then ſelf-eſteem, grounded on juſt and right
Well manag'd; of that ſkill the more thou know'ſt,
The more ſhe will acknowledge thee her Head,
And to realities yeild all her ſhows;
Made ſo adorn for thy delight the more,
So awful, that with honour thou maiſt love
Thy mate, who ſees when thou art ſeen leaſt wiſe.
But if the ſenſe of touch whereby mankind
Is propagated ſeem ſuch dear delight
Beyond all other, think the ſame vouchſaf't
To Cattel and each Beaſt; which would not be
To them made common & divulg'd, if aught
Therein enjoy'd were worthy to ſubdue
The Soule of Man, or paſſion in him move.
What higher in her ſocietie thou findſt
Attractive, human, rational, love ſtill;
In loving thou doſt well, in paſſion not,
Wherein true Love conſiſts not; love refines
The thoughts, and heart enlarges, hath his ſeat
In Reaſon, and is judicious, is the ſcale
By which to heav'nly Love thou maiſt aſcend,
Not ſunk in carnal pleaſure, for which cauſe
Among the Beaſts no Mate for thee was found.
To whom thus half abaſh't *Adam* repli'd.
Neither her out-ſide formd ſo fair, nor aught
In procreation common to all kindes

(Though higher of the genial Bed by far,
And with myſterious reverence I deem)
So much delights me, as thoſe graceful acts,
Thoſe thouſand decencies that daily flow
From all her words and actions, mixt with Love
And ſweet compliance, which declare unfeign'd
Union of Mind, or in us both one Soule;
Harmonie to behold in wedded pair
More grateful then harmonious ſound to the eare.
Yet theſe ſubject not; I to thee diſcloſe
What inward thence I feel, not therefore foild,
Who meet with various objects, from the ſenſe
Variouſly repreſenting; yet ſtill free
Approve the beſt, and follow what I approve.
To love thou blam'ſt me not, for love thou ſaiſt
Leads up to Heav'n, is both the way and guide;
Bear with me then, if lawful what I aſk;
Love not the heav'nly Spirits, and how thir Love
Expreſs they, by looks onely, or do they mix
Irradiance, virtual or immediate touch?

To whom the Angel with a ſmile that glow'd
Celeſtial roſie red, Loves proper hue,
Anſwer'd. Let it ſuffice thee that thou know'ſt
Us happie, and without Love no happineſs.
Whatever pure thou in the body enjoy'ſt
(And pure thou wert created) we enjoy
In eminence, and obſtacle find none
Of membrane, joynt, or limb, excluſive barrs:
Eaſier then Air with Air, if Spirits embrace,
Total they mix, Union of Pure with Pure
Deſiring; nor reſtrain'd conveyance need
As Fleſh to mix with Fleſh, or Soul with Soul.

But I can now no more; the parting Sun
Beyond the Earths green Cape and verdant Iſles
Heſperean ſets, my Signal to depart.
Be ſtrong, live happie, and love, but firſt of all
Him whom to love is to obey, and keep
His great command; take heed leaſt Paſſion ſway
Thy Judgement to do aught, which elſe free Will
Would not admit; thine and of all thy Sons
The weal or woe in thee is plac't; beware.
I in thy perſevering ſhall rejoyce,
And all the Bleſt: ſtand faſt; to ſtand or fall
Free in thine own Arbitrement it lies.
Perfet within, no outward aid require;
And all temptation to tranſgreſs repel.
So ſaying, he aroſe; whom *Adam* thus
Follow'd with benediction. Since to part,
Go heavenly Gueſt, Ethereal Meſſenger,
Sent from whoſe ſovran goodneſs I adore.
Gentle to me and affable hath been
Thy condeſcenſion, and ſhall be honour'd ever
With grateful Memorie: thou to mankind
Be good and friendly ſtill, and oft return.
So parted they, the Angel up to Heav'n
From the thick ſhade, and *Adam* to his Bowre.

The End of the Eighth Book.

Paradiſe Loſt.

BOOK IX.

NO more of talk where God or Angel Gueſt
With Man, as with his Friend, familiar us'd
To ſit indulgent, and with him partake
Rural repaſt, permitting him the while
Venial diſcourſe unblam'd: I now muſt change
Thoſe Notes to Tragic; foul diſtruſt, and breach
Diſloyal on the part of Man, revolt,
And diſobedience: On the part of Heav'n
Now alienated, diſtance and diſtaſte,
Anger and juſt rebuke, and judgement giv'n,
That brought into this World a world of woe,
Sinne and her ſhadow Death, and Miſerie
Deaths Harbinger: Sad taſk, yet argument
Not leſs but more Heroic then the wrauth
Of ſtern *Achilles* on his Foe purſu'd
Thrice Fugitive about *Troy* Wall; or rage
Of *Turnus* for *Lavinia* diſeſpous'd,
Or *Neptun*'s ire or *Juno*'s, that ſo long
Perplex'd the *Greek* and *Cytherea's* Son;
If anſwerable ſtyle I can obtaine
Of my Celeſtial Patroneſs, who deignes

Her nightly viſitation unimplor'd,
And dictates to me ſlumbring, or inſpires
Eaſie my unpremeditated Verſe:
Since firſt this Subject for Heroic Song
Pleas'd me long chooſing, and beginning late;
Not ſedulous by Nature to indite
Warrs, hitherto the onely Argument
Heroic deem'd, chief maiſtrie to diſſect
With long and tedious havoc fabl'd Knights
In Battels feign'd; the better fortitude
Of Patience and Heroic Martyrdom
Unſung; or to deſcribe Races and Games,
Or tilting Furniture, emblazon'd Shields,
Impreſes quaint, Capariſons and Steeds;
Baſes and tinſel Trappings, gorgious Knights
At Jouſt and Torneament; then marſhal'd Feaſt
Serv'd up in Hall with Sewers, and Seneſhals;
The ſkill of Artifice or Office mean,
Not that which juſtly gives Heroic name
To Perſon or to Poem. Mee of theſe
Nor ſkilld nor ſtudious, higher Argument
Remaines, ſufficient of it ſelf to raiſe
That name, unleſs an age too late, or cold
Climat, or Years damp my intended wing
Depreſt, and much they may, if all be mine,
Not Hers who brings it nightly to my Ear.
The Sun was ſunk, and after him the Starr
Of *Heſperus*, whoſe Office is to bring
Twilight upon the Earth, ſhort Arbiter
Twixt Day and Night, and now from end to end
Nights Hemiſphere had veild the Horizon round:
When *Satan* who late fled before the threats

Of *Gabriel* out of *Eden*, now improv'd
In meditated fraud and malice, bent
On mans deſtruction, maugre what might hap
Of heavier on himſelf, fearleſs return'd.
By Night he fled, and at Midnight return'd
From compaſſing the Earth, cautious of day,
Since *Uriel* Regent of the Sun deſcri'd
His entrance, and forewarnd the Cherubim
That kept thir watch; thence full of anguiſh driv'n,
The ſpace of ſeven continu'd Nights he rode
With darkneſs, thrice the Equinoctial Line
He circl'd, four times croſs'd the Carr of Night
From Pole to Pole, traverſing each Colure;
On the eighth return'd, and on the Coaſt averſe
From entrance or Cherubic Watch, by ſtealth
Found unſuſpected way. There was a place,
Now not, though Sin, not Time, firſt wraught the change,
Where *Tigris* at the foot of Paradiſe
Into a Gulf ſhot under ground, till part
Roſe up a Fountain by the Tree of Life;
In with the River ſunk, and with it roſe
Satan involv'd in riſing Miſt, then ſought
Where to lie hid; Sea he had ſearcht and Land
From *Eden* over *Pontus*, and the Poole
Mæotis, up beyond the River *Ob*;
Downward as farr Antartic; and in length
Weſt from *Orontes* to the Ocean barr'd
At *Darien*, thence to the Land where flowes
Ganges and *Indus:* thus the Orb he roam'd
With narrow ſearch; and with inſpection deep
Conſider'd every Creature, which of all
Moſt opportune might ſerve his Wiles, and found

The Serpent ſuttleſt Beaſt of all the Field.
Him after long debate, irreſolute
Of thoughts revolv'd, his final ſentence choſe
Fit Veſſel, fitteſt Imp of fraud, in whom
To enter, and his dark ſuggeſtions hide
From ſharpeſt ſight: for in the wilie Snake,
Whatever ſleights none would ſuſpicious mark,
As from his wit and native ſuttletie
Proceeding, which in other Beaſts obſerv'd
Doubt might beget of Diabolic pow'r
Active within beyond the ſenſe of brute.
Thus he reſolv'd, but firſt from inward griefe
His burſting paſſion into plaints thus pour'd:
O Earth, how like to Heav'n, if not preferrd
More juſtly, Seat worthier of Gods, as built
With ſecond thoughts, reforming what was old!
For what God after better worſe would build?
Terreſtrial Heav'n, danc't round by other Heav'ns
That ſhine, yet bear thir bright officious Lamps,
Light above Light, for thee alone, as ſeems,
In thee concentring all thir precious beams
Of ſacred influence: As God in Heav'n
Is Center, yet extends to all, ſo thou
Centring receav'ſt from all thoſe Orbs; in thee,
Not in themſelves, all thir known vertue appeers
Productive in Herb, Plant, and nobler birth
Of Creatures animate with gradual life
Of Growth, Senſe, Reaſon, all ſumm'd up in Man.
With what delight could I have walkt thee round
If I could joy in aught, ſweet interchange
Of Hill and Vallie, Rivers, Woods and Plaines,
Now Land, now Sea, & Shores with Forreſtcrownd,

Rocks, Dens, and Caves; but I in none of theſe
Find place or refuge; and the more I ſee
Pleaſures about me, ſo much more I feel
Torment within me, as from the hateful ſiege
Of contraries; all good to me becomes
Bane, and in Heav'n much worſe would be my ſtate.
But neither here ſeek I, no nor in Heav'n
To dwell, unleſs by maiſtring Heav'ns Supreame;
Nor hope to be my ſelf leſs miſerable
By what I ſeek, but others to make ſuch
As I, though thereby worſe to me redound:
For onely in deſtroying I finde eaſe
To my relentleſs thoughts; and him deſtroyd,
Or won to what may work his utter loſs,
For whom all this was made, all this will ſoon
Follow, as to him linkt in weal or woe,
In wo then; that deſtruction wide may range:
To mee ſhall be the glorie ſole among
The infernal Powers, in one day to have marr'd
What he *Almightie* ſtyl'd, ſix Nights and Days
Continu'd making, and who knows how long
Before had bin contriving, though perhaps
Not longer then ſince I in one Night freed
From ſervitude inglorious welnigh half
Th' Angelic Name, and thinner left the throng
Of his adorers: hee to be aveng'd,
And to repaire his numbers thus impair'd,
Whether ſuch vertue ſpent of old now faild
More Angels to Create, if they at leaſt
Are his Created or to ſpite us more,
Determin'd to advance into our room
A Creature form'd of Earth, and him endow,

Exalted from ſo baſe original,
With Heav'nly ſpoils, our ſpoils; What he decreed
He effected; Man he made, and for him built
Magnificent this World, and Earth his ſeat,
Him Lord pronounc'd, and, O indignitie!
Subjected to his ſervice Angel wings,
And flaming Miniſters to watch and tend
Thir earthie Charge: Of theſe the vigilance
I dread, and to elude, thus wrapt in miſt
Of midnight vapor glide obſcure, and prie
In every Buſh and Brake, where hap may finde
The Serpent ſleeping, in whoſe mazie foulds
To hide me, and the dark intent I bring.
O foul deſcent! that I who erſt contended
With Gods to ſit the higheſt, am now conſtraind
Into a Beaſt, and mixt with beſtial ſlime,
This eſſence to incarnate and imbrute,
That to the hight of Deitie aſpir'd;
But what will not Ambition and Revenge
Deſcend to? who aſpires muſt down as low
As high he ſoard, obnoxious firſt or laſt
To baſeſt things. Revenge, at firſt though ſweet,
Bitter ere long back on it ſelf recoiles;
Let it; I reck not, ſo it light well aim'd,
Since higher I fall ſhort, on him who next
Provokes my envie, this new Favorite
Of Heav'n, this Man of Clay, Son of deſpite,
Whom us the more to ſpite his Maker rais'd
From duſt: ſpite then with ſpite is beſt repaid.
So ſaying, through each Thicket Danck or Drie,
Like a black miſt low creeping, he held on
His midnight ſearch, where ſooneſt he might finde

The Serpent: him faſt ſleeping ſoon he found
In Labyrinth of many a round ſelf-rowld,
His head the midſt, well ſtor'd with ſuttle wiles:
Not yet in horrid Shade or diſmal Den,
Not nocent yet, but on the graſſie Herbe
Fearleſs unfeard he ſlept: in at his Mouth
The Devil enterd, and his brutal ſenſe,
In heart or head, poſſeſſing ſoon inſpir'd
With act intelligential; but his ſleep
Diſturbd not, waiting cloſe th' approach of Morn.
Now when as ſacred Light began to dawne
In *Eden* on the humid Flours, that breathd
Thir morning Incenſe, when all things that breath,
From th' Earths great Altar ſend up ſilent praiſe
To the Creator, and his Noſtrils fill
With gratefull Smell, forth came the human pair
And joynd thir vocal Worſhip to the Quire
Of Creatures wanting voice, that done, partake
The ſeaſon, prime for ſweeteſt Sents and Aires:
Then commune how that day they beſt may ply
Thir growing work: for much thir work outgrew
The hands diſpatch of two Gardning ſo wide.
And *Eve* firſt to her Huſband thus began.
Adam, well may we labour ſtill to dreſs
This Garden, ſtill to tend Plant, Herb and Flour.
Our pleaſant taſk enjoyn'd, but till more hands
Aid us, the work under our labour grows,
Luxurious by reſtraint; what we by day
Lop overgrown, or prune, or prop, or bind,
One night or two with wanton growth derides
Tending to wilde. Thou therefore now adviſe
Or hear what to my mind firſt thoughts preſent,

Let us divide our labours, thou where choice
Leads thee, or where moſt needs, whether to wind
The Woodbine round this Arbour, or direct
The claſping Ivie where to climb, while I
In yonder Spring of Roſes intermixt
With Myrtle, find what to redreſs till Noon:
For while ſo near each other thus all day
Our taſk we chooſe, what wonder if ſo near
Looks intervene and ſmiles, or object new
Caſual diſcourſe draw on, which intermits
Our dayes work brought to little, though begun
Early, and th' hour of Supper comes unearn'd.
To whom mild anſwer *Adam* thus return'd.
Sole *Eve*, Aſſociate ſole, to me beyond
Compare above all living Creatures deare,
Well haſt thou motion'd, wel thy thoughts imployd
How we might beſt fulfill the work which here
God hath aſſign'd us, nor of me ſhalt paſs
Unprais'd: for nothing lovelier can be found
In woman, then to ſtudie houſhold good,
And good workes in her Huſband to promote.
Yet not ſo ſtrictly hath our Lord impos'd
Labour, as to debarr us when we need
Refreſhment, whether food, or talk between,
Food of the mind, or this ſweet intercourſe
Of looks and ſmiles, for ſmiles from Reaſon flow,
To brute deni'd, and are of Love the food,
Love not the loweſt end of human life.
For not to irkſome toile, but to delight
He made us, and delight to Reaſon joyn'd. [hands
Theſe paths and Bowers doubt not but our joynt
Will keep from Wilderneſs with eaſe, as wide

As we need walk, till younger hands ere long
Aſſiſt us: But if much converſe perhaps
Thee ſatiate, to ſhort abſence I could yeild.
For ſolitude ſomtimes is beſt ſocietie,
And ſhort retirement urges ſweet returne.
But other doubt poſſeſſes me, leaſt harm
Befall thee ſever'd from me; for thou knowſt
What hath bin warn'd us, what malicious Foe
Envying our happineſs, and of his own
Deſpairing, ſeeks to work us woe and ſhame
By ſly aſſault; and ſomwhere nigh at hand
Watches, no doubt, with greedy hope to find
His wiſh and beſt advantage, us aſunder,
Hopeleſs to circumvent us joynd, where each
To other ſpeedie aide might lend at need;
Whether his firſt deſign be to withdraw
Our fealtie from God, or to diſturb
Conjugal Love, then which perhaps no bliſs
Enjoy'd by us excites his envie more;
Or this, or worſe, leave not the faithful ſide
That gave thee being, ſtil ſhades thee and protects.
The Wife, where danger or diſhonour lurks,
Safeſt and ſeemlieſt by her Huſband ſtaies,
Who guards her, or with her the worſt endures.
To whom the Virgin Majeſtie of *Eve*,
As one who loves, and ſome unkindneſs meets,
With ſweet auſteer compoſure thus reply'd.
Ofspring of Heav'n and Earth, and all Earths Lord,
That ſuch an Enemie we have, who ſeeks
Our ruin, both by thee informd I learne,
And from the parting Angel over-heard
As in a ſhadie nook I ſtood behind,

Juſt then returnd at ſhut of Evening Flours.
But that thou ſhouldſt my firmneſs therfore doubt
To God or thee, becauſe we have a foe
May tempt it, I expected not to hear.
His violence thou fearſt not, being ſuch,
As wee, not capable of death or paine,
Can either not receave, or can repell.
His fraud is then thy fear, which plain inferrs
Thy equal fear that my firm Faith and Love
Can by his fraud be ſhak'n or ſeduc't; [breſt,
Thoughts, which how found they harbour in thy
Adam, miſsthought of her to thee ſo dear?

To whom with healing words *Adam* reply'd.
Daughter of God and Man, immortal *Eve*,
For ſuch thou art, from ſin and blame entire:
Not diffident of thee do I diſſuade
Thy abſence from my ſight, but to avoid
Th' attempt it ſelf, intended by our Foe.
For hee who tempts, though in vain, at leaſt aſperſes
The tempted with diſhonour foul, ſuppos'd
Not incorruptible of Faith, not prooff
Againſt temptation: thou thy ſelf with ſcorne
And anger wouldſt reſent the offer'd wrong,
Though ineffectual found: miſdeem not then,
If ſuch affront I labour to avert
From thee alone, which on us both at once
The Enemie, though bold, will hardly dare,
Or daring, firſt on mee th' aſſault ſhall light.
Nor thou his malice and falſe guile contemn;
Suttle he needs muſt be, who could ſeduce
Angels, nor think ſuperfluous others aid.
I from the influence of thy looks receave

Acceſs in every Vertue, in thy ſight
More wiſe, more watchful, ſtronger, if need were
Of outward ſtrength; while ſhame, thou looking on,
Shame to be overcome or over-reacht
Would utmoſt vigor raiſe, and rais'd unite.
Why ſhouldſt not thou like ſenſe within thee feel
When I am preſent, and thy trial chooſe
With me, beſt witneſs of thy Vertue tri'd.
So ſpake domeſtick *Adam* in his care
And Matrimonial Love, but *Eve*, who thought
Leſs attributed to her Faith ſincere,
Thus her reply with accent ſweet renewd.
If this be our condition, thus to dwell
In narrow circuit ſtrait'nd by a Foe,
Suttle or violent, we not endu'd
Single with like defence, wherever met,
How are we happie, ſtill in fear of harm?
But harm precedes not ſin: onely our Foe
Tempting affronts us with his foul eſteem
Of our integritie: his foul eſteeme
Sticks no diſhonor on our Front, but turns
Foul on himſelf; then wherfore ſhund or feard
By us? who rather double honour gaine
From his ſurmiſe prov'd falſe, finde peace within,
Favour from Heav'n, our witneſs from th' event.
And what is Faith, Love, Vertue unaſſaid
Alone, without exterior help ſuſtaind?
Let us not then ſuſpect our happie State
Left ſo imperfet by the Maker wiſe,
As not ſecure to ſingle or combin'd.
Fraile is our happineſs, if this be ſo,
And *Eden* were no *Eden* thus expos'd.

To whom thus *Adam* fervently repli'd.
O Woman, beſt are all things as the will
Of God ordaind them, his creating hand
Nothing imperfet or deficient left
Of all that he Created, much leſs Man,
Or ought that might his happie State ſecure,
Secure from outward force; within himſelf
The danger lies, yet lies within his power:
Againſt his will he can receave no harme.
But God left free the Will, for what obeyes
Reaſon, is free, and Reaſon he made right,
But bid her well beware, and ſtill erect,
Leaſt by ſome faire appeering good ſurpris'd
She dictate falſe, and miſſinforme the Will
To do what God expreſly hath forbid.
Not then miſtruſt, but tender love enjoynes,
That I ſhould mind thee oft, and mind thou me.
Firm we ſubſiſt, yet poſſible to ſwerve,
Since Reaſon not impoſſibly may meet
Some ſpecious object by the Foe ſubornd,
And fall into deception unaware,
Not keeping ſtricteſt watch, as ſhe was warnd.
Seek not temptation then, which to avoide
Were better, and moſt likelie if from mee
Thou ſever not: Trial will come unſought.
Wouldſt thou approve thy conſtancie, approve
Firſt thy obedience; th' other who can know,
Not ſeeing thee attempted, who atteſt?
But if thou think, trial unſought may finde
Us both ſecurer then thus warnd thou ſeemſt,
Go; for thy ſtay, not free, abſents thee more;
Go in thy native innocence, relie

On what thou haſt of vertue, ſummon all,
For God towards thee hath done his part, do thine.
So ſpake the Patriarch of Mankinde, but *Eve*
Perſiſted, yet ſubmiſs, though laſt, repli'd.
With thy permiſſion then, and thus forewarnd
Chiefly by what thy own laſt reaſoning words
Touchd onely, that our trial, when leaſt ſought,
May finde us both perhaps farr leſs prepar'd,
The willinger I goe, nor much expect
A Foe ſo proud will firſt the weaker ſeek;
So bent, the more ſhall ſhame him his repulſe.
Thus ſaying, from her Huſbands hand her hand
Soft ſhe withdrew, and like a Wood-Nymph light
Oread or *Dryad*, or of *Delia*'s Traine,
Betook her to the Groves, but *Delia*'s ſelf
In gate ſurpaſs'd and Goddeſs-like deport,
Though not as ſhee with Bow and Quiver armd,
But with ſuch Gardning Tools as Art yet rude,
Guiltleſs of fire had formd, or Angels brought.
To *Pales*, or *Pomona*, thus adornd,
Likeſt ſhe ſeemd, *Pomona* when ſhe fled
Vertumnus, or to *Ceres* in her Prime,
Yet Virgin of *Proſerpina* from *Jove*.
Her long with ardent look his Eye purſu'd
Delighted, but deſiring more her ſtay.
Oft he to her his charge of quick returne
Repeated, ſhee to him as oft engag'd
To be returnd by Noon amid the Bowre,
And all things in beſt order to invite
Noontide repaſt, or Afternoons repoſe.
O much deceav'd, much failing, hapleſs *Eve*,
Of thy preſum'd return! event perverſe!

Thou never from that houre in Paradiſe
Foundſt either ſweet repaſt, or ſound repoſe;
Such ambuſh hid among ſweet Flours and Shades
Waited with helliſh rancor imminent
To intercept thy way, or ſend thee back
Deſpoild of Innocence, of Faith, of Bliſs.
For now, and ſince firſt break of dawne the Fiend,
Meer Serpent in appearance, forth was come,
And on his Queſt, where likelieſt he might finde
The onely two of Mankinde, but in them
The whole included Race, his purpoſd prey.
In Bowre and Field he ſought, where any tuft
Of Grove or Garden-Plot more pleaſant lay,
Thir tendance or Plantation for delight,
By Fountain or by ſhadie Rivulet
He ſought them both, but wiſh'd his hap might find
Eve ſeparate, he wiſh'd, but not with hope
Of what ſo ſeldom chanc'd, when to his wiſh,
Beyond his hope, *Eve* ſeparate he ſpies,
Veild in a Cloud of Fragrance, where ſhe ſtood,
Half ſpi'd, ſo thick the Roſes buſhing round
About her glowd, oft ſtooping to ſupport
Each Flour of ſlender ſtalk, whoſe head though gay
Carnation, Purple, Azure, or ſpect with Gold,
Hung drooping unſuſtaind, them ſhe upſtaies
Gently with Mirtle band, mindleſs the while,
Her ſelf, though faireſt unſupported Flour,
From her beſt prop ſo farr, and ſtorm ſo nigh.
Neerer he drew, and many a walk travers'd
Of ſtatelieſt Covert, Cedar, Pine, or Palme,
Then voluble and bold, now hid, now ſeen
Among thick-wov'n Arborets and Flours

Imborderd on each Bank, the hand of *Eve*:
Spot more delicious then thoſe Gardens feign'd
Or of reviv'd *Adonis*, or renownd
Alcinous, hoſt of old *Laertes* Son,
Or that, not Myſtic, where the Sapient King
Held dalliance with his faire *Egyptian* Spouſe.
Much hee the Place admir'd, the Perſon more.
As one who long in populous City pent,
Where Houſes thick and Sewers annoy the Aire,
Forth iſſuing on a Summers Morn to breathe
Among the pleaſant Villages and Farmes
Adjoynd, from each thing met conceaves delight,
The ſmell of Grain, or tedded Graſs, or Kine,
Or Dairie, each rural ſight, each rural ſound;
If chance with Nymphlike ſtep fair Virgin paſs,
What pleaſing ſeemd, for her now pleaſes more,
She moſt, and in her look ſumms all Delight.
Such Pleaſure took the Serpent to behold
This Flourie Plat, the ſweet receſs of *Eve*
Thus earlie, thus alone; her Heav'nly forme
Angelic, but more ſoft, and Feminine,
Her graceful Innocence, her every Aire
Of geſture or leſt action overawd
His Malice, and with rapine ſweet bereav'd
His fierceneſs of the fierce intent it brought:
That ſpace the Evil one abſtracted ſtood
From his own evil, and for the time remaind
Stupidly good, of enmitie diſarm'd,
Of guile, of hate, of envie, of revenge;
But the hot Hell that alwayes in him burnes,
Though in mid Heav'n, ſoon ended his delight,
And tortures him now more, the more he ſees

Of pleaſure not for him ordain'd: then ſoon
Fierce hate he recollects, and all his thoughts
Of miſchief, gratulating, thus excites.
Thoughts, whither have ye led me, with what
Compulſion thus tranſported to forget [ſweet
What hither brought us, hate, not love, nor hope
Of Paradiſe for Hell, hope here to taſte
Of pleaſure, but all pleaſure to deſtroy,
Save what is in deſtroying, other joy
To me is loſt. Then let me not let paſs
Occaſion which now ſmiles, behold alone
The Woman, opportune to all attempts,
Her Huſband, for I view far round, not nigh,
Whoſe higher intellectual more I ſhun,
And ſtrength, of courage hautie, and of limb
Heroic built, though of terreſtrial mould,
Foe not informidable, exempt from wound,
I not; ſo much hath Hell debas'd, and paine
Infeebl'd me, to what I was in Heav'n.
Shee fair, divinely fair, fit Love for Gods,
Not terrible, though terrour be in Love
And beautie, not approacht by ſtronger hate,
Hate ſtronger, under ſhew of Love well feign'd,
The way which to her ruin now I tend.
So ſpake the Enemie of Mankind, enclos'd
In Serpent, Inmate bad, and toward *Eve*
Addreſs'd his way, not with indented wave,
Prone on the ground, as ſince, but on his reare,
Circular baſe of riſing foulds, that tour'd
Fould above fould a ſurging Maze, his Head
Creſted aloft, and Carbuncle his Eyes;
With burniſht Neck of verdant Gold, erect

Amidſt his circling Spires, that on the graſs
Floted redundant: pleaſing was his ſhape,
And lovely, never ſince of Serpent kind
Lovelier, not thoſe that in *Illyria* chang'd
Hermione and *Cadmus*, or the God
In *Epidaurus*; nor to which transformd
Ammonian Jove, or *Capitoline* was ſeen,
Hee with *Olympias*, this with her who bore
Scipio the highth of *Rome*. With tract oblique
At firſt, as one who ſought acceſs, but feard
To interrupt, ſide-long he works his way.
As when a Ship by ſkilful Stearſman wrought
Nigh Rivers mouth or Foreland, where the Wind
Veres oft, as oft ſo ſteers, and ſhifts her Saile;
So varied hee, and of his tortuous Traine
Curld many a wanton wreath in ſight of *Eve*,
To lure her Eye; ſhee buſied heard the ſound
Of ruſling Leaves, but minded not, as us'd
To ſuch diſport before her through the Field,
From every Beaſt, more duteous at her call,
Then at *Circean* call the Herd diſguis'd.
Hee boulder now, uncall'd before her ſtood;
But as in gaze admiring: Oft he bowd
His turret Creſt, and ſleek enamel'd Neck,
Fawning, and lick'd the ground whereon ſhe trod.
His gentle dumb expreſſion turnd at length
The Eye of *Eve* to mark his play; he glad
Of her attention gaind, with Serpent Tongue
Organic, or impulſe of vocal Air,
His fraudulent temptation thus began.

Wonder not, ſovran Miſtreſs, if perhaps
Thou canſt, who art ſole Wonder, much leſs arm

Thy looks, the Heav'n of mildneſs, with diſdain,
Diſpleas'd that I approach thee thus, and gaze
Inſatiate, I thus ſingle, nor have feard
Thy awful brow, more awful thus retir'd.
Faireſt reſemblance of thy Maker faire,
Thee all things living gaze on, all things thine
By gift, and thy Celeſtial Beautie adore
With raviſhment beheld, there beſt beheld
Where univerſally admir'd: but here
In this encloſure wild, theſe Beaſts among,
Beholders rude, and ſhallow to diſcerne
Half what in thee is fair, one man except,
Who ſees thee? (and what is one?) who ſhouldſt be
A Goddeſs among Gods, ador'd and ſerv'd [ſeen
By Angels numberleſs, thy daily Train.
So gloz'd the Tempter, and his Proem tun'd;
Into the Heart of *Eve* his words made way,
Though at the voice much marveling; at length
Not unamaz'd ſhe thus in anſwer ſpake.
What may this mean? Language of Man pronounc't
By Tongue of Brute, and human ſenſe expreſt?
The firſt at leſt of theſe I thought deni'd
To Beaſts, whom God on thir Creation-Day
Created mute to all articulat ſound;
The latter I demurre, for in thir looks
Much reaſon, and in thir actions oft appeers.
Thee, Serpent, ſuttleſt beaſt of all the field
I knew, but not with human voice endu'd;
Redouble then this miracle, and ſay,
How cam'ſt thou ſpeakable of mute, and how
To me ſo friendly grown above the reſt
Of brutal kind, that daily are in ſight?

Say, for ſuch wonder claims attention due.
To whom the guileful Tempter thus reply'd.
Empreſs of this fair World, reſplendent *Eve*,
Eaſie to mee it is to tell thee all
What thou commandſt, and right thou ſhouldſt be obeyd:
I was at firſt as other Beaſts that graze
The trodden Herb, of abject thoughts and low,
As was my food, nor aught but food diſcern'd
Or Sex, and apprehended nothing high:
Till on a day roaving the field, I chanc'd
A goodly Tree farr diſtant to behold
Loaden with fruit of faireſt colours mixt,
Ruddie and Gold: I nearer drew to gaze;
When from the boughes a ſavorie odour blow'n,
Grateful to appetite, more pleas'd my ſenſe
Then ſmell of ſweeteſt Fenel, or the Teats
Of Ewe or Goat dropping with Milk at Eevn,
Unſuckt of Lamb or Kid, that tend thir play.
To ſatisfie the ſharp deſire I had
Of taſting thoſe fair Apples, I reſolv'd
Not to deferr; hunger and thirſt at once,
Powerful perſwaders, quick'nd at the ſcent
Of that alluring fruit, urg'd me ſo keene.
About the Moſſie Trunk I wound me ſoon,
For high from ground the branches would require
Thy utmoſt reach or *Adams*: Round the Tree
All other Beaſts that ſaw, with like deſire
Longing and envying ſtood, but could not reach.
Amid the Tree now got, where plentie hung
Tempting ſo nigh, to pluck and eat my fill
I ſpar'd not, for ſuch pleaſure till that hour
At Feed or Fountain never had I found.

Sated at length, ere long I might perceave
Strange alteration in me, to degree
Of Reaſon in my inward Powers, and Speech
Wanted not long, though to this ſhape retaind.
Thenceforth to Speculations high or deep
I turnd my thoughts, and with capacious mind
Conſiderd all things viſible in Heav'n,
Or Earth, or Middle, all things fair and good;
But all that fair and good in thy Divine
Semblance, and in thy Beauties heav'nly Ray
United I beheld; no Fair to thine
Equivalent or ſecond, which compel'd
Mee thus, though importune perhaps, to come
And gaze, and worſhip thee of right declar'd
Sovran of Creatures, univerſal Dame.
So talk'd the ſpirited ſly Snake; and *Eve*
Yet more amaz'd unwarie thus reply'd.
Serpent, thy overpraiſing leaves in doubt
The vertue of that Fruit, in thee firſt prov'd:
But ſay, where grows the Tree, from hence how far?
For many are the Trees of God that grow
In Paradiſe, and various, yet unknown
To us, in ſuch abundance lies our choice,
As leaves a greater ſtore of Fruit untoucht,
Still hanging incorruptible, till men
Grow up to thir proviſion, and more hands
Help to diſburden Nature of her Bearth.
To whom the wilie Adder, blithe and glad.
Empreſs, the way is readie, and not long,
Beyond a row of Myrtles, on a Flat,
Faſt by a Fountain, one ſmall Thicket paſt
Of blowing Myrrh and Balme; if thou accept

My conduct, I can bring thee thither ſoon.
Lead then, ſaid *Eve*. Hee leading ſwiftly rowld
In tangles, and made intricate ſeem ſtrait,
To miſchief ſwift. Hope elevates, and joy
Bright'ns his Creſt, as when a wandring Fire
Compact of unctuous vapor, which the Night
Condenſes, and the cold invirons round,
Kindl'd through agitation to a Flame,
Which oft, they ſay, ſome evil Spirit attends,
Hovering and blazing with deluſive Light,
Miſleads th' amaz'd Night-wanderer from his way
To Boggs and Mires, & oft through Pond or Poole,
There ſwallow'd up and loſt, from ſuccour farr.
So gliſter'd the dire Snake, and into fraud
Led *Eve* our credulous Mother, to the Tree
Of prohibition, root of all our woe;
Which when ſhe ſaw, thus to her guide ſhe ſpake.
Serpent, we might have ſpar'd our coming hither,
Fruitleſs to me, though Fruit be here to exceſs,
The credit of whoſe vertue reſt with thee,
Wondrous indeed, if cauſe of ſuch effects.
But of this Tree we may not taſte nor touch;
God ſo commanded, and left that Command
Sole Daughter of his voice; the reſt, we live
Law to our ſelves, our Reaſon is our Law.
To whom the Tempter guilefully repli'd.
Indeed? hath God then ſaid that of the Fruit
Of all theſe Garden Trees ye ſhall not eate,
Yet Lords declar'd of all in Earth or Aire?
To whom thus *Eve* yet ſinleſs. Of the Fruit
Of each Tree in the Garden we may eate,
But of the Fruit of this fair Tree amidſt

The Garden, God hath ſaid, Ye ſhall not eate
Thereof, nor ſhall ye touch it, leaſt ye die. [bold
She ſcarſe had ſaid, though brief, when now more
The Tempter, but with ſhew of Zeale and Love
To Man, and indignation at his wrong,
New part puts on, and as to paſſion mov'd,
Fluctuats diſturbd, yet comely, and in act
Rais'd, as of ſom great matter to begin.
As when of old ſom Orator renound
In *Athens* or free *Rome*, where Eloquence
Flouriſhd, ſince mute, to ſom great cauſe addreſt,
Stood in himſelf collected, while each part,
Motion, each act won audience ere the tongue,
Somtimes in highth began, as no delay
Of Preface brooking through his Zeal of Right.
So ſtanding, moving, or to highth upgrown
The Tempter all impaſſiond thus began.
O Sacred, Wiſe, and Wiſdom-giving Plant,
Mother of Science, Now I feel thy Power
Within me cleere, not onely to diſcerne
Things in thir Cauſes, but to trace the wayes
Of higheſt Agents, deemd however wiſe.
Queen of this Univerſe, doe not believe
Thoſe rigid threats of Death; ye ſhall not Die:
How ſhould ye? by the Fruit? it gives you Life
To Knowledge: By the Threatner? look on mee,
Mee who have touch'd and taſted, yet both live,
And life more perfet have attaind then Fate
Meant mee, by ventring higher then my Lot.
Shall that be ſhut to Man, which to the Beaſt
Is open? or will God incenſe his ire
For ſuch a petty Treſpaſs, and not praiſe

Rather your dauntleſs vertue, whom the pain
Of Death denounc't, whatever thing Death be,
Deterrd not from atchieving what might leade
To happier life, knowledge of Good and Evil;
Of good, how juſt? of evil, if what is evil
Be real, why not known, ſince eaſier ſhunnd?
God therefore cannot hurt ye, and be juſt;
Not juſt, not God; not feard then, nor obeid:
Your feare it ſelf of Death removes the feare.
Why then was this forbid? Why but to awe,
Why but to keep ye low and ignorant,
His worſhippers; he knows that in the day
Ye Eate thereof, your Eyes that ſeem ſo cleere,
Yet are but dim, ſhall perfetly be then
Op'nd and cleerd, and ye ſhall be as Gods,
Knowing both Good and Evil as they know.
That ye ſhould be as Gods, ſince I as Man,
Internal Man, is but proportion meet,
I of brute human, yee of human Gods.
So ye ſhall die perhaps, by putting off
Human, to put on Gods, death to be wiſht,
Though threat'nd, which no worſe then this can bring.
And what are Gods that Man may not become
As they, participating God-like food?
The Gods are firſt, and that advantage uſe
On our belief, that all from them proceeds;
I queſtion it, for this fair Earth I ſee,
Warm'd by the Sun, producing every kind,
Them nothing: If they all things, who enclos'd
Knowledge of Good and Evil in this Tree,
That whoſo eats thereof, forthwith attains

Wiſdom without their leave? and wherein lies
Th' offence, that Man ſhould thus attain to know?
What can your knowledge hurt him, or this Tree
Impart againſt his will if all be his?
Or is it envie, and can envie dwell
In heav'nly breſts? theſe, theſe and many more
Cauſes import your need of this fair Fruit.
Goddeſs humane, reach then, and freely taſte.
He ended, and his words replete with guile
Into her heart too eaſie entrance won:
Fixt on the Fruit ſhe gaz'd, which to behold
Might tempt alone, and in her ears the ſound
Yet rung of his perſwaſive words, impregn'd
With Reaſon, to her ſeeming, and with Truth;
Meanwhile the hour of Noon drew on, and wak'd
An eager appetite, rais'd by the ſmell
So ſavorie of that Fruit, which with deſire,
Inclinable now grown to touch or taſte,
Sollicited her longing eye; yet firſt
Pauſing a while, thus to her ſelf ſhe mus'd.
Great are thy Vertues, doubtleſs, beſt of Fruits,
Though kept from Man, & worthy to be admir'd,
Whoſe taſte, too long forborn, at firſt aſſay
Gave elocution to the mute, and taught
The Tongue not made for Speech to ſpeak thy praiſe:
Thy praiſe hee alſo who forbids thy uſe,
Conceales not from us, naming thee the Tree
Of Knowledge, knowledge both of good and evil;
Forbids us then to taſte, but his forbidding
Commends thee more, while it inferrs the good
By thee communicated, and our want:
For good unknown, ſure is not had, or had

And yet unknown, is as not had at all.
In plain then, what forbids he but to know,
Forbids us good, forbids us to be wiſe?
Such prohibitions binde not. But if Death
Bind us with after-bands, what profits then
Our inward freedom? In the day we eate
Of this fair Fruit, our doom is, we ſhall die.
How dies the Serpent? hee hath eat'n and lives,
And knows, and ſpeaks, and reaſons, and diſcernes,
Irrational till then. For us alone
Was death invented? or to us deni'd
This intellectual food, for beaſts reſerv'd?
For Beaſts it ſeems: yet that one Beaſt which firſt
Hath taſted, envies not, but brings with joy
The good befall'n him, Author unſuſpect,
Friendly to man, farr from deceit or guile.
What fear I then, rather what know to feare
Under this ignorance of Good and Evil,
Of God or Death, of Law or Penaltie?
Here grows the Cure of all, this Fruit Divine,
Fair to the Eye, inviting to the Taſte,
Of vertue to make wiſe: what hinders then
To reach, and feed at once both Bodie and Mind?
So ſaying, her raſh hand in evil hour
Forth reaching to the Fruit, ſhe pluck'd, ſhe eat:
Earth felt the wound, and Nature from her ſeat
Sighing through all her Works gave ſigns of woe,
That all was loſt. Back to the Thicket ſlunk
The guiltie Serpent, and well might, for *Eve*
Intent now wholly on her taſte, naught elſe
Regarded, ſuch delight till then, as ſeemd,
In Fruit ſhe never taſted, whether true

Or fanſied ſo, through expectation high
Of knowledg, nor was God-head from her thought.
Greedily ſhe ingorg'd without reſtraint,
And knew not eating Death: Satiate at length,
And hight'nd as with Wine, jocond and boon,
Thus to her ſelf ſhe pleaſingly began.
O Sovran, vertuous, precious of all Trees
In Paradiſe, of operation bleſt
To Sapience, hitherto obſcur'd, infam'd,
And thy fair Fruit let hang, as to no end
Created; but henceforth my early care,
Not without Song, each Morning, and due praiſe
Shall tend thee, and the fertil burden eaſe
Of thy full branches offer'd free to all;
Till dieted by thee I grow mature
In knowledge, as the Gods who all things know;
Though others envie what they cannot give;
For had the gift bin theirs, it had not here
Thus grown. Experience, next to thee I owe,
Beſt guide; not following thee, I had remaind
In ignorance, thou op'nſt Wiſdoms way,
And giv'ſt acceſs, though ſecret ſhe retire.
And I perhaps am ſecret; Heav'n is high,
High and remote to ſee from thence diſtinct
Each thing on Earth; and other care perhaps
May have diverted from continual watch
Our great Forbidder, ſafe with all his Spies
About him. But to *Adam* in what ſort
Shall I appeer? ſhall I to him make known
As yet my change, and give him to partake
Full happineſs with mee, or rather not,
But keep the odds of Knowledge in my power

Without Copartner? ſo to add what wants
In Femal Sex, the more to draw his Love,
And render me more equal, and perhaps,
A thing not undeſireable, ſomtime
Superior: for inferior who is free?
This may be well: but what if God have ſeen,
And Death enſue? then I ſhall be no more,
And *Adam* wedded to another *Eve*,
Shall live with her enjoying, I extinct;
A death to think. Confirm'd then I reſolve,
Adam ſhall ſhare with me in bliſs or woe:
So dear I love him, that with him all deaths
I could endure, without him live no life.
So ſaying, from the Tree her ſtep ſhe turnd,
But firſt low Reverence don, as to the power
That dwelt within, whoſe preſence had infus'd
Into the plant ſcientiall ſap, deriv'd
From Nectar, drink of Gods. *Adam* the while
Waiting deſirous her return, had wove
Of choiceſt Flours a Garland to adorne
Her Treſſes, and her rural labours crown
As Reapers oft are wont thir Harveſt Queen.
Great joy he promis'd to his thoughts, and new
Solace in her return, ſo long delay'd;
Yet oft his heart, divine of ſomthing ill,
Miſgave him; hee the faultring meaſure felt;
And forth to meet her went, the way ſhe took
That Morn when firſt they parted; by the Tree
Of Knowledge he muſt paſs, there he her met,
Scarſe from the Tree returning; in her hand
A bough of faireſt fruit that downie ſmil'd,
New gatherd, and ambroſial ſmell diffus'd.

To him ſhe haſted, in her face excuſe
Came Prologue, and Apologie to prompt,
Which with bland words at will ſhe thus addreſt.
Haſt thou not wonderd, *Adam*, at my ſtay?
Thee I have miſst, and thought it long, depriv'd
Thy preſence, agonie of love till now
Not felt, nor ſhall be twice, for never more
Mean I to trie, what raſh untri'd I ſought,
The paine of abſence from thy ſight. But ſtrange
Hath bin the cauſe, and wonderful to heare:
This Tree is not as we are told, a Tree
Of danger taſted, nor to evil unknown
Op'ning the way, but of Divine effect
To open Eyes, and make them Gods who taſte;
And hath bin taſted ſuch: the Serpent wiſe,
Or not reſtraind as wee, or not obeying,
Hath eat'n of the fruit, and is become,
Not dead, as we are threatn'd, but thenceforth
Endu'd with human voice and human ſenſe,
Reaſoning to admiration, and with mee
Perſwaſively hath ſo prevaild, that I
Have alſo taſted, and have alſo found
Th' effects to correſpond, opener mine Eyes,
Dimm erſt, dilated Spirits, ampler Heart,
And growing up to Godhead; which for thee
Chiefly I ſought, without thee can deſpiſe.
For bliſs, as thou haſt part, to me is bliſs,
Tedious, unſhar'd with thee, and odious ſoon.
Thou therfore alſo taſte, that equal Lot
May joyne us, equal Joy, as equal Love;
Leaſt thou not taſting, different degree
Disjoyne us, and I then too late renounce

Deitie for thee, when Fate will not permit.
Thus *Eve* with Countnance blithe her ſtorie told;
But in her Cheek diſtemper fluſhing glowd.
On th' other ſide, *Adam*, ſoon as he heard
The fatal Treſpaſs don by *Eve*, amaz'd,
Aſtonied ſtood and Blank, while horror chill
Ran through his veins, and all his joynts relax'd;
From his ſlack hand the Garland wreath'd for *Eve*
Down drop'd, and all the faded Roſes ſhed:
Speechleſs he ſtood and pale, till thus at length
Firſt to himſelf he inward ſilence broke.
O faireſt of Creation, laſt and beſt
Of all Gods Works, Creature in whom excell'd
Whatever can to ſight or thought be formd,
Holy, divine, good, amiable, or ſweet!
How art thou loſt, how on a ſudden loſt,
Defac't, deflourd, and now to Death devote?
Rather how haſt thou yeelded to tranſgreſs
The ſtrict forbiddance, how to violate
The ſacred Fruit forbidd'n! ſom curſed fraud
Of Enemie hath beguil'd thee, yet unknown,
And mee with thee hath ruind, for with thee
Certain my reſolution is to Die;
How can I live without thee, how forgoe
Thy ſweet Converſe and Love ſo dearly joyn'd,
To live again in theſe wilde Woods forlorn?
Should God create another *Eve*, and I
Another Rib afford, yet loſs of thee
Would never from my heart; no no, I feel
The Link of Nature draw me: Fleſh of Fleſh,
Bone of my Bone thou art, and from thy State
Mine never ſhall be parted, bliſs or woe.

So having ſaid, as one from ſad diſmay
Recomforted, and after thoughts diſturbd
Submitting to what ſeemd remedileſs,
Thus in calme mood his Words to *Eve* he turnd.
Bold deed thou haſt preſum'd, adventrous *Eve*,
And peril great provok't, who thus haſt dar'd
Had it bin onely coveting to Eye
That ſacred Fruit, ſacred to abſtinence,
Much more to taſte it under banne to touch.
But paſt who can recall, or don undoe?
Not God Omnipotent, nor Fate, yet ſo
Perhaps thou ſhalt not Die, perhaps the Fact
Is not ſo hainous now, foretaſted Fruit,
Profan'd firſt by the Serpent, by him firſt
Made common and unhallowd ere our taſte;
Nor yet on him found deadly, he yet lives,
Lives, as thou ſaidſt, and gaines to live as Man
Higher degree of Life, inducement ſtrong
To us, as likely taſting to attaine
Proportional aſcent, which cannot be
But to be Gods, or Angels Demi-gods.
Nor can I think that God, Creator wiſe,
Though threatning, will in earneſt ſo deſtroy
Us his prime Creatures, dignifi'd ſo high,
Set over all his Works, which in our Fall,
For us created, needs with us muſt faile,
Dependent made; ſo God ſhall uncreate,
Be fruſtrate, do, undo, and labour looſe,
Not well conceav'd of God, who though his Power
Creation could repeate, yet would be loath
Us to aboliſh, leaſt the Adverſary
Triumph and ſay; Fickle their State whom God

Moſt Favors, who can pleaſe him long? Mee firſt
He ruind, now Mankind; whom will he next?
Matter of ſcorne, not to be given the Foe.
However I with thee have fixt my Lot,
Certain to undergoe like doom, if Death
Conſort with thee, Death is to mee as Life;
So forcible within my heart I feel
The Bond of Nature draw me to my owne,
My own in thee, for what thou art is mine;
Our State cannot be ſeverd, we are one,
One Fleſh; to looſe thee were to looſe my ſelf.
So *Adam*, and thus *Eve* to him repli'd.
O glorious trial of exceeding Love,
Illuſtrious evidence, example high!
Ingaging me to emulate, but ſhort
Of thy perfection, how ſhall I attaine,
Adam, from whoſe deare ſide I boaſt me ſprung,
And gladly of our Union heare thee ſpeak,
One Heart, one Soul in both; whereof good prooff
This day affords, declaring thee reſolvd,
Rather then Death or aught then Death more dread
Shall ſeparate us, linkt in Love ſo deare,
To undergoe with mee one Guilt, one Crime,
If any be, of taſting this fair Fruit,
Whoſe vertue, for of good ſtill good proceeds,
Direct, or by occaſion hath preſented
This happie trial of thy Love, which elſe
So eminently never had bin known.
Were it I thought Death menac't would enſue
This my attempt, I would ſuſtain alone
The worſt, and not perſwade thee, rather die
Deſerted, then oblige thee with a fact

Pernicious to thy Peace, chiefly aſſur'd
Remarkably ſo late of thy ſo true,
So faithful Love unequald; but I feel
Farr otherwiſe th' event, not Death, but Life
Augmented, op'nd Eyes, new Hopes, new Joyes,
Taſte ſo Divine, that what of ſweet before
Hath toucht my ſenſe, flat ſeems to this, and harſh.
On my experience, *Adam*, freely taſte,
And fear of Death deliver to the Windes.
So ſaying, ſhe embrac'd him, and for joy
Tenderly wept, much won that he his Love
Had ſo enobl'd, as of choice to incurr
Divine diſpleaſure for her ſake, or Death.
In recompence (for ſuch compliance bad
Such recompence beſt merits) from the bough
She gave him of that fair enticing Fruit
With liberal hand: he ſcrupl'd not to eat
Againſt his better knowledge, not deceav'd,
But fondly overcome with Femal charm.
Earth trembl'd from her entrails, as again
In pangs, and Nature gave a ſecond groan,
Skie lowr'd, and muttering Thunder, ſom ſad drops
Wept at compleating of the mortal Sin
Original; while *Adam* took no thought,
Eating his fill, nor *Eve* to iterate
Her former treſpaſs fear'd, the more to ſoothe
Him with her lov'd ſocietie, that now
As with new Wine intoxicated both
They ſwim in mirth, and fanſie that they feel
Divinitie within them breeding wings
Wherewith to ſcorn the Earth: but that falſe Fruit
Farr other operation firſt diſplaid,

Carnal deſire enflaming, hee on *Eve*
Began to caſt laſcivious Eyes, ſhe him
As wantonly repaid; in Luſt they burne:
Till *Adam* thus 'gan *Eve* to dalliance move.
Eve, now I ſee thou art exact of taſte,
And elegant, of Sapience no ſmall part,
Since to each meaning ſavour we apply,
And Palate call judicious; I the praiſe
Yeild thee, ſo well this day thou haſt purvey'd.
Much pleaſure we have loſt, while we abſtain'd
From this delightful Fruit, nor known till now
True reliſh, taſting; if ſuch pleaſure be
In things to us forbidden, it might be wiſh'd,
For this one Tree had bin forbidden ten.
But come, ſo well refreſh't, now let us play,
As meet is, after ſuch delicious Fare;
For never did thy Beautie ſince the day
I ſaw thee firſt and wedded thee, adorn'd
With all perfections, ſo enflame my ſenſe
With ardor to enjoy thee, fairer now
Then ever, bountie of this vertuous Tree.
So ſaid he, and forbore not glance or toy
Of amorous intent, well underſtood
Of *Eve*, whoſe Eye darted contagious Fire.
Her hand he ſeis'd, and to a ſhadie bank,
Thick overhead with verdant roof imbowr'd
He led her nothing loath; Flours were the Couch,
Panſies, and Violets, and Aſphodel,
And Hyacinth, Earths freſheſt ſofteſt lap.
There they thir fill of Love and Loves diſport
Took largely, of thir mutual guilt the Seale,
The ſolace of thir ſin, till dewie ſleep

Oppreſs'd them, wearied with thir amorous play.
Soon as the force of that fallacious Fruit,
That with exhilerating vapour bland
About thir ſpirits had plaid, and inmoſt powers
Made erre, was now exhal'd, and groſſer ſleep
Bred of unkindly fumes, with conſcious dreams
Encumberd, now had left them, up they roſe
As from unreſt, and each the other viewing,
Soon found thir Eyes how op'nd, and thir minds
How dark'nd; innocence, that as a veile
Had ſhadow'd them from knowing ill, was gon,
Juſt confidence, and native righteouſneſs,
And honour from about them, naked left
To guiltie ſhame; hee cover'd, but his Robe
Uncover'd more. So roſe the *Danite* ſtrong
Herculean Samſon from the Harlot-lap
Of *Philiſtean Dalilah*, and wak'd
Shorn of his ſtrength, They deſtitute and bare
Of all thir vertue: ſilent, and in face
Confounded long they ſate, as ſtruck'n mute,
Till *Adam*, though not leſs then *Eve* abaſht,
At length gave utterance to theſe words conſtraind.

O *Eve*, in evil hour thou didſt give eare
To that falſe Worm, of whomſoever taught
To counterfet Mans voice, true in our Fall,
Falſe in our promis'd Riſing; ſince our Eyes
Op'nd we find indeed, and find we know
Both Good and Evil, Good loſt, and Evil got,
Bad Fruit of Knowledge, if this be to know,
Which leaves us naked thus, of Honour void,
Of Innocence, of Faith, of Puritie,
Our wonted Ornaments now ſoild and ſtaind,

And in our Faces evident the ſignes
Of foul concupiſcence; whence evil ſtore;
Even ſhame, the laſt of evils; of the firſt
Be ſure then. How ſhall I behold the face
Henceforth of God or Angel, earſt with joy
And rapture ſo oft beheld? thoſe heav'nly ſhapes
Will dazle now this earthly, with thir blaze
Inſufferably bright. O might I here
In ſolitude live ſavage, in ſome glade
Obſcur'd, where higheſt Woods impenetrable
To Starr or Sun-light, ſpread thir umbrage broad,
And brown as Evening: Cover me ye Pines,
Ye Cedars, with innumerable boughs
Hide me, where I may never ſee them more.
But let us now, as in bad plight, deviſe
What beſt may for the preſent ſerve to hide
The Parts of each from other, that ſeem moſt
To ſhame obnoxious, and unſeemlieſt ſeen,
Some Tree whoſe broad ſmooth Leaves together
And girded on our loyns, may cover round [ſowd,
Thoſe middle parts, that this new commer, Shame,
There ſit not, and reproach us as unclean.
So counſel'd hee, and both together went
Into the thickeſt Wood, there ſoon they choſe
The Figtree, not that kind for Fruit renown'd,
But ſuch as at this day to *Indians* known
In *Malabar* or *Decan* ſpreds her Armes
Braunching ſo broad and long, that in the ground
The bended Twigs take root, and Daughters grow
About the Mother Tree, a Pillard ſhade
High overarch't, and echoing Walks between;
There oft the *Indian* Herdſman ſhunning heate

Shelters in coole, and tends his paſturing Herds
At Loopholes cut through thickeſt ſhade: Thoſe
They gatherd, broad as *Amazonian* Targe, [Leaves
And with what ſkill they had, together ſowd,
To gird thir waſte, vain Covering if to hide
Thir guilt and dreaded ſhame; O how unlike
To that firſt naked Glorie. Such of late
Columbus found th' *American* ſo girt
With featherd Cincture, naked elſe and wilde
Among the Trees on Iles and woodie Shores.
Thus fenc't, and as they thought, thir ſhame in part
Coverd, but not at reſt or eaſe of Mind,
They ſate them down to weep, nor onely Teares
Raind at thir Eyes, but high Winds worſe within
Began to riſe, high Paſſions, Anger, Hate,
Miſtruſt, Suſpicion, Diſcord, and ſhook ſore
Thir inward State of Mind, calme Region once
And full of Peace, now toſt and turbulent:
For Underſtanding rul'd not, and the Will
Heard not her lore, both in ſubjection now
To ſenſual Appetite, who from beneathe
Uſurping over ſovran Reaſon claimd
Superior ſway: From thus diſtemperd breſt,
Adam, eſtrang'd in look and alterd ſtile,
Speech intermitted thus to *Eve* renewd.

Would thou hadſt heark'nd to my words, & ſtai'd
With me, as I beſought thee, when that ſtrange
Deſire of wandring this unhappie Morn,
I know not whence poſſeſſd thee; we had then
Remaind ſtill happie, not as now, deſpoild
Of all our good, ſham'd, naked, miſerable.
Let none henceforth ſeek needleſs cauſe to approve

The Faith they owe; when earneſtly they ſeek
Such proof, conclude, they then begin to faile.
To whom ſoon mov'd with touch of blame thus
What words have paſt thy Lips, *Adam* ſevere, [*Eve.*
Imput'ſt thou that to my default, or will
Of wandering, as thou call'ſt it, which who knows
But might as ill have happ'nd thou being by,
Or to thy ſelf perhaps: hadſt thou bin there,
Or here th' attempt, thou couldſt not have diſcernd
Fraud in the Serpent, ſpeaking as he ſpake;
No ground of enmitie between us known,
Why hee ſhould mean me ill, or ſeek to harme.
Was I to have never parted from thy ſide?
As good have grown there ſtill a liveleſs Rib.
Being as I am, why didſt not thou the Head
Command me abſolutely not to go,
Going into ſuch danger as thou ſaidſt?
Too facil then thou didſt not much gainſay,
Nay, didſt permit, approve, and fair diſmiſs.
Hadſt thou bin firm and fixt in thy diſſent,
Neither had I tranſgreſs'd, nor thou with mee.
To whom then firſt incenſt *Adam* repli'd.
Is this the Love, is this the recompence
Of mine to thee, ingrateful *Eve*, expreſt
Immutable when thou wert loſt, not I,
Who might have liv'd and joyd immortal bliſs,
Yet willingly choſe rather Death with thee:
And am I now upbraided, as the cauſe
Of thy tranſgreſſing? not enough ſevere,
It ſeems, in thy reſtraint: what could I more?
I warn'd thee, I admoniſh'd thee, foretold
The danger, and the lurking Enemie

That lay in wait; beyond this had bin force,
And force upon free Will hath here no place.
But confidence then bore thee on, ſecure
Either to meet no danger, or to finde
Matter of glorious trial; and perhaps
I alſo err'd in overmuch admiring
What ſeemd in thee ſo perfet, that I thought
No evil durſt attempt thee, but I rue
That errour now, which is become my crime,
And thou th' accuſer. Thus it ſhall befall
Him who to worth in Women overtruſting
Lets her Will rule; reſtraint ſhe will not brook,
And left to her ſelf, if evil thence enſue,
Shee firſt his weak indulgence will accuſe.
Thus they in mutual accuſation ſpent
The fruitleſs hours, but neither ſelf-condemning,
And of thir vain conteſt appeer'd no end.

The End of the Ninth Book.

Paradiſe Loſt.

BOOK X.

MEANWHILE the hainous and deſpightfull act
Of *Satan* done in Paradiſe, and how
Hee in the Serpent had perverted *Eve*,
Her Huſband ſhee, to taſte the fatall fruit,
Was known in Heav'n; for what can ſcape the Eye
Of God All-ſeeing, or deceave his Heart
Omniſcient, who in all things wiſe and juſt,
Hinder'd not *Satan* to attempt the minde
Of Man, with ſtrength entire, and free Will arm'd,
Complete to have diſcover'd and repulſt
Whatever wiles of Foe or ſeeming Friend.
For ſtill they knew, and ought to have ſtill remem-
The high Injunction not to taſte that Fruit, [ber'd
Whoever tempted; which they not obeying,
Incurr'd, what could they leſs, the penaltie,
And manifold in ſin, deſerv'd to fall.
Up into Heav'n from Paradiſe in haſt
Th' Angelic Guards aſcended, mute and ſad
For Man, for of his ſtate by this they knew,
Much wondring how the ſuttle Fiend had ſtoln
Entrance unſeen. Soon as th' unwelcome news
From Earth arriv'd at Heaven Gate, diſpleas'd

All were who heard, dim ſadneſs did not ſpare
That time Celeſtial viſages, yet mixt
With pitie, violated not thir bliſs.
About the new-arriv'd, in multitudes
Th' ethereal People ran, to hear and know
How all befell: they towards the Throne Supream
Accountable made haſte to make appear
With righteous plea, thir utmoſt vigilance,
And eaſily approv'd; when the moſt High
Eternal Father from his ſecret Cloud,
Amidſt in Thunder utter'd thus his voice.

Aſſembl'd Angels, and ye Powers return'd
From unſucceſsful charge, be not diſmaid,
Nor troubl'd at theſe tidings from the Earth,
Which your ſincereſt care could not prevent,
Foretold ſo lately what would come to paſs,
When firſt this Tempter croſs'd the Gulf from Hell.
I told ye then he ſhould prevail and ſpeed
On his bad Errand, Man ſhould be ſeduc't
And flatter'd out of all, believing lies
Againſt his Maker; no Decree of mine
Concurring to neceſſitate his Fall,
Or touch with lighteſt moment of impulſe
His free Will, to her own inclining left
In eevn ſcale. But fall'n he is, and now
What reſts, but that the mortal Sentence paſs
On his tranſgreſſion, Death denounc't that day,
Which he preſumes already vain and void,
Becauſe not yet inflicted, as he fear'd,
By ſome immediate ſtroak; but ſoon ſhall find
Forbearance no acquittance ere day end.
Juſtice ſhall not return as bountie ſcorn'd.

But whom ſend I to judge them? whom but thee
Vicegerent Son, to thee I have transferr'd
All Judgement, whether in Heav'n, or Earth, or Hell.
Eaſie it may be ſeen that I intend
Mercie collegue with Juſtice, ſending thee
Mans Friend, his Mediator, his deſign'd
Both Ranſom and Redeemer voluntarie,
And deſtin'd Man himſelf to judge Man fall'n.
So ſpake the Father, and unfoulding bright
Toward the right hand his Glorie, on the Son
Blaz'd forth unclouded Deitie; he full
Reſplendent all his Father manifeſt
Expreſs'd, and thus divinely anſwer'd milde.
Father Eternal, thine is to decree,
Mine both in Heav'n and Earth to do thy will
Supream, that thou in mee thy Son belov'd
Mayſt ever reſt well pleas'd. I go to judge
On Earth theſe thy tranſgreſſors, but thou knowſt,
Whoever judg'd, the worſt on mee muſt light,
When time ſhall be, for ſo I undertook
Before thee; and not repenting, this obtaine
Of right, that I may mitigate thir doom
On me deriv'd, yet I ſhall temper ſo
Juſtice with Mercie, as may illuſtrate moſt
Them fully ſatisfied, and thee appeaſe.
Attendance none ſhall need, nor Train, where none
Are to behold the Judgement, but the judg'd,
Thoſe two; the third beſt abſent is condemn'd,
Convict by flight, and Rebel to all Law
Conviction to the Serpent none belongs.
Thus ſaying, from his radiant Seat he roſe
Of high collateral glorie: him Thrones and Powers,

Princedoms, and Dominations miniſtrant
Accompanied to Heaven Gate, from whence
Eden and all the Coaſt in proſpect lay.
Down he deſcended ſtrait; the ſpeed of Gods
Time counts not, though with ſwifteſt minutes
Now was the Sun in Weſtern cadence low [wing'd.
From Noon, and gentle Aires due at thir hour
To fan the Earth now wak'd, and uſher in
The Eevning coole when he from wrauth more coole
Came the mild Judge and Interceſſor both
To ſentence Man: the voice of God they heard
Now walking in the Garden, by ſoft windes
Brought to thir Ears, while day declin'd, they heard,
And from his preſence hid themſelves among
The thickeſt Trees, both Man and Wife, till God
Approaching, thus to *Adam* call'd aloud.

Where art thou *Adam*, wont with joy to meet
My coming ſeen far off? I miſs thee here,
Not pleas'd, thus entertaind with ſolitude,
Where obvious dutie erewhile appear'd unſaught:
Or come I leſs conſpicuous, or what change
Abſents thee, or what chance detains? Come forth.
He came, and with him *Eve*, more loth, though firſt
To offend, diſcount'nanc't both, and diſcompos'd;
Love was not in thir looks, either to God
Or to each other, but apparent guilt,
And ſhame, and peturbation, and deſpaire,
Anger, and obſtinacie, and hate, and guile.
Whence *Adam* faultring long, thus anſwer'd brief.

I heard thee in the Garden, and of thy voice
Affraid, being naked, hid my ſelf. To whom
The gracious Judge without revile repli'd.

My voice thou oft haſt heard, and haſt not fear'd,
But ſtill rejoyc't, how is it now become
So dreadful to thee? that thou art naked, who
Hath told thee? haſt thou eaten of the Tree
Whereof I gave thee charge thou ſhouldſt not eat?
To whom thus *Adam* ſore beſet repli'd.
O Heav'n! in evil ſtrait this day I ſtand
Before my Judge, either to undergoe
My ſelf the total Crime, or to accuſe
My other ſelf, the partner of my life;
Whoſe failing, while her Faith to me remaines,
I ſhould conceal, and not expoſe to blame
By my complaint; but ſtrict neceſſitie
Subdues me, and calamitous conſtraint,
Leaſt on my head both ſin and puniſhment,
However inſupportable, be all
Devolv'd; though ſhould I hold my peace, yet thou
Wouldſt eaſily detect what I conceale.
This Woman whom thou mad'ſt to be my help,
And gav'ſt me as thy perfet gift, ſo good,
So fit, ſo acceptable, ſo Divine,
That from her hand I could ſuſpect no ill,
And what ſhe did, whatever in it ſelf,
Her doing ſeem'd to juſtifie the deed;
Shee gave me of the Tree, and I did eate.
To whom the ſovran Preſence thus repli'd.
Was ſhee thy God, that her thou didſt obey
Before his voice, or was ſhee made thy guide,
Superior, or but equal, that to her
Thou did'ſt reſigne thy Manhood, and the Place
Wherein God ſet thee above her made of thee,
And for thee, whoſe perfection farr excell'd

Hers in all real dignitie: Adornd
She was indeed, and lovely to attract
Thy Love, not thy Subjection, and her Gifts
Were ſuch as under Government well ſeem'd,
Unſeemly to beare rule, which was thy part
And perſon, had'ſt thou known thy ſelf aright.
So having ſaid, he thus to *Eve* in few:
Say Woman, what is this which thou haſt done?
To whom ſad *Eve* with ſhame nigh overwhelm'd,
Confeſſing ſoon, yet not before her Judge
Bold or loquacious, thus abaſht repli'd.
The Serpent me beguil'd and I did eate.
Which when the Lord God heard, without delay
To Judgement he proceeded on th' accus'd
Serpent though brute, unable to transferre
The Guilt on him who made him inſtrument
Of miſchief, and polluted from the end
Of his Creation; juſtly then accurſt,
As vitiated in Nature: more to know
Concern'd not Man (ſince he no further knew)
Nor alter'd his offence; yet God at laſt
To Satan firſt in ſin his doom apply'd,
Though in myſterious terms, judg'd as then beſt:
And on the Serpent thus his curſe let fall.
Becauſe thou haſt done this, thou art accurſt
Above all Cattel, each Beaſt of the Field;
Upon thy Belly groveling thou ſhalt goe,
And duſt ſhalt eat all the days of thy Life.
Between Thee and the Woman I will put
Enmitie, and between thine and her Seed;
Her Seed ſhall bruiſe thy head, thou bruiſe his heel.
So ſpake this Oracle, then verifi'd

When *Jeſus* ſon of *Mary* ſecond *Eve*,
Saw Satan fall like Lightning down from Heav'n,
Prince of the Aire; then riſing from his Grave
Spoild Principalities and Powers, triumpht
In open ſhew, and with aſcention bright
Captivity led captive through the Aire,
The Realme it ſelf of Satan long uſurpt,
Whom he ſhall tread at laſt under our feet;
Eevn hee who now foretold his fatal bruiſe,
And to the Woman thus his Sentence turn'd.
Thy ſorrow I will greatly multiplie
By thy Conception; Childern thou ſhalt bring
In ſorrow forth, and to thy Huſbands will
Thine ſhall ſubmit, hee over thee ſhall rule.
On *Adam* laſt thus judgement he pronounc'd.
Becauſe thou haſt heark'nd to the voice of thy Wife,
And eaten of the Tree concerning which
I charg'd thee, ſaying: Thou ſhalt not eate thereof,
Curs'd is the ground for thy ſake, thou in ſorrow
Shalt eate thereof all the days of thy Life;
Thornes alſo and Thiſtles it ſhall bring thee forth
Unbid, and thou ſhalt eate th' Herb of th' Field,
In the ſweat of thy Face ſhalt thou eate Bread,
Till thou return unto the ground, for thou
Out of the ground waſt taken, know thy Birth,
For duſt thou art, and ſhalt to duſt returne.
So judg'd he Man, both Judge and Saviour ſent,
And th' inſtant ſtroke of Death denounc't that day
Remov'd farr off; then pittying how they ſtood
Before him naked to the aire, that now
Muſt ſuffer change, diſdain'd not to begin
Thenceforth the forme of ſervant to aſſume,

As when he waſh'd his ſervants feet, ſo now
As Father of his Familie he clad
Thir nakedneſs with Skins of Beaſts, or ſlain,
Or as the Snake with youthful Coate repaid;
And thought not much to cloath his Enemies:
Nor hee thir outward onely with the Skins
Of Beaſts, but inward nakedneſs, much more
Opprobrious, with his Robe of righteouſneſs,
Araying cover'd from his Fathers ſight.
To him with ſwift aſcent he up returnd,
Into his bliſsful boſom reaſſum'd
In glory as of old, to him appeas'd
All, though all-knowing, what had paſt with Man
Recounted, mixing interceſſion ſweet.
Meanwhile ere thus was ſin'd and judg'd on Earth,
Within the Gates of Hell ſate Sin and Death,
In counterview within the Gates, that now
Stood open wide, belching outrageous flame
Farr into *Chaos*, ſince the Fiend paſs'd through,
Sin opening, who thus now to Death began.
O Son, why ſit we here each other viewing
Idlely, while Satan our great Author thrives
In other Worlds, and happier Seat provides
For us his ofspring deare? It cannot be
But that ſucceſs attends him; if miſhap,
Ere this he had return'd, with fury driv'n
By his Avenger, ſince no place like this
Can fit his puniſhment, or their revenge.
Methinks I feel new ſtrength within me riſe,
Wings growing, and Dominion giv'n me large
Beyond this Deep; whatever drawes me on,
Or ſympathie, or ſom connatural force

Powerful at greateſt diſtance to unite
With ſecret amity things of like kinde
By ſecreteſt conveyance. Thou my Shade
Inſeparable muſt with mee along:
For Death from Sin no power can ſeparate.
But leaſt the difficultie of paſſing back
Stay his returne perhaps over this Gulfe
Impaſſable, impervious, let us try
Adventrous work, yet to thy power and mine
Not unagreeable, to found a path
Over this Maine from Hell to that-new World
Where Satan now prevailes, a Monument
Of merit high to all th' infernal Hoſt,
Eaſing thir paſſage hence, for intercourſe,
Or tranſmigration, as thir lot ſhall lead.
Nor can I miſs the way, ſo ſtrongly drawn
By this new felt attraction and inſtinct.
  Whom thus the meager Shadow anſwerd ſoon.
Goe whither Fate and inclination ſtrong
Leads thee, I ſhall not lag behinde, nor erre
The way, thou leading, ſuch a ſent I draw
Of carnage, prey innumerable, and taſte
The ſavour of Death from all things there that live:
Nor ſhall I to the work thou enterpriſeſt
Be wanting, but afford thee equal aid.
  So ſaying, with delight he ſnuff'd the ſmell
Of mortal change on Earth. As when a flock
Of ravenous Fowl, though many a League remote,
Againſt the day of Battel, to a Field,
Where Armies lie encampt, come flying, lur'd
With ſent of living Carcaſſes deſign'd
For death, the following day, in bloodie fight.

So ſented the grim Feature, and upturn'd
His Noſtril wide into the murkie Air,
Sagacious of his Quarrey from ſo farr.
Then Both from out Hell Gates into the waſte
Wide Anarchie of *Chaos* damp and dark
Flew divers, & with Power (thir Power was great)
Hovering upon the Waters; what they met
Solid or ſlimie, as in raging Sea
Toſt up and down, together crowded drove
From each ſide ſhoaling towards the mouth of Hell.
As when two Polar Winds blowing adverſe
Upon the *Cronian* Sea, together drive
Mountains of Ice, that ſtop th' imagin'd way
Beyond *Petſora* Eaſtward, to the rich
Cathaian Coaſt. The aggregated Soyle
Death with his Mace petrific, cold and dry,
As with a Trident ſmote, and fix't as firm
As *Delos* floating once; the reſt his look
Bound with *Gorgonian* rigor not to move,
And with *Aſphaltic* ſlime; broad as the Gate,
Deep to the Roots of Hell the gather'd beach
They faſten'd, and the Mole immenſe wraught on
Over the foaming deep high Archt, a Bridge
Of length prodigious joyning to the Wall
Immoveable of this now fenceleſs world
Forfeit to Death; from hence a paſſage broad,
Smooth, eaſie, inoffenſive down to Hell.
So, if great things to ſmall may be compar'd,
Xerxes, the Libertie of *Greece* to yoke,
From *Suſa* his *Memnonian* Palace high
Came to the Sea, and over *Helleſpont*
Bridging his way, *Europe* with *Aſia* joyn'd,

And ſcourg'd with many a ſtroke th' indignant waves.
Now had they brought the work by wondrous art
Pontifical, a ridge of pendent Rock
Over the vext Abyſs, following the track
Of *Satan*, to the ſelf ſame place where he
First lighted from his Wing, and landed safe
From out of *Chaos* to the outside bare
Of this round World: with Pins of Adamant
And Chains they made all fast, too fast they made
And durable; and now in little space
The Confines met of Empyrean Heav'n
And of this World, and on the left hand Hell
With long reach interpos'd: three ſev'ral wayes
In ſight, to each of these three places led.
And now thir way to Earth they had deſcri'd,
To Paradiſe firſt tending, when ſudden
Satan in likeneſs of an Angel bright
Betwixt the *Centaure* and the *Scorpion* ſteering
His *Zenith*, while the Sun in *Aries* rose:
Diſguis'd he came, but those his Children dear
Their Parent ſoon diſcern'd, though unuſed
Hee, after *Eve* ſeduc't, unminded slunk
Into the Wood fast by, and changing ſhape
To obſerve the ſequel, ſaw his guilful act
By *Eve*, though all unweeting, ſeconded
Upon her Husband, ſaw her fatal fruit
Vain covertures; but when he ſaw deſcend
The Son of God to judge them, terrifi't
Hee fled, not hoping to eſcape, but ſhun
The preſent, fearing guilty what his wrath
Might ſuddenly inflict; that paſt, return'd
By Night, and liſtning where the hapleſs Pair

Sate in thir ſad diſcourſe, and various plaint,
Thence gatherd his own doom, which underſtood
Not inſtant, but of future time. With joy
And tidings fraught, to Hell he now return'd,
And at the brink of *Chaos*, neer the foot
Of this new wondrous Pontifice, unhop't
Met who to meet him came, his Ofspring dear.
Great joy was at thir meeting, and at ſight
Of that ſtupendious Bridge his joy encreas'd.
Long hee admiring ſtood, till Sin, his faire
Inchanting Daughter, thus the ſilence broke.

O Parent, theſe are thy magnific deeds,
Thy Trophies, which thou view'ſt as not thine own,
Thou art thir Author and prime Architect:
For I no ſooner in my Heart divin'd,
My Heart, which by a ſecret harmonie
Still moves with thine, joyn'd in connexion ſweet,
That thou on Earth hadſt proſper'd, which thy looks
Now alſo evidence, but ſtraight I felt
Though diſtant from thee Worlds between, yet felt
That I muſt after thee with this thy Son;
Such fatal conſequence unites us three:
Hell could no longer hold us in her bounds,
Nor this unvoyageable Gulf obſcure
Detain from following thy illuſtrious track.
Thou haſt atchiev'd our libertie, confin'd
Within Hell Gates till now, thou us impow'rd
To fortifie thus farr, and overlay
With this portentous Bridge the dark Abyſs.
Thine now is all this World, thy vertue hath won
What thy hands builded not, thy Wiſdom gain'd
With odds what Warr hath loſt, and fully aveng'd

Our foile in Heav'n; here thou ſhalt Monarch reign,
There didſt not; there let him ſtill Victor ſway,
As Battel hath adjudg'd, from this new World
Retiring, by his own doom alienated,
And henceforth Monarchie with thee divide
Of all things, parted by th' Empyreal bounds,
His Quadrature, from thy Orbicular World,
Or trie thee now more dang'rous to his Throne.
Whom thus the Prince of Darkneſs anſwerd glad.
Fair Daughter, and thou Son and Grandchild both,
High proof ye now have giv'n to be the Race
Of *Satan* (for I glorie in the name,
Antagoniſt of Heav'ns Almightie King)
Amply have merited of me, of all
Th' Infernal Empire, that ſo neer Heav'ns dore
Triumphal with triumphal act have met,
Mine with this glorious Work, & made one Realm
Hell and this World, one Realm, one Continent
Of eaſie thorough-fare. Therefore while I
Deſcend through Darkneſs, on your Rode with eaſe
To my aſſociate Powers, them to acquaint
With theſe ſucceſſes, and with them rejoyce,
You two this way, among thoſe numerous Orbs
All yours, right down to Paradiſe deſcend;
There dwell & Reign in bliſs, thence on the Earth
Dominion exerciſe and in the Aire,
Chiefly on Man, ſole Lord of all declar'd,
Him firſt make ſure your thrall, and laſtly kill.
My Subſtitutes I ſend ye, and Create
Plenipotent on Earth, of matchleſs might
Iſſuing from mee: on your joynt vigor now
My hold of this new Kingdom all depends,

Through Sin to Death expos'd by my exploit.
If your joynt power prevaile, th' affaires of Hell
No detriment need feare, goe and be ſtrong.
So ſaying he diſmiſs'd them, they with ſpeed
Thir courſe through thickeſt Conſtellations held
Spreading thir bane; the blaſted Starrs lookt wan,
And Planets, Planet-ſtrook, real Eclips
Then ſufferd. Th' other way *Satan* went down
The Cauſey to Hell Gate; on either ſide
Diſparted *Chaos* over built exclaimd,
And with rebounding ſurge the barrs aſſaild,
That ſcorn'd his indignation: through the Gate,
Wide open and unguarded, *Satan* paſs'd,
And all about found deſolate; for thoſe
Appointed to ſit there, had left thir charge,
Flown to the upper World; the reſt were all
Farr to the in-land retir'd, about the walls
Of *Pandæmonium*, Citie and proud ſeate
Of *Lucifer*, ſo by alluſion calld,
Of that bright Starr to *Satan* paragond.
There kept thir Watch the Legions, while the Grand
In Council ſate, ſollicitous what chance
Might intercept thir Emperour ſent, ſo hee
Departing gave command, and they obſerv'd.
As when the *Tartar* from his *Ruſſian* Foe
By *Aſtracan* over the Snowie Plaines
Retires, or *Bactrian* Sophi from the hornes
Of *Turkiſh* Creſcent, leaves all waſte beyond
The Realme of *Aladule*, in his retreate
To *Tauris* or *Caſbeen*. So theſe the late
Heav'n-baniſht Hoſt, left deſert utmoſt Hell
Many a dark League, reduc't in careful Watch

Round thir Metropolis, and now expecting
Each hour their great adventurer from the ſearch
Of Forrein Worlds: he through the midſt unmarkt
In ſhew plebeian Angel militant
Of loweſt order, paſt; and from the door
Of that *Plutonian* Hall, inviſible
Aſcended his high Throne, which under ſtate
Of richeſt texture ſpred, at the upper end
Was plac't in regal luſtre. Down a while
He ſate, and round about him ſaw unſeen:
At laſt as from a Cloud his fulgent head
And ſhape Starr-bright appeer'd, or brighter, clad
With what permiſſive glory ſince his fall
Was left him, or falſe glitter: All amaz'd
At that ſo ſudden blaze the Stygian throng
Bent thir aſpect, and whom they wanted found,
Thir mighty Chief returnd: loud was th' acclaime:
Forth ruſh'd in haſte the great conſulting Peers,
Rais'd from thir dark *Divan*, and with like joy
Congratulant approach'd him, who with hand
Silence, and with theſe words attention won.
Thrones, Dominations, Princedoms, Vertues,
For in poſſeſſion ſuch, not onely of right, Powers,
I call ye and declare ye now, returnd
Succeſsful beyond hope, to lead ye forth
Triumphant out of this infernal Pit
Abominable, accurſt, the houſe of woe,
And Dungeon of our Tyrant: Now poſſeſs,
As Lords, a ſpacious World, to our native Heaven
Little inferiour, by my adventure hard
With peril great atchiev'd. Long were to tell
What I have don, what ſufferd, with what pain

Voyag'd th' unreal, vaſt, unbounded deep
Of horrible confuſion, over which
By Sin and Death a broad way now is pav'd
To expedite your glorious march; but I
Toild out my uncouth paſſage, forc't to ride
Th' untractable Abyſſe, plung'd in the womb
Of unoriginal *Night* and *Chaos* wilde,
That jealous of thir ſecrets fiercely oppos'd
My journey ſtrange, with clamorous uproare
Proteſting Fate ſupreame; thence how I found
The new created World, which fame in Heav'n
Long had foretold, a Fabrick wonderful
Of abſolute perfection, therein Man
Plac't in a Paradiſe, by our exile
Made happie: Him by fraud I have ſeduc'd
From his Creator, and the more to increaſe
Your wonder, with an Apple; he thereat
Offended, worth your laughter, hath giv'n up
Both his beloved Man and all his World,
To Sin and Death a prey, and ſo to us,
Without our hazard, labour, or allarme,
To range in, and to dwell, and over Man
To rule, as over all he ſhould have rul'd.
True is, mee alſo he hath judg'd, or rather
Mee not, but the brute Serpent in whoſe ſhape
Man I deceav'd: that which to mee belongs,
Is enmity, which he will put between
Mee and Mankinde; I am to bruiſe his heel;
His Seed, when is not ſet, ſhall bruiſe my head:
A World who would not purchaſe with a bruiſe,
Or much more grievous pain? Ye have th' account
Of my performance: What remaines, ye Gods,

But up and enter now into full bliſs.
So having ſaid, a while he ſtood, expecting
Thir univerſal ſhout and high applauſe
To fill his eare, when contrary he hears
On all ſides, from innumerable tongues
A diſmal univerſal hiſs, the ſound
Of public ſcorn; he wonderd, but not long
Had leaſure, wondring at himſelf now more;
His Viſage drawn he felt to ſharp and ſpare,
His Armes clung to his Ribs, his Leggs entwining
Each other, till ſupplanted down he fell
A monſtrous Serpent on his Belly prone,
Reluctant, but in vaine, a greater power
Now rul'd him, puniſht in the ſhape he ſin'd,
According to his doom: he would have ſpoke,
But hiſs for hiſs returnd with forked tongue
To forked tongue, for now were all transform'd
Alike, to Serpents all as acceſſories
To his bold Riot: dreadful was the din
Of hiſſing through the Hall, thick ſwarming now
With complicated monſters, head and taile,
Scorpion and Aſp, and *Amphiſbæna* dire,
Ceraſtes hornd, *Hydrus*, and *Ellops* drear,
And *Dipſas* (Not ſo thick ſwarm'd once the Soil
Bedropt with blood of *Gorgon*, or the Iſle
Ophiuſa) but ſtill greateſt hee the midſt,
Now Dragon grown, larger then whom the Sun
Ingenderd in the *Pythian* Vale on ſlime,
Huge *Python*, and his Power no leſs he ſeem'd
Above the reſt ſtill to retain; they all
Him follow'd iſſuing forth to th' open Field,
Where all yet left of that revolted Rout

Heav'n-fall'n, in ſtation ſtood or juſt array,
Sublime with expectation when to ſee
In Triumph iſſuing forth thir glorious Chief;
They ſaw, but other ſight inſtead, a crowd
Of ugly Serpents; horror on them fell,
And horrid ſympathie; for what they ſaw,
They felt themſelvs now changing; down thir arms,
Down fell both Spear and Shield, down they as faſt,
And the dire hiſs renew'd, and the dire form
Catcht by Contagion, like in puniſhment,
As in thir crime. Thus was th' applauſe they meant,
Turnd to exploding hiſs, triumph to ſhame [ſtood
Caſt on themſelves from thir own mouths. There
A Grove hard by, ſprung up with this thir change,
His will who reigns above, to aggravate
Thir penance, laden with fair Fruit, like that
Which grew in Paradiſe, the bait of *Eve*
Us'd by the Tempter: on that proſpect ſtrange
Thir earneſt eyes they fix'd, imagining
For one forbidden Tree a multitude
Now ris'n, to work them furder woe or ſhame;
Yet parcht with ſcalding thurſt and hunger fierce,
Though to delude them ſent, could not abſtain,
But on they rould in heaps, and up the Trees
Climbing, ſat thicker then the ſnakie locks
That curld *Megæra*: greedily they pluck'd
The Frutage fair to ſight, like that which grew
Neer that bituminous Lake where *Sodom* flam'd;
This more deluſive, not the touch, but taſte
Deceav'd; they fondly thinking to allay
Thir appetite with guſt, inſtead of Fruit
Chewd bitter Aſhes, which th' offended taſte

With ſpattering noiſe rejected: oft they aſſayd,
Hunger and thirſt conſtraining, drugd as oft,
With hatefulleſt diſreliſh writh'd thir jaws
With ſoot and cinders fill'd; ſo oft they fell
Into the ſame illuſion, not as Man [plagu'd
Whom they triumph'd once lapſt. Thus were they
And worn with Famin, long and ceaſleſs hiſs,
Till thir loſt ſhape, permitted, they reſum'd,
Yearly enjoynd, ſome day, to undergo
This annual humbling certain number'd days,
To daſh thir pride, and joy for Man ſeduc't.
However ſome tradition they diſpers'd
Among the Heathen of thir purchaſe got,
And Fabl'd how the Serpent, whom they calld
Ophion with *Eurynome*, the wide-
Encroaching *Eve* perhaps, had firſt the rule
Of high *Olympus*, thence by *Saturn* driv'n
And *Ops*, ere yet *Dictæan Jove* was born.
Mean while in Paradiſe the helliſh pair
Too ſoon arriv'd, *Sin* there in power before,
Once actual, now in body, and to dwell
Habitual habitant; behind her *Death*
Cloſe following pace for pace, not mounted yet
On his pale Horſe: to whom *Sin* thus began.
Second of *Satan* ſprung, all conquering *Death*,
What thinkſt thou of our Empire now, though earnd
With travail difficult, not better farr
Then ſtil at Hels dark threſhold to have ſate watch,
Unnam'd, undreaded, and thy ſelf half ſtarv'd?
Whom thus the Sin-born Monſter anſwerd ſoon.
To mee, who with eternal Famin pine,
Alike is Hell, or Paradiſe, or Heaven,

There beſt, where moſt with ravin I may meet;
Which here, though plenteous, all too little ſeems
To ſtuff this Maw, this vaſt unhide-bound Corps.
To whom th' inceſtuous Mother thus repli'd.
Thou therefore on theſe Herbs, and Fruits, & Flours
Feed firſt, on each Beaſt next, and Fiſh, and Fowle,
No homely morſels, and whatever thing
The Sithe of Time mowes down, devour unſpar'd,
Till I in Man reſiding through the Race,
His thoughts, his looks, words, actions all infect,
And ſeaſon him thy laſt and ſweeteſt prey.
This ſaid, they both betook them ſeveral wayes,
Both to deſtroy, or unimmortal make
All kinds, and for deſtruction to mature
Sooner or later; which th' Almightie ſeeing,
From his tranſcendent Seat the Saints among,
To thoſe bright Orders utterd thus his voice.
See with what heat theſe Dogs of Hell advance
To waſte and havoc yonder World, which I
So fair and good created, and had ſtill
Kept in that ſtate, had not the folly of Man
Let in theſe waſtful Furies, who impute
Folly to mee, ſo doth the Prince of Hell
And his Adherents, that with ſo much eaſe
I ſuffer them to enter and poſſeſs
A place ſo heav'nly, and conniving ſeem
To gratifie my ſcornful Enemies,
That laugh, as if tranſported with ſome fit
Of Paſſion, I to them had quitted all,
At random yeilded up to their miſrule;
And know not that I call'd and drew them thither
My Hell-hounds, to lick up the draff and filth

Which mans polluting Sin with taint hath ſhed
On what was pure, till cramm'd and gorg'd, nigh
With ſuckt and glutted offal, at one ſling [burſt
Of thy victorious Arm, well-pleaſing Son,
Both *Sin*, and *Death*, and yawning *Grave* at laſt
Through *Chaos* hurld, obſtruct the mouth of Hell
For ever, and ſeal up his ravenous Jawes.
Then Heav'n and Earth renewd ſhall be made pure
To ſanctitie that ſhall receive no ſtaine:
Till then the Curſe pronounc't on both precedes.
Hee ended, and the heav'nly Audience loud
Sung *Halleluia*, as the ſound of Seas,
Through multitude that ſung: Juſt are thy ways,
Righteous are thy Decrees on all thy Works;
Who can extenuate thee? Next, to the Son,
Deſtin'd reſtorer of Mankind, by whom
New Heav'n and Earth ſhall to the Ages riſe,
Or down from Heav'n deſcend. Such was thir ſong,
While the Creator calling forth by name
His mightie Angels gave them ſeveral charge,
As ſorted beſt with preſent things. The Sun
Had firſt his precept ſo to move, ſo ſhine,
As might affect the Earth with cold and heat
Scarce tollerable, and from the North to call
Decrepit Winter, from the South to bring
Solſtitial ſummers heat. To the blanc Moone
Her office they preſcrib'd, to th' other five
Thir planetarie motions and aſpects
In *Sextile*, *Square*, and *Trine*, and *Oppoſite*,
Of noxious efficacie, and when to joyne
In Synod unbenigne, and taught the fixt
Thir influence malignant when to ſhowre,

Which of them riſing with the Sun, or falling,
Should prove tempeſtuous: To the Winds they ſet
Thir corners, when with bluſter to confound
Sea, Aire, and Shoar, the Thunder when to rowle
With terror through the dark Aereal Hall.
Some ſay he bid his Angels turne aſcanſe
The Poles of Earth twice ten degrees and more
From the Suns Axle; they with labour puſh'd
Oblique the Centric Globe: Som ſay the Sun
Was bid turn Reines from th' Equinoctial Rode
Like diſtant breadth to *Taurus* with the Seav'n
Atlantick Siſters, and the *Spartan* Twins
Up to the *Tropic* Crab; thence down amaine
By *Leo* and the *Virgin* and the *Scales*,
As deep as *Capricorne*, to bring in change
Of Seaſons to each Clime; elſe had the Spring
Perpetual ſmil'd on Earth with vernant Flours,
Equal in Days and Nights, except to thoſe
Beyond the Polar Circles; to them Day
Had unbenighted ſhon, while the low Sun
To recompence his diſtance, in thir ſight
Had rounded ſtill th' *Horizon*, and not known
Or Eaſt or Weſt, which had forbid the Snow
From cold *Eſtotiland*, and South as farr
Beneath *Magellan*. At that taſted Fruit
The Sun, as from *Thyeſtean* Banquet, turn'd
His courſe intended; elſe how had the World
Inhabited, though ſinleſs, more then now,
Avoided pinching cold and ſcorching heate?
Theſe changes in the Heav'ns, though ſlow, produc'd
Like change on Sea and Land, ſideral blaſt,
Vapour, and Miſt, and Exhalation hot,

Corrupt and Peſtilent: Now from the North
Of *Norumbega*, and the *Samoed* ſhoar
Burſting thir brazen Dungeon, armd with ice
And ſnow and haile and ſtormie guſt and flaw,
Boreas and *Cæcias* and *Argeſtes* loud
And *Thraſcias* rend the Woods and Seas upturn;
With adverſe blaſt up-turns them from the South
Notus and *Afer* black with thundrous Clouds
From *Serraliona*; thwart of theſe as fierce
Forth ruſh the *Levant* and the *Ponent* Windes
Eurus and *Zephir* with thir lateral noiſe,
Sirocco, and *Libecchio*. Thus began
Outrage from liveleſs things; but Diſcord firſt
Daughter of Sin, among th' irrational,
Death introduc'd through fierce antipathie:
Beaſtnow with Beaſt gan war, & Fowle with Fowle,
And Fiſh with Fiſh; to graze the Herb all leaving,
Devourd each other; nor ſtood much in awe
Of Man, but fled him, or with count'nance grim
Glar'd on him paſſing: theſe were from without
The growing miſeries, which *Adam* ſaw
Alreadie in part, though hid in gloomieſt ſhade,
To ſorrow abandond, but worſe felt within,
And in a troubl'd Sea of paſſion toſt,
Thus to diſburd'n ſought with ſad complaint.
O miſerable of happie! is this the end
Of this new glorious World, and mee ſo late
The Glory of that Glory, who now becom
Accurſt of bleſſed, hide me from the face
Of God, whom to behold was then my highth
Of happineſs: yet well, if here would end
The miſerie, I deſerv'd it, and would beare

My own deſervings; but this will not ſerve;
All that I eate or drink, or ſhall beget,
Is propagated curſe. O voice once heard
Delightfully, *Encreaſe and multiply*,
Now death to heare! for what can I encreaſe
Or multiplie, but curſes on my head?
Who of all Ages to ſucceed, but feeling
The evil on him brought by me, will curſe
My Head, Ill fare our Anceſtor impure,
For this we may thank *Adam*; but his thanks
Shall be the execration; ſo beſides
Mine own that bide upon me, all from mee
Shall with a fierce reflux on mee redound,
On mee as on thir natural center light
Heavie, though in thir place. O fleeting joyes
Of Paradiſe, deare bought with laſting woes!
Did I requeſt thee, Maker, from my Clay
To mould me Man, did I ſollicite thee
From darkneſs to promote me, or here place
In this delicious Garden? as my Will
Concurd not to my being, it were but right
And equal to reduce me to my duſt,
Deſirous to reſigne, and render back
All I receav'd, unable to performe
Thy terms too hard, by which I was to hold
The good I ſought not. To the loſs of that,
Sufficient penaltie, why haſt thou added
The ſenſe of endleſs woes? inexplicable
Thy Juſtice ſeems; yet to ſay truth, too late,
I thus conteſt; then ſhould have been refuſd
Thoſe terms whatever, when they were propos'd:
Thou didſt accept them; wilt thou enjoy the good,

Then cavil the conditions? and though God
Made thee without thy leave, what if thy Son
Prove diſobedient, and reprov'd, retort,
Wherefore didſt thou beget me? I ſought it not:
Wouldſt thou admit for his contempt of thee
That proud excuſe? yet him not thy election,
But Natural neceſſity begot.
God made thee of choice his own, and of his own
To ſerve him, thy reward was of his grace,
Thy puniſhment then juſtly is at his Will.
Be it ſo, for I ſubmit, his doom is fair,
That duſt I am, and ſhall to duſt returne:
O welcom hour whenever! why delayes
His hand to execute what his Decree
Fixd on this day? why do I overlive,
Why am I mockt with death, and length'nd out
To deathleſs pain? how gladly would I meet
Mortalitie my ſentence, and be Earth
Inſenſible, how glad would lay me down
As in my Mothers lap? there I ſhould reſt
And ſleep ſecure; his dreadful voice no more
Would Thunder in my ears, no fear of worſe
To mee and to my ofspring would torment me
With cruel expectation. Yet one doubt
Purſues me ſtill, leaſt all I cannot die,
Leaſt that pure breath of Life, the Spirit of Man
Which God inſpir'd, cannot together periſh
With this corporeal Clod; then in the Grave,
Or in ſome other diſmal place, who knows
But I ſhall die a living Death? O thought
Horrid, if true! yet why? it was but breath
Of Life that ſinn'd; what dies but what had life

And ſin? the Bodie properly hath neither.
All of me then ſhall die: let this appeaſe
The doubt, ſince humane reach no further knows.
For though the Lord of all be infinite,
Is his wrauth alſo? be it, man is not ſo,
But mortal doom'd. How can he exerciſe
Wrath without end on Man whom Death muſt end?
Can he make deathleſs Death? that were to make
Strange contradiction, which to God himſelf
Impoſſible is held, as Argument
Of weakneſs, not of Power. Will he, draw out,
For angers ſake, finite to infinite
In puniſht man, to ſatisfie his rigour
Satisfi'd never; that were to extend
His Sentence beyond duſt and Natures Law,
By which all Cauſes elſe according ſtill
To the reception of thir matter act,
Not to th' extent of thir own Spheare. But ſay
That Death be not one ſtroak, as I ſuppos'd,
Bereaving ſenſe, but endleſs miſerie
From this day onward, which I feel begun
Both in me, and without me, and ſo laſt
To perpetuitie; Ay me, that fear
Comes thundring back with dreadful revolution
On my defenſleſs head; both Death and I
Am found Eternal, and incorporate both,
Nor I on my part ſingle, in mee all
Poſteritie ſtands curſt: Fair Patrimonie
That I muſt leave ye, Sons; O were I able
To waſte it all my ſelf, and leave ye none!
So diſinherited how would ye bleſs
Me now your Curſe! Ah, why ſhould all mankind

For one mans fault thus guiltleſs be condemn'd,
If guiltleſs? But from mee what can proceed,
But all corrupt, both Mind and Will deprav'd,
Not to do onely, but to will the ſame
With me? how can they acquitted ſtand
In ſight of God? Him after all Diſputes
Forc't I abſolve: all my evaſions vain
And reaſonings, though through Mazes, lead me ſtill
But to my own conviction: firſt and laſt
On mee, mee onely, as the ſourſe and ſpring
Of all corruption, all the blame lights due;
So might the wrauth. Fond wiſh! couldſt thou ſupport
That burden heavier then the Earth to bear,
Then all the World much heavier, though divided
With that bad Woman? Thus what thou deſir'ſt,
And what thou fearſt, alike deſtroyes all hope
Of refuge, and concludes thee miſerable
Beyond all paſt example and future,
To *Satan* onely like both crime and doom.
O Conſcience, into what Abyſs of fears
And horrors haſt thou driv'n me; out of which
I find no way, from deep to deeper plung'd!
Thus *Adam* to himſelf lamented loud
Through the ſtill Night, not now, as ere man fell,
Wholſom and cool, and mild, but with black Air
Accompanied, with damps and dreadful gloom,
Which to his evil Conſcience repreſented
All things with double terror: On the ground
Outſtretcht he lay, on the cold ground, and oft
Curs'd his Creation, Death as oft accus'd
Of tardie execution, ſince denounc't

The day of his offence. Why comes not Death,
Said hee, with one thrice acceptable ſtroke
To end me? Shall Truth fail to keep her word,
Juſtice Divine not haſt'n to be juſt?
But Death comes not at call, Juſtice Divine
Mends not her ſloweſt pace for prayers or cries.
O Woods, O Fountains, Hillocks, Dales and Bowrs,
With other echo late I taught your Shades
To anſwer, and reſound farr other Song.
Whom thus afflicted when ſad *Eve* beheld,
Deſolate where ſhe ſate, approaching nigh,
Soft words to his fierce paſſion ſhe aſſay'd:
But her with ſtern regard he thus repell'd.

Out of my ſight, thou Serpent, that name beſt
Befits thee with him leagu'd, thy ſelf as falſe
And hateful; nothing wants, but that thy ſhape,
Like his, and colour Serpentine may ſhew
Thy inward fraud, to warn all Creatures from thee
Henceforth; leaſt that too heav'nly form, pretended
To helliſh falſhood, ſnare them. But for thee
I had perſiſted happie, had not thy pride
And wandring vanitie, when leſt was ſafe,
Rejected my forewarning, and diſdain'd
Not to be truſted, longing to be ſeen
Though by the Devil himſelf, him overweening
To over-reach, but with the Serpent meeting
Fool'd and beguil'd, by him thou, I by thee,
To truſt thee from my ſide, imagin'd wiſe,
Conſtant, mature, proof againſt all aſſaults,
And underſtood not all was but a ſhew
Rather then ſolid vertu, all but a Rib
Crooked by nature, bent, as now appears,

More to the part ſiniſter from me drawn,
Well if thrown out, as ſupernumerarie
To my juſt number found. O why did God,
Creator wiſe, that peopl'd higheſt Heav'n
With Spirits Maſculine, create at laſt
This noveltie on Earth, this fair defect
Of Nature, and not fill the World at once
With Men as Angels without Feminine,
Or find ſome other way to generate
Mankind? this miſchief had not then befall'n,
And more that ſhall befall, innumerable
Diſturbances on Earth through Femal ſnares,
And ſtraight conjunction with this Sex: for either
He never ſhall find out fit Mate, but ſuch
As ſome misfortune brings him, or miſtake,
Or whom he wiſhes moſt ſhall ſeldom gain
Through her perverſeneſs, but ſhall ſee her gaind
By a farr worſe, or if ſhe love, withheld
By Parents, or his happieſt choice too late
Shall meet, alreadie linkt and Wedlock-bound
To a fell Adverſarie, his hate or ſhame:
Which infinite calamitie ſhall cauſe
To Humane life, and houſhold peace confound.
He added not, and from her turn'd, but *Eve*
Not ſo repulſt, with Tears that ceas'd not flowing,
And treſſes all diſorderd, at his feet
Fell humble, and imbracing them, beſaught
His peace, and thus proceeded in her plaint.
Forſake me not thus, *Adam*, witneſs Heav'n
What love ſincere, and reverence in my heart
I beare thee, and unweeting have offended,
Unhappilie deceav'd; thy ſuppliant

I beg, and claſp thy knees; bereave me not,
Whereon I live, thy gentle looks, thy aid,
Thy counſel in this uttermoſt diſtreſs,
My onely ſtrength and ſtay: forlorn of thee,
Whither ſhall I betake me, where ſubſiſt?
While yet we live, ſcarſe one ſhort hour perhaps,
Between us two let there be peace, both joyning,
As joyn'd in injuries, one enmitie
Againſt a Foe by doom expreſs aſſign'd us,
That cruel Serpent: On me exerciſe not
Thy hatred for this miſerie befall'n,
On me already loſt, mee then thy ſelf
More miſerable; both have ſin'd, but thou
Againſt God onely, I againſt God and thee,
And to the place of judgement will return,
There with my cries importune Heaven, that all
The ſentence from thy head remov'd may light
On me, ſole cauſe to thee of all this woe,
Mee mee onely juſt object of his ire.
She ended weeping, and her lowlie plight,
Immoveable till peace obtain'd from fault
Acknowledg'd and deplor'd, in *Adam* wraught
Commiſeration: ſoon his heart relented
Towards her, his life ſo late and ſole delight,
Now at his feet ſubmiſſive in diſtreſs,
Creature ſo faire his reconcilement ſeeking,
His counſel whom ſhe had diſpleas'd, his aide;
As one diſarm'd, his anger all he loſt,
And thus with peaceful words uprais'd her ſoon.
Unwarie, and too deſirous, as before,
So now of what thou knowſt not, who deſir'ſt
The puniſhment all on thy ſelf; alas,

Beare thine own firſt, ill able to ſuſtaine
His full wrauth whoſe thou feelſt as yet leſt part,
And my diſpleaſure bearſt ſo ill. If Prayers
Could alter high Decrees, I to that place
Would ſpeed before thee, and be louder heard,
That on my head all might be viſited,
Thy frailtie and infirmer Sex forgiv'n,
To me committed and by me expos'd.
But riſe, let us no more contend, nor blame
Each other, blam'd enough elſewhere, but ſtrive
In offices of Love, how we may light'n
Each others burden in our ſhare of woe;
Since this days Death denounc't, if ought I ſee,
Will prove no ſudden, but a ſlow-pac't evill,
A long days dying to augment our paine,
And to our Seed (O hapleſs Seed!) deriv'd.

To whom thus *Eve*, recovering heart, repli'd.
Adam, by ſad experiment I know
How little weight my words with thee can finde,
Found ſo erroneous, thence by juſt event
Found ſo unfortunate; neverthelefs,
Reſtor'd by thee, vile as I am, to place
Of new acceptance, hopeful to regaine
Thy Love, the ſole contentment of my heart,
Living or dying from thee I will not hide
What thoughts in my unquiet breſt are ris'n,
Tending to ſom relief of our extremes,
Or end, though ſharp and ſad, yet tolerable,
As in our evils, and of eaſier choice.
If care of our deſcent perplex us moſt,
Which muſt be born to certain woe, devourd
By Death at laſt, and miſerable it is

To be to others cauſe of miſery,
Our own begotten, and of our Loines to bring
Into this curſed World a woful Race,
That after wretched Life muſt be at laſt
Food for ſo foule a Monſter, in thy power
It lies, yet ere Conception to prevent
The Race unbleſt, to being yet unbegot.
Childleſs thou art, Childleſs remaine: ſo Death
Shall be deceav'd his glut, and with us two
Be forc'd to ſatisfie his Rav'nous Maw.
But if thou judge it hard and difficult,
Converſing, looking, loving, to abſtain
From Loves due Rites, Nuptial embraces ſweet,
And with deſire to languiſh without hope,
Before the preſent object languiſhing
With like deſire, which would be miſerie
And torment leſs then none of what we dread,
Then both our ſelves and Seed at once to free
From what we fear for both, let us make ſhort,
Let us ſeek Death, or hee not found, ſupply
With our own hands his Office on our ſelves;
Why ſtand we longer ſhivering under feares,
That ſhew no end but Death, and have the power,
Of many wayes to die the ſhorteſt chooſing,
Deſtruction with deſtruction to deſtroy.
She ended heer, or vehement deſpaire
Broke off the reſt; ſo much of Death her thoughts
Had entertaind, as di'd her Cheeks with pale.
But *Adam* with ſuch counſel nothing ſway'd,
To better hopes his more attentive minde
Labouring had rais'd, and thus to *Eve* repli'd.
Eve, thy contempt of life and pleaſure ſeems

To argue in thee ſomthing more ſublime
And excellent then what thy minde contemnes;
But ſelf-deſtruction therefore ſaught, refutes
That excellence thought in thee, and implies,
Not thy contempt, but anguiſh and regret
For loſs of life and pleaſure overlov'd.
Or if thou covet death, as utmoſt end
Of miſerie, ſo thinking to evade
The penaltie pronounc't, doubt not but God
Hath wiſelier arm'd his vengeful ire then ſo
To be foreſtall'd; much more I fear leaſt Death
So ſnatcht will not exempt us from the paine
We are by doom to pay; rather ſuch acts
Of contumacie will provoke the higheſt
To make death in us live: Then let us ſeek
Som ſafer reſolution, which methinks
I have in view, calling to minde with heed
Part of our Sentence, that thy Seed ſhall bruiſe
The Serpents head; piteous amends, unleſs
Be meant, whom I conjecture, our grand Foe
Satan, who in the Serpent hath contriv'd
Againſt us this deceit: to cruſh his head
Would be revenge indeed; which will be loſt
By death brought on our ſelves, or childleſs days
Reſolv'd, as thou propoſeſt; ſo our Foe
Shall ſcape his puniſhment ordain'd, and wee
Inſtead ſhall double ours upon our heads.
No more be mention'd then of violence
Againſt our ſelves, and wilful barrenneſs,
That cuts us off from hope, and ſavours onely
Rancor and pride, impatience and deſpite,
Reluctance againſt God and his juſt yoke

Laid on our Necks. Remember with what mild
And gracious temper he both heard and judg'd
Without wrauth or reviling; wee expected
Immediate diſſolution, which we thought
Was meant by Death that day, when lo, to thee
Pains onely in Child-bearing were foretold,
And bringing forth, ſoon recompenc't with joy,
Fruit of thy Womb: On mee the Curſe aſlope
Glanc'd on the ground, with labour I muſt earne
My bread; what harm? Idleneſs had bin worſe;
My labour will ſuſtain me; and leaſt Cold
Or Heat ſhould injure us, his timely care
Hath unbeſaught provided, and his hands
Cloath'd us unworthie, pitying while he judg'd;
How much more, if we pray him, will his ear
Be open, and his heart to pitie incline,
And teach us further by what means to ſhun
Th' inclement Seaſons, Rain, Ice, Hail and Snow,
Which now the Skie with various Face begins
To ſhew us in this Mountain, while the Winds
Blow moiſt and keen, ſhattering the graceful locks
Of theſe fair ſpreading Trees; which bids us ſeek
Som better ſhroud, ſom better warmth to cheriſh
Our Limbs benumm'd, ere this diurnal Starr
Leave cold the Night, how we his gather'd beams
Reflected, may with matter ſere foment,
Or by colliſion of two bodies grinde
The Air attrite to Fire, as late the Clouds
Juſtling or puſht with Winds rude in thir ſhock
Tine the ſlant Lightning, whoſe thwart flame driv'n
Kindles the gummie bark of Firr or Pine, (down
And ſends a comfortable heat from farr,

Which might ſupply the Sun: ſuch Fire to uſe,
And what may elſe be remedie or cure
To evils which our own miſdeeds have wrought,
Hee will inſtruct us praying, and of Grace
Beſeeching him, ſo as we need not fear
To paſs commodiouſly this life, ſuſtain'd
By him with many comforts, till we end
In duſt, our final reſt and native home.
What better can we do, then to the place
Repairing where he judg'd us, proſtrate fall
Before him reverent, and there confeſs
Humbly our faults, and pardon beg, with tears
Watering the ground, and with our ſighs the Air
Frequenting, ſent from hearts contrite, in ſign
Of ſorrow unfeign'd, and humiliation meek.
Undoubtedly he will relent and turn
From his diſpleaſure; in whoſe look ſerene,
When angry moſt he ſeem'd and moſt ſevere,
What elſe but favor, grace, and mercie ſhon?
So ſpake our Father penitent, nor *Eve*
Felt leſs remorſe: they forthwith to the place
Repairing where he judg'd them proſtrate fell
Before him reverent, and both confeſs'd
Humbly thir faults, and pardon beg'd, with tears
Watering the ground, and with thir ſighs the Air
Frequenting, ſent from hearts contrite, in ſign
Of ſorrow unfeign'd, and humiliation meek.

The End of the Tenth Book.

Paradiſe Loſt.

BOOK XI.

THUS they in lowlieſt plight repentant ſtood
Praying, for from the Mercie-ſeat above
Prevenient Grace deſcending had remov'd
The ſtonie from thir hearts, and made new fleſh
Regenerat grow inſtead, that ſighs now breath'd
Unutterable, which the Spirit of prayer
Inſpir'd, and wing'd for Heav'n with ſpeedier flight
Then loudeſt Oratorie: yet thir port
Not of mean ſuiters, nor important leſs
Seem'd thir Petition, then when th' ancient Pair
In Fables old, leſs ancient yet then theſe,
Deucalion and chaſte *Pyrrha* to reſtore
The Race of Mankind drownd, before the Shrine
Of *Themis* ſtood devout. To Heav'n thir prayers
Flew up, nor miſsd the way, by envious windes
Blow'n vagabond or fruſtrate: in they paſsd
Dimentionleſs through Heav'nly dores; then clad
With incenſe, where the Golden Altar fum'd,
By thir great Interceſſor, came in ſight
Before the Fathers Throne: Them the glad Son
Preſenting, thus to intercede began.

See Father, what firſt fruits on Earth are ſprung

From thy implanted Grace in Man, theſe Sighs
And Prayers, which in this Golden Cenſer, mixt
With Incenſe, I thy Prieſt before thee bring,
Fruits of more pleaſing ſavour from thy ſeed
Sow'n with contrition in his heart, then thoſe
Which his own hand manuring all the Trees
Of Paradiſe could have produc't, ere fall'n
From innocence. Now therefore bend thine eare
To ſupplication, heare his ſighs though mute;
Unſkilful with what words to pray, let mee
Interpret for him, mee his Advocate
And propitiation, all his works on mee
Good or not good ingraft, my Merit thoſe
Shall perfet, and for theſe my Death ſhall pay.
Accept me, and in mee from theſe receave
The ſmell of peace toward Mankinde, let him live
Before thee reconcil'd, at leaſt his days
Numberd, though ſad, till Death, his doom (which I
To mitigate thus plead, not to reverſe)
To better life ſhall yeeld him, where with mee
All my redeemd may dwell in joy and bliſs,
Made one with me as I with thee am one.
  To whom the Father, without Cloud, ſerene.
All thy requeſt for Man, accepted Son,
Obtain, all thy requeſt was my Decree:
But longer in that Paradiſe to dwell,
The Law I gave to Nature him forbids:
Thoſe pure immortal Elements that know
No groſs, no unharmoneous mixture foule,
Eject him tainted now, and purge him off
As a diſtemper, groſs to aire as groſs,
And mortal food, as may diſpoſe him beſt

For diſſolution wrought by Sin, that firſt
Diſtemperd all things, and of incorrupt
Corrupted. I at firſt with two fair gifts
Created him endowd, with Happineſs
And Immortalitie: that fondly loſt,
This other ſerv'd but to eternize woe;
Till I provided Death; ſo Death becomes
His final remedie, and after Life
Tri'd in ſharp tribulation, and refin'd
By Faith and faithful works, to ſecond Life,
Wak't in the renovation of the juſt,
Reſignes him up with Heav'n and Earth renewd.
But let us call to Synod all the Bleſt [hide
Through Heav'ns wide bounds; from them I will not
My judgments, how with Mankind I proceed,
As how with peccant Angels late they ſaw;
And in thir ſtate, though firm, ſtood more confirmd.
He ended, and the Son gave ſignal high
To the bright Miniſter that watchd, hee blew
His Trumpet, heard in *Oreb* ſince perhaps
When God deſcended, and perhaps once more
To ſound at general doom. Th' Angelic blaſt
Filld all the Regions: from thir bliſsful Bowrs
Of *Amarantin* Shade, Fountain or Spring,
By the waters of Life, where ere they ſate
In fellowſhips of joy: the Sons of Light
Haſted, reſorting to the Summons high,
And took thir Seats; till from his Throne ſupream
Th' Almighty thus pronounc'd his ſovran Will.
O Sons, like one of us Man is become
To know both Good and Evil, ſince his taſte
Of that defended Fruit; but let him boaſt

His knowledge of Good loſt, and Evil got,
Happier, had it ſuffic'd him to have known
Good by it ſelf, and Evil not at all.
He ſorrows now, repents, and prayes contrite,
My motions in him, longer then they move,
His heart I know, how variable and vain
Self-left. Leaſt therefore his now bolder hand
Reach alſo of the Tree of Life, and eat,
And live for ever, dream at leaſt to live
For ever, to remove him I decree,
And ſend him from the Garden forth to Till
The Ground whence he was taken, fitter ſoile.
Michael, this my beheſt have thou in charge,
Take to thee from among the Cherubim
Thy choice of flaming warriours, leaſt the Fiend
Or in behalf of Man, or to invade
Vacant poſſeſſion ſom new trouble raiſe:
Haſt thee, and from the Paradiſe of God
Without remorſe drive out the ſinful Pair,
From hallowd ground th' unholie, and denounce
To them and to thir Progenie from thence
Perpetual baniſhment. Yet leaſt they faint
At the ſad Sentence rigorouſly urg'd,
For I behold them ſoft'nd and with tears
Bewailing thir exceſs, all terror hide.
If patiently thy bidding they obey,
Diſmiſs them not diſconſolate; reveale
To *Adam* what ſhall come in future dayes,
As I ſhall thee enlighten, intermix
My Cov'nant in the Womans ſeed renewd;
So ſend them forth, though ſorrowing, yet in peace:
And on the Eaſt ſide of the Garden place,

Where entrance up from *Eden* eaſieſt climbes,
Cherubic watch, and of a Sword the flame
Wide waving, all approach farr off to fright,
And guard all paſſage to the Tree of Life:
Leaſt Paradiſe a receptacle prove
To Spirits foule, and all my Trees thir prey,
With whoſe ſtol'n Fruit Man once more to delude.
He ceas'd; and th' Archangelic Power prepar'd
For ſwift deſcent, with him the Cohort bright
Of watchful Cherubim; four faces each
Had, like a double *Janus*, all thir ſhape
Spangl'd with eyes more numerous then thoſe
Of *Argus*, and more wakeful then to drouze,
Charm'd with *Arcadian* Pipe, the Paſtoral Reed
Of *Hermes*, or his opiate Rod. Mean while
To reſalute the World with ſacred Light
Leucothea wak'd, and with freſh dews imbalmd
The Earth, when *Adam* and firſt Matron *Eve*
Had ended now thir Oriſons, and found,
Strength added from above, new hope to ſpring
Out of deſpaire, joy, but with fear yet linkt;
Which thus to *Eve* his welcome words renewd.
Eve, eaſily may Faith admit, that all
The good which we enjoy, from Heav'n deſcends
But that from us ought ſhould aſcend to Heav'n
So prevalent as to concerne the mind
Of God high-bleſt, or to incline his will,
Hard to belief may ſeem; yet this will Prayer,
Or one ſhort ſigh of humane breath, up-borne
Ev'n to the Seat of God. For ſince I ſaught
By Prayer th' offended Deitie to appeaſe,
Kneel'd and before him humbl'd all my heart,

Methought I ſaw him placable and mild,
Bending his eare; perſwaſion in me grew
That I was heard with favour: peace returnd
Home to my breſt, and to my memorie
His promiſe, that thy Seed ſhall bruiſe our Foe;
Which then not minded in diſmay, yet now
Aſſures me that the bitterneſs of death
Is paſt, and we ſhall live. Whence Haile to thee,
Eve rightly call'd, Mother of all Mankind,
Mother of all things living, ſince by thee
Man is to live, and all things live for Man.
To whom thus *Eve* with ſad demeanour meek.
Ill worthie I ſuch title ſhould belong
To me tranſgreſſour, who for thee ordaind
A help, became thy ſnare; to mee reproach
Rather belongs, diſtruſt and all diſpraiſe:
But infinite in pardon was my Judge,
That I who firſt brought Death on all, am grac't
The ſourſe of life; next favourable thou,
Who highly thus to entitle me voutſaf'ſt,
Farr other name deſerving. But the Field
To labour calls us now with ſweat impos'd,
Though after ſleepleſs Night; for ſee the Morn,
All unconcern'd with our unreſt, begins
Her roſie progreſs ſmiling; let us forth,
I never from thy ſide henceforth to ſtray,
Wherere our days work lies, though now enjoind
Laborious, till day droop; while here we dwell,
What can be toilſom in theſe pleaſant Walkes?
Here let us live, though in fall'n ſtate, content.
So ſpake, ſo wiſh'd much-humbl'd *Eve*, but Fate
Subſcrib'd not; Nature firſt gave Signs, impreſt

On Bird, Beaſt, Aire, Aire ſuddenly eclips'd
After ſhort bluſh of Morn; nigh in her ſight
The Bird of *Jove*, ſtoopt from his aerie tour,
Two Birds of gayeſt plume before him drove:
Down from a Hill the Beaſt that reigns in Woods,
Firſt Hunter then, purſu'd a gentle brace,
Goodlieſt of all the Forreſt, Hart and Hinde;
Direct to th' Eaſtern Gate was bent thir flight.
Adam obſerv'd, and with his Eye the chaſe
Purſuing, not unmov'd to *Eve* thus ſpake.

O *Eve*, ſome furder change awaits us nigh,
Which Heav'n by theſe mute ſigns in Nature ſhews
Forerunners of his purpoſe, or to warn
Us haply too ſecure of our diſcharge
From penaltie, becauſe from death releaſt
Some days; how long, and what till then our life,
Who knows, or more then this, that we are duſt,
And thither muſt return and be no more.
Why elſe this double object in our ſight
Of flight purſu'd in th' Air and ore the ground
One way the ſelf-ſame hour? why in the Eaſt
Darkneſs ere Dayes mid-courſe, and Morning light
More orient in yon Weſtern Cloud that draws
O're the blew Firmament a radiant white,
And flow deſcends, with ſomthing heav'nly fraught.

He err'd not, for by this the heav'nly Bands
Down from a Skie of Jaſper lighted now
In Paradiſe, and on a Hill made alt,
A glorious Apparition, had not doubt
And carnal fear that day dimm'd *Adams* eye.
Not that more glorious, when the Angels met
Jacob in *Mahanaim* where he ſaw

The field Pavilion'd with his Guardians bright;
Nor that which on the flaming Mount appeerd
In *Dothan*, cover'd with a Camp of Fire,
Againſt the *Syrian* King, who to ſurprize
One man, Aſſaſſin-like had levied Warr,
Warr unproclam'd. The Princely Hierarch
In thir bright ſtand, there left his Powers to ſeiſe
Poſſeſſion of the Garden; hee alone,
To finde where *Adam* ſhelterd, took his way,
Not unperceav'd of *Adam*, who to *Eve*,
While the great Viſitant approachd, thus ſpake.
Eve, now expect great tidings, which perhaps
Of us will ſoon determin, or impoſe
New Laws to be obſerv'd; for I deſcrie
From yonder blazing Cloud that veils the Hill
One of the heav'nly Hoſt, and by his Gate
None of the meaneſt, ſome great Potentate
Or of the Thrones above, ſuch Majeſtie
Inveſts him coming; yet not terrible,
That I ſhould fear, nor ſociably mild,
As *Raphael*, that I ſhould much confide,
But ſolemn and ſublime, whom not to offend,
With reverence I muſt meet, and thou retire.
He ended; and th' Arch-Angel ſoon drew nigh,
Not in his ſhape Celeſtial, but as Man
Clad to meet Man; over his lucid Armes
A militarie Veſt of purple flowd
Livelier then *Melibæan*, or the graine
Of *Sarra*, worn by Kings and Hero's old
In time of Truce; *Iris* had dipt the wooff;
His ſtarrie Helme unbuckl'd ſhew'd him prime
In Manhood where Youth ended; by his ſide

As in a gliſtering *Zodiac* hung the Sword,
Satans dire dread, and in his hand the Spear.
Adam bowd low, hee Kingly from his ſtate
Inclin'd not, but his coming thus declar'd.
Adam, Heav'ns high beheſt no Preface needs:
Sufficient that thy Prayers are heard, and Death,
Then due by ſentence when thou didſt tranſgreſs,
Defeated of his ſeiſure many dayes
Giv'n thee of Grace, wherein thou may'ſt repent,
And one bad act with many deeds well done
Mayſt cover: well may then thy Lord appeas'd
Redeem thee quite from Deaths rapacious claime;
But longer in this Paradiſe to dwell
Permits not; to remove thee I am come,
And ſend thee from the Garden forth to till
The ground whence thou waſt tak'n, fitter Soile.
He added not, for *Adam* at the newes
Heart-ſtrook with chilling gripe of ſorrow ſtood,
That all his ſenſes bound; *Eve*, who unſeen
Yet all had heard, with audible lament
Diſcover'd ſoon the place of her retire.
O unexſpected ſtroke, worſe then of Death!
Muſt I thus leave thee Paradiſe? thus leave
Thee Native Soile, theſe happie Walks and Shades,
Fit haunt of Gods? where I had hope to ſpend,
Quiet though ſad, the reſpit of that day
That muſt be mortal to us both. O flours,
That never will in other Climate grow,
My early viſitation, and my laſt
At Eev'n, which I bred up with tender hand
From the firſt op'ning bud, and gave ye Names,
Who now ſhall reare ye to the Sun, or ranke

Your Tribes, and water from th' ambroſial Fount?
Thee laſtly nuptial Bowre, by mee adornd
With what to ſight or ſmell was ſweet; from thee
How ſhall I part, and whither wander down
Into a lower World, to this obſcure
And wilde, how ſhall we breath in other Aire
Leſs pure, accuſtomd to immortal Fruits?

Whom thus the Angel interrupted milde.
Lament not *Eve*, but patiently reſigne
What juſtly thou haſt loſt; nor ſet thy heart,
Thus over fond, on that which is not thine;
Thy going is not lonely, with thee goes
Thy Huſband, him to follow thou art bound;
Where he abides, think there thy native ſoile.

Adam by this from the cold ſudden damp
Recovering, and his ſcatterd ſpirits returnd,
To *Michael* thus his humble words addreſſd.

Celeſtial, whether among the Thrones, or nam'd
Of them the Higheſt, for ſuch of ſhape may ſeem
Prince above Princes, gently haſt thou tould
Thy meſſage, which might elſe in telling wound,
And in performing end us; what beſides
Of ſorrow and dejection and deſpair
Our frailtie can ſuſtain, thy tidings bring,
Departure from this happy place, our ſweet
Receſs, and onely conſolation left
Familiar to our eyes, all places elſe
Inhoſpitable appeer and deſolate,
Nor knowing us nor known: and if by prayer
Inceſſant I could hope to change the will
Of him who all things can, I would not ceaſe
To wearie him with my aſſiduous cries:

But prayer againſt his abſolute Decree
No more availes then breath againſt the winde,
Blown ſtifling back on him that breaths it forth:
Therefore to his great bidding I ſubmit.
This moſt afflicts me, that departing hence,
As from his face I ſhall be hid, deprivd
His bleſſed count'nance; here I could frequent,
With worſhip, place by place where he voutſaf'd
Preſence Divine, and to my Sons relate;
On this Mount he appeerd, under this Tree
Stood viſible, among theſe Pines his voice
I heard, here with him at this Fountain talk'd:
So many grateful Altars I would reare
Of graſſie Terfe, and pile up every Stone
Of luſtre from the brook, in memorie,
Or monument to Ages, and thereon
Offer ſweet ſmelling Gumms & Fruits and Flours:
In yonder nether World where ſhall I ſeek
His bright appearances, or footſtep trace?
For though I fled him angrie, yet recall'd
To life prolongd and promiſd Race, I now
Gladly behold though but his utmoſt ſkirts
Of glory, and farr off his ſteps adore.

To whom thus *Michael* with regard benigne.
Adam, thou know'ſt Heav'n his, and all the Earth,
Not this Rock onely; his Omnipreſence fills
Land, Sea, and Aire, and every kinde that lives,
Fomented by his virtual power and warmd:
All th' Earth he gave thee to poſſeſs and rule,
No deſpicable gift; ſurmiſe not then
His preſence to theſe narrow bounds confin'd
Of Paradiſe or *Eden*: this had been

Perhaps thy Capital Seate, from whence had ſpred
All generations, and had hither come
From all the ends of th' Earth, to celebrate
And reverence thee thir great Progenitor.
But this præeminence thou haſt loſt, brought down
To dwell on eeven ground now with thy Sons:
Yet doubt not but in Vallie and in Plaine
God is as here, and will be found alike
Preſent, and of his preſence many a ſigne
Still following thee, ſtill compaſſing thee round
With goodneſs and paternal Love, his Face
Expreſs, and of his ſteps the track Divine.
Which that thou mayſt beleeve, and be confirmd,
Ere thou from hence depart, know I am ſent
To ſhew thee what ſhall come in future dayes
To thee and to thy Ofspring; good with bad
Expect to hear, ſupernal Grace contending
With ſinfulneſs of Men; thereby to learn
True patience, and to temper joy with fear
And pious ſorrow, equally enur'd
By moderation either ſtate to beare,
Proſperous or adverſe: ſo ſhalt thou lead
Safeſt thy life, and beſt prepar'd endure
Thy mortal paſſage when it comes. Aſcend
This Hill; let *Eve* (for I have drencht her eyes)
Here ſleep below while thou to foreſight wak'ſt,
As once thou ſlepſt, while Shee to life was formd.
To whom thus *Adam* gratefully repli'd.
Aſcend, I follow thee, ſafe Guide, the path
Thou lead'ſt me, and to the hand of Heav'n ſubmit,
However chaſt'ning, to the evil turne
My obvious breaſt, arming to overcom

By ſuffering, and earne reſt from labour won,
If ſo I may attain. So both aſcend
In the Viſions of God: It was a Hill
Of Paradiſe the higheſt, from whoſe top
The Hemiſphere of Earth in cleereſt Ken
Stretcht out to ampleſt reach of proſpect lay.
Not higher that Hill nor wider looking round,
Whereon for different cauſe the Tempter ſet
Our ſecond *Adam* in the Wilderneſs,
To ſhew him all Earths Kingdomes and thir Glory.
His Eye might there command wherever ſtood
City of old or modern Fame, the Seat
Of mightieſt Empire, from the deſtind Walls
Of *Cambalu*, ſeat of *Cathaian Can*
And *Samarchand* by *Oxus*, *Temirs* Throne,
To *Paquin* of *Sinæan* Kings, and thence
To *Agra* and *Lahor* of great *Mogul*
Down to the golden *Cherſoneſe*, or where
The *Perſian* in *Ecbatan* ſate, or ſince
In *Hiſpahan*, or where the *Ruſſian Kſar*
In *Moſco*, or the Sultan in *Bizance*,
Turcheſtan-born; nor could his eye not ken
Th' Empire of *Negus* to his utmoſt Port
Ercoco and the leſs Maritine Kings
Mombaza, and *Quiloa*, and *Melind*,
And *Sofala* thought *Ophir*, to the Realme
Of *Congo*, and *Angola* fardeſt South;
Or thence from *Niger* Flood to *Atlas* Mount
The Kingdoms of *Almanſor*, *Fez* and *Sus*,
Marocco and *Algiers*, and *Tremiſen*;
On *Europe* thence, and where *Rome* was to ſway
The World: in Spirit perhaps he alſo ſaw

Rich *Mexico* the ſeat of *Motezume*,
And *Cuſco* in *Peru*, the richer ſeat
Of *Atabalipa*, and yet unſpoil'd
Guiana, whoſe great Citie *Geryons* Sons
Call *El Dorado*: but to nobler ſights
Michael from *Adams* eyes the Filme remov'd
Which that falſe Fruit that promis'd clearer ſight
Had bred; then purg'd with Euphraſie and Rue
The viſual Nerve, for he had much to ſee;
And from the Well of Life three drops inſtill'd.
So deep the power of theſe Ingredients pierc'd,
Even to the inmoſt ſeat of mental ſight,
That *Adam* now enforc't to cloſe his eyes,
Sunk down and all his Spirits became intranſt:
But him the gentle Angel by the hand
Soon rais'd, and his attention thus recall'd.

Adam, now ope thine eyes, and firſt behold
Th' effects which thy original crime hath wrought
In ſome to ſpring from thee, who never touch'd
Th' excepted Tree, nor with the Snake conſpir'd,
Nor ſinn'd thy ſin, yet from that ſin derive
Corruption to bring forth more violent deeds.

His eyes he op'nd, and beheld a field,
Part arable and tilth, whereon were Sheaves
New reapt, the other part ſheep-walks and foulds;
Ith' midſt an Altar as the Land-mark ſtood
Ruſtic, of graſſie ſord; thither anon
A ſweatie Reaper from his Tillage brought
Firſt Fruits, the green Eare, and the yellow Sheaf,
Uncull'd, as came to hand; a Shepherd next
More meek came with the Firſtlings of his Flock
Choiceſt and beſt; then ſacrificing, laid

The Inwards and thir Fat, with Incenſe ſtrew'd,
On the cleft Wood, and all due Rites perform'd.
His Offring ſoon propitious Fire from Heav'n
Conſum'd with nimble glance, and grateful ſteame;
The others not, for his was not ſincere;
Whereat hee inlie rag'd, and as they talk'd,
Smote him into the Midriff with a ſtone
That beat out life; he fell, and deadly pale
Groand out his Soul with guſhing bloud effus'd.
Much at that ſight was *Adam* in his heart
Diſmai'd, and thus in haſte to th' Angel cri'd.
O Teacher, ſome great miſchief hath befall'n
To that meek man, who well had ſacrific'd;
Is Pietie thus and pure Devotion paid?
T' whom *Michael* thus, hee alſo mov'd, repli'd.
Theſe two are Brethren, *Adam*, and to come
Out of thy loyns; th' unjuſt the juſt hath ſlain,
For envie that his Brothers Offering found
From Heav'n acceptance; but the bloodie Fact
Will be aveng'd, and th' others Faith approv'd
Looſe no reward, though here thou ſee him die,
Rowling in duſt and gore. To which our Sire.
Alas, both for the deed and for the cauſe!
But have I now ſeen Death? Is this the way
I muſt return to native duſt? O ſight
Of terrour, foul and ugly to behold,
Horrid to think, how horrible to feel!
To whom thus *Michael*. Death thou haſt ſeen
In his firſt ſhape on man; but many ſhapes
Of Death, and many are the wayes that lead
To his grim Cave, all diſmal; yet to ſenſe
More terrible at th' entrance then within.

Some, as thou ſaw'ſt, by violent ſtroke ſhall die,
By Fire, Flood, Famin, by Intemperance more
In Meats and Drinks, which on the Earth ſhal bring
Diſeaſes dire, of which a monſtrous crew
Before thee ſhall appear; that thou mayſt know
What miſerie th' inabſtinence of *Eve*
Shall bring on men. Immediately a place
Before his eyes appeard, ſad, noyſom, dark,
A Lazar-houſe it ſeemd, wherein were laid
Numbers of all diſeas'd, all maladies
Of gaſtly Spaſm, or racking torture, qualmes
Of heart-ſick Agonie, all feavorous kinds,
Convulſions, Epilepſies, fierce Catarrhs,
Inteſtin Stone and Ulcer, Colic pangs,
Dropſies, and Aſthma's, and Joint-racking Rheums.
Dire was the toſſing, deep the groans, deſpair
Tended the ſick buſieſt from Couch to Couch;
And over them triumphant Death his Dart
Shook, but delaid to ſtrike, though oft invok't
With vows, as thir chief good, and final hope.
Sight ſo deform what heart of Rock could long
Drie-ey'd behold? *Adam* could not, but wept,
Though not of Woman born; compaſſion quell'd
His beſt of Man, and gave him up to tears
A ſpace, till firmer thoughts reſtraind exceſs,
And ſcarce recovering words his plaint renew'd.

O miſerable Mankind, to what fall
Degraded, to what wretched ſtate reſerv'd!
Better end heer unborn. Why is life giv'n
To be thus wreſted from us? rather why
Obtruded on us thus? who if we knew
What we receive, would either not accept

Life offer'd, or ſoon beg to lay it down,
Glad to be ſo diſmiſt in peace. Can thus
Th' Image of God in man created once
So goodly and erect, though faultie ſince,
To ſuch unſightly ſufferings be debas't
Under inhuman pains? Why ſhould not Man,
Retaining ſtill Divine ſimilitude
In part, from ſuch deformities be free,
And for his Makers Image ſake exempt?
Their Makers Image, anſwerd *Michael*, then
Forſook them, when themſelves they villifi'd
To ſerve ungovern'd appetite, and took
His Image whom they ſerv'd, a brutiſh vice,
Inductive mainly to the ſin of *Eve*.
Therefore ſo abject is thir puniſhment,
Disfiguring not Gods likeneſs, but thir own,
Or if his likeneſs, by themſelves defac't
While they pervert pure Natures healthful rules
To loathſom ſickneſs, worthily, ſince they
Gods Image did not reverence in themſelves.
I yeild it juſt, ſaid *Adam*, and ſubmit.
But is there yet no other way, beſides
Theſe painful paſſages, how we may come
To Death, and mix with our connatural duſt?
There is, ſaid *Michael*, if thou well obſerve
The rule of not too much, by temperance taught
In what thou eatſt and drinkſt, ſeeking from thence
Due nouriſhment, not gluttonous delight,
Till many years over thy head return:
So maiſt thou live, till like ripe Fruit thou drop
Into thy Mothers lap, or be with eaſe
Gatherd, not harſhly pluckt, for death mature:

This is old age; but then thou muſt outlive
Thy youth, thy ſtrength, thy beauty, which will
To witherd weak & gray; thy Senſes then [change
Obtuſe, all taſte of pleaſure muſt forgoe,
To what thou haſt, and for the Aire of youth
Hopeful and cheerful, in thy blood will reigne
A melancholly damp of cold and dry
To waigh thy ſpirits down, and laſt conſume
The Balme of Life. To whom our Anceſtor.

Henceforth I flie not Death, nor would prolong
Life much, bent rather how I may be quit
Faireſt and eaſieſt of this combrous charge,
Which I muſt keep till my appointed day
Of rendring up. *Michael* to him repli'd.

Nor love thy Life, nor hate; but what thou livſt
Live well, how long or ſhort permit to Heav'n:
And now prepare thee for another ſight.

He lookd and ſaw a ſpacious Plaine, whereon
Were Tents of various hue; by ſome were herds
Of Cattel grazing: others, whence the ſound
Of Inſtruments that made melodious chime
Was heard, of Harp and Organ; and who moovd
Thir ſtops and chords was ſeen; his volant touch
Inſtinct through all proportions low and high
Fled and purſu'd tranſverſe the reſonant fugue.
In other part ſtood one who at the Forge
Labouring, two maſſie clods of Iron and Braſs
Had melted (whether found where caſual fire
Had waſted woods on Mountain or in Vale,
Down to the veins of Earth, thence gliding hot
To ſom Caves mouth, or whether waſht by ſtream
From underground) the liquid Ore he dreind

Into fit moulds prepar'd; from which he formd
Firſt his own Tooles; then what might elſe be
Fuſil or grav'n in mettle. After theſe, [wrought
But on the hether ſide a different ſort
From the high neighbouring Hills, which was thir
Down to the Plain deſcended: by thir guiſe [Seat,
Juſt men they ſeemd, and all thir ſtudy bent
To worſhip God aright, and know his works
Not hid, nor thoſe things laſt which might preſerve
Freedom and Peace to men: they on the Plain
Long had not walkt, when from the Tents behold
A Beavie of fair Women, richly gay
In Gems and wanton dreſs; to the Harp they ſung
Soft amorous Ditties, and in dance came on:
The Men though grave, ey'd them, and let thir eyes
Rove without rein, till in the amorous Net
Faſt caught, they lik'd, and each his liking choſe;
And now of love they treat till th' Eevning Star
Loves Harbinger appeerd; then all in heat
They light the Nuptial Torch, and bid invoke
Hymen, then firſt to marriage Rites invok't;
With Feaſt and Muſick all the Tents reſound.
Such happy interview and fair event
Of love & youth not loſt, Songs, Garlands, Flours,
And charming Symphonies attach'd the heart
Of *Adam*, ſoon enclin'd to admit delight,
The bent of Nature; which he thus expreſs'd.

True opener of mine eyes, prime Angel bleſt,
Much better ſeems this Viſion, and more hope
Of peaceful dayes portends, then thoſe two paſt;
Thoſe were of hate and death, or pain much worſe,
Here Nature ſeems fulfilld in all her ends.

To whom thus *Michael.* Judg not what is beſt
By pleaſure, though to Nature ſeeming meet,
Created, as thou art, to nobler end
Holie and pure, conformitie divine.
Thoſe Tents thou ſawſt ſo pleaſant, were the Tents
Of wickedneſs, wherein ſhall dwell his Race
Who ſlew his Brother; ſtudious they appere
Of Arts that poliſh Life, Inventers rare,
Unmindful of thir Maker, though his Spirit
Taught them, but they his gifts acknowledg'd none.
Yet they a beauteous ofspring ſhall beget;
For that fair femal Troop thou ſawſt, that ſeemd
Of Goddeſſes, ſo blithe, ſo ſmooth, ſo gay,
Yet empty of all good wherein conſiſts
Womans domeſtic honour and chief praiſe;
Bred onely and completed to the taſte
Of luſtful appetence, to ſing, to dance,
To dreſs, and troule the Tongue, and roule the Eye.
To theſe that ſober Race of Men, whoſe lives
Religious titl'd them the Sons of God,
Shall yeild up all thir vertue, all thir fame
Ignobly, to the traines and to the ſmiles
Of theſe fair Atheiſts, and now ſwim in joy,
(Erelong to ſwim at larg) and laugh; for which
The world erelong a world of tears muſt weepe.
To whom thus *Adam* of ſhort joy bereft.
O pittie and ſhame, that they who to live well
Enterd ſo faire, ſhould turn aſide to tread
Paths indirect, or in the mid way faint!
But ſtill I ſee the tenor of Mans woe
Holds on the ſame, from Woman to begin.
From Mans effeminate ſlackneſs it begins,

Said th' Angel, who ſhould better hold his place
By wiſdome, and ſuperiour gifts receavd.
But now prepare thee for another Scene.
He lookd and ſaw wide Territorie ſpred
Before him, Towns, and rural works between,
Cities of Men with lofty Gates and Towrs,
Concours in Arms, fierce Faces threatning Warr,
Giants of mightie Bone, and bould empriſe;
Part wield thir Arms, part courb the foaming Steed,
Single or in Array of Battel rang'd
Both Horſe and Foot, nor idely muſtring ſtood;
One way a Band ſelect from forage drives
A herd of Beeves, faire Oxen and faire Kine
From a fat Meddow ground; or fleecy Flock,
Ewes and thir bleating Lambs over the Plaine,
Thir Bootie; ſcarce with Life the Shepherds flye,
But call in aide, which tacks a bloody Fray;
With cruel Tournament the Squadrons joine;
Where Cattel paſtur'd late, now ſcatterd lies
With Carcaſſes and Arms th' enſanguind Field
Deſerted: Others to a Citie ſtrong
Lay Siege, encampt; by Batterie, Scale, and Mine,
Aſſaulting; others from the Wall defend
With Dart and Jav'lin, Stones and ſulfurous Fire;
On each hand ſlaughter and gigantic deeds.
In other part the ſcepter'd Haralds call
To Council in the Citie Gates: anon
Grey-headed men and grave, with Warriours mixt,
Aſſemble, and Harangues are heard, but ſoon
In factious oppoſition, till at laſt
Of middle Age one riſing, eminent
In wiſe deport, ſpake much of Right and Wrong,

Of Juſtice, of Religion, Truth and Peace,
And Judgement from above: him old and young
Exploded, and had ſeiz'd with violent hands,
Had not a Cloud deſcending ſnatch'd him thence
Unſeen amid the throng: ſo violence
Proceeded, and Oppreſſion, and Sword-Law
Through all the Plain, and refuge none was found.
Adam was all in tears, and to his guide
Lamenting turnd full ſad; O what are theſe,
Deaths Miniſters, not Men, who thus deal Death
Inhumanly to men, and multiply
Ten thouſand fould the ſin of him who ſlew
His Brother; for of whom ſuch maſſacher
Make they but of thir Brethren, men of men?
But who was that Juſt Man, whom had not Heav'n
Reſcu'd, had in his Righteouſneſs bin loſt?

To whom thus *Michael*; Theſe are the product
Of thoſe ill-mated Marriages thou ſaw'ſt;
Where good with bad were matcht, who of themſelves
Abhor to joyn; and by imprudence mixt,
Produce prodigious Births of bodie or mind.
Such were theſe Giants, men of high renown;
For in thoſe dayes Might onely ſhall be admir'd,
And Valour and Heroic Vertu call'd;
To overcome in Battel, and ſubdue
Nations, and bring home ſpoils with infinite
Man-ſlaughter, ſhall be held the higheſt pitch
Of human Glorie, and for Glorie done
Of triumph, to be ſtyl'd great Conquerours,
Patrons of Mankind, Gods, and Sons of Gods,
Deſtroyers rightlier call'd and Plagues of men.
Thus Fame ſhall be achiev'd, renown on Earth,

And what moſt merits fame in ſilence hid.
But hee the ſeventh from thee, whom thou beheldſt
The onely righteous in a World perverſe,
And therefore hated, therefore ſo beſet
With Foes for daring ſingle to be juſt,
And utter odious Truth, that God would come
To judge them with his Saints: Him the moſt High
Rapt in a balmie Cloud with winged Steeds
Did, as thou ſawſt, receave, to walk with God
High in Salvation and the Climes of Bliſs,
Exempt from Death; to ſhew thee what reward
Awaits the good, the reſt what puniſhment;
Which now direct thine eyes and ſoon behold.
He look'd, & ſaw the face of things quite chang'd;
The brazen Throat of Warr had ceaſt to roar,
All now was turn'd to jollitie and game,
To luxurie and riot, feaſt and dance,
Marrying or proſtituting, as befell,
Rape or Adulterie, where paſſing faire
Allurd them; thence from Cups to civil Broiles.
At length a Reverend Sire among them came,
And of thir doings great diſlike declar'd,
And teſtifi'd againſt thir wayes; hee oft
Frequented thir Aſſemblies, whereſo met,
Triumphs or Feſtivals, and to them preachd
Converſion and Repentance, as to Souls
In priſon under Judgements imminent:
But all in vain: which when he ſaw, he ceas'd
Contending, and remov'd his Tents farr off;
Then from the Mountain hewing Timber tall,
Began to build a Veſſel of huge bulk,
Meaſur'd by Cubit, length, & breadth, and highth,

Smeard round with Pitch, and in the ſide a dore
Contriv'd, and of proviſions laid in large
For Man and Beaſt: when loe a wonder ſtrange!
Of everie Beaſt, and Bird, and Inſect ſmall
Came ſeavens, and pairs, and enterd in, as taught
Thir order; laſt the Sire, and his three Sons
With thir four Wives; and God made faſt the dore.
Meanwhile the Southwind roſe, & with blackwings
Wide hovering, all the Clouds together drove
From under Heav'n; the Hills to their ſupplie
Vapour, and Exhalation duſk and moiſt,
Sent up amain; and now the thick'nd Skie
Like a dark Ceeling ſtood; down ruſh'd the Rain
Impetuous, and continu'd till the Earth
No more was ſeen; the floating Veſſel ſwum
Uplifted; and ſecure with beaked prow
Rode tilting o're the Waves, all dwellings elſe
Flood overwhelmd, and them with all thir pomp
Deep under water rould; Sea cover'd Sea,
Sea without ſhoar; and in thir Palaces
Where luxurie late reign'd, Sea-monſters whelp'd
And ſtabl'd; of Mankind, ſo numerous late,
All left, in one ſmall bottom ſwum imbark't.
How didſt thou grieve then, *Adam*, to behold
The end of all thy Ofspring, end ſo ſad,
Depopulation; thee another Floud,
Of tears and ſorrow a Floud thee alſo drown'd,
And ſunk thee as thy Sons; till gently reard
By th' Angel, on thy feet thou ſtoodſt at laſt,
Though comfortleſs, as when a Father mourns
His Childern, all in view deſtroyd at once;
And ſcarce to th' Angel utterdſt thus thy plaint.

O Viſions ill foreſeen! better had I
Liv'd ignorant of future, ſo had borne
My part of evil onely, each dayes lot
Anough to bear; thoſe now, that were diſpenſt
The burd'n of many Ages, on me light
At once, by my foreknowledge gaining Birth
Abortive, to torment me ere thir being,
With thought that they muſt be. Let no man ſeek
Henceforth to be foretold what ſhall befall
Him or his Childern, evil he may be ſure,
Which neither his foreknowing can prevent,
And hee the future evil ſhall no leſs
In apprehenſion then in ſubſtance feel
Grievous to bear: but that care now is paſt,
Man is not whom to warne: thoſe few eſcap't
Famin and anguiſh will at laſt conſume
Wandring that watrie Deſert: I had hope
When violence was ceas't, and Warr on Earth,
All would have then gon well, peace would have crownd
With length of happy days the race of man;
But I was farr deceav'd; for now I ſee
Peace to corrupt no leſs then Warr to waſte.
How comes it thus? unfould, Celeſtial Guide,
And whether here the Race of man will end.
To whom thus *Michael*. Thoſe whom laſt thou ſawſt
In triumph and luxurious wealth, are they
Firſt ſeen in acts of proweſs eminent
And great exploits, but of true vertu void;
Who having ſpilt much blood, and don much waſte
Subduing Nations, and achievd thereby
Fame in the World, high titles, and rich prey,
Shall change thir courſe to pleaſure, eaſe, and ſloth,

Surfet, and luſt, till wantonneſs and pride
Raiſe out of friendſhip hoſtil deeds in Peace.
The conquerd alſo, and enſlav'd by Warr
Shall with thir freedom loſt all vertu looſe
And feare of God, from whom thir pietie feign'd
In ſharp conteſt of Battel found no aide
Againſt invaders; therefore coold in zeale
Thenceforth ſhall practice how to live ſecure,
Worldlie or diſſolute, on what thir Lords
Shall leave them to enjoy; for th' Earth ſhall bear
More then anough, that temperance may be tri'd:
So all ſhall turn degenerate, all deprav'd,
Juſtice and Temperance, Truth and Faith forgot;
One Man except, the onely Son of light
In a dark Age, againſt example good,
Againſt allurement, cuſtom, and a World
Offended; fearleſs of reproach and ſcorn,
Or violence, hee of thir wicked wayes
Shall them admoniſh, and before them ſet
The paths of righteouſneſs, how much more ſafe,
And full of peace, denouncing wrauth to come
On thir impenitence; and ſhall returne
Of them derided, but of God obſervd
The one juſt Man alive; by his command
Shall build a wondrous Ark, as thou beheldſt,
To ſave himſelf and houſhold from amidſt
A World devote to univerſal rack.
No ſooner hee with them of Man and Beaſt
Select for life ſhall in the Ark be lodg'd,
And ſhelterd round, but all the Cataracts
Of Heav'n ſet open on the Earth ſhall powre
Raine day and night, all fountaines of the Deep

Broke up, ſhall heave the Ocean to uſurp
Beyond all bounds, till inundation riſe
Above the higheſt Hills: then ſhall this Mount
Of Paradiſe by might of Waves be moovd
Out of his place, puſhd by the horned floud,
With all his verdure ſpoil'd, and Trees adrift
Down the great River to the op'ning Gulf,
And there take root an Iland ſalt and bare,
The haunt of Seales and Orcs, and Sea-mews clang.
To teach thee that God attributes to place
No ſanctitie, if none be thither brought
By Men who there frequent, or therein dwell.
And now what further ſhall enſue, behold.
He lookd, and ſaw the Ark hull on the floud,
Which now abated, for the Clouds were fled,
Drivn by a keen North-winde, that blowing drie
Wrinkl'd the face of Deluge, as decai'd;
And the cleer Sun on his wide watrie Glaſs
Gaz'd hot, and of the freſh Wave largely drew,
As after thirſt, which made thir flowing ſhrink
From ſtanding lake to tripping ebbe, that ſtole
With ſoft foot towards the deep, who now had ſtopt
His Sluces, as the Heav'n his windows ſhut.
The Ark no more now flotes, but ſeems on ground
Faſt on the top of ſom high mountain fixt.
And now the tops of Hills as Rocks appeer;
With clamor thence the rapid Currents drive
Towards the retreating Sea thir furious tyde.
Forthwith from out the Arke a Raven flies,
And after him, the ſurer meſſenger,
A Dove ſent forth once and agen to ſpie
Green Tree or ground whereon his foot may light;

The ſecond time returning, in his Bill
An Olive leafe he brings, pacific ſigne:
Anon drie ground appeers, and from his Arke
The ancient Sire deſcends with all his Train;
Then with uplifted hands, and eyes devout,
Grateful to Heav'n, over his head beholds
A dewie Cloud, and in the Cloud a Bow
Conſpicuous with three liſted colours gay,
Betok'ning peace from God, and Cov'nant new.
Whereat the heart of *Adam* erſt ſo ſad
Greatly rejoyc'd, and thus his joy broke forth.
O thou that future things canſt repreſent
As preſent, Heav'nly inſtructer, I revive
At this laſt ſight, aſſur'd that Man ſhall live
With all the Creatures, and thir ſeed preſerve.
Farr leſs I now lament for one whole World
Of wicked Sons deſtroyd, then I rejoyce
For one Man found ſo perfet and ſo juſt,
That God voutſafes to raiſe another World
From him, and all his anger to forget.
But ſay, what mean thoſe colourd ſtreaks in Heavn,
Diſtended as the Brow of God appeas'd,
Or ſerve they as a flourie verge to binde
The fluid ſkirts of that ſame watrie Cloud,
Leaſt it again diſſolve and ſhowr the Earth?
To whom th' Archangel. Dextrouſly thou aim'ſt;
So willingly doth God remit his Ire,
Though late repenting him of Man deprav'd,
Griev'd at his heart, when looking down he ſaw
The whole Earth fill'd with violence, and all fleſh
Corrupting each thir way; yet thoſe remoov'd,
Such grace ſhall one juſt Man find in his ſight,

That he relents, not to blot out mankind,
And makes a Covenant never to deſtroy
The Earth again by flood, nor let the Sea
Surpaſs his bounds, nor Rain to drown the World
With Man therein or Beaſt; but when he brings
Over the Earth a Cloud, will therein ſet
His triple-colour'd Bow, whereon to look
And call to mind his Cov'nant: Day and Night,
Seed time and Harveſt, Heat and hoary Froſt
Shall hold thir courſe, till fire purge all things new,
Both Heav'n and Earth, wherein the juſt ſhall dwell.

The End of the Eleventh Book.

Paradiſe Loſt.

BOOK XII.

AS one who in his Journey bates at Noon
Tho Bent on Speed ſo here th' Archangell paus'd
Betwixt the World deſtroy'd & World reſtor'd
If *Adam* aught perhaps might Interpoſe
Then with Tranſition ſweet new Speech reſumes
Thus thou haſt ſeen one World begin and end;
And Man as from a ſecond ſtock proceed.
Much thou haſt yet to ſee, but I perceave
Thy mortal ſight to faile; objects divine
Muſt needs impaire and wearie human ſenſe:
Henceforth what is to com I will relate,
Thou therefore give due audience, and attend.
This ſecond ſours of Men, while yet but few,
And while the dread of judgement paſt remains
Freſh in thir mindes, fearing the Deitie,
With ſome regard to what is juſt and right
Shall lead thir lives, and multiplie apace,
Labouring the ſoile, and reaping plenteous crop,
Corn wine and oyle; and from the herd or flock,
Oft ſacrificing Bullock, Lamb, or Kid,
With large Wine-offerings pour'd, and ſacred Feaſt
Shal ſpend thir dayes in joy unblam'd, and dwell

Long time in peace by Families and Tribes
Under paternal rule; till one ſhall riſe
Of proud ambitious heart, who not content
With fair equalitie, fraternal ſtate,
Will arrogate Dominion undeſerv'd
Over his brethren, and quite diſpoſſeſs
Concord and law of Nature from the Earth;
Hunting (and Men not Beaſts ſhall be his game)
With Warr and hoſtile ſnare ſuch as refuſe
Subjection to his Empire tyrannous:
A mightie Hunter thence he ſhall be ſtyl'd
Before the Lord, as in deſpite of Heav'n,
Or from Heav'n claming ſecond Sovrantie;
And from Rebellion ſhall derive his name,
Though of Rebellion others he accuſe.
Hee with a crew, whom like Ambition joyns
With him or under him to tyrannize,
Marching from *Eden* towards the Weſt, ſhall finde
The Plain, wherein a black bituminous gurge
Boiles out from under ground, the mouth of Hell;
Of Brick, and of that ſtuff they caſt to build
A Citie & Towre, whoſe top may reach to Heav'n;
And get themſelves a name, leaſt far diſperſt
In foraign Lands thir memorie be loſt,
Regardleſs whether good or evil fame.
But God who oft deſcends to viſit men
Unſeen, and through thir habitations walks
To mark thir doings, them beholding ſoon,
Comes down to ſee thir Citie, ere the Tower
Obſtruct Heav'n Towrs, and in deriſion ſets
Upon thir Tongues a various Spirit to raſe
Quite out thir Native Language, and inſtead

To ſow a jangling noiſe of words unknown:
Forthwith a hideous gabble riſes loud
Among the Builders; each to other calls
Not underſtood, till hoarſe, and all in rage,
As mockt they ſtorm; great laughter was in Heav'n
And looking down, to ſee the hubbub ſtrange
And hear the din; thus was the building left
Ridiculous, and the work Confuſion nam'd.
Whereto thus *Adam* fatherly diſpleas'd.
O execrable Son ſo to aſpire
Above his Brethren, to himſelf aſſuming
Authoritie uſurpt, from God not giv'n:
He gave us onely over Beaſt, Fiſh, Fowl
Dominion abſolute; that right we hold
By his donation; but Man over men
He made not Lord; ſuch title to himſelf
Reſerving, human left from human free.
But this Uſurper his encroachment proud
Stayes not on Man; to God his Tower intends
Siege and defiance: Wretched man! what food
Will he convey up thither to ſuſtain
Himſelf and his raſh Armie, where thin Aire
Above the Clouds will pine his entrails groſs,
And famiſh him of Breath, if not of Bread?
To whom thus *Michael.* Juſtly thou abhorr'ſt
That Son, who on the quiet ſtate of men
Such trouble brought, affecting to ſubdue
Rational Libertie; yet know withall,
Since thy original lapſe, true Libertie
Is loſt, which alwayes with right Reaſon dwells
Twinn'd, and from her hath no dividual being:
Reaſon in man obſcur'd, or not obeyd,

Immediately inordinate deſires
And upſtart Paſſions catch the Government
From Reaſon, and to ſervitude reduce
Man till then free. Therefore ſince hee permits
Within himſelf unworthie Powers to reign
Over free Reaſon, God in Judgement juſt
Subjects him from without to violent Lords;
Who oft as undeſervedly enthrall
His outward freedom: Tyrannie muſt be,
Though to the Tyrant thereby no excuſe.
Yet ſomtimes Nations will decline ſo low
From vertue, which is reaſon, that no wrong,
But Juſtice, and ſome fatal curſe annext
Deprives them of thir outward libertie,
Thir inward loſt: Witneſs th' irreverent Son
Of him who built the Ark, who for the ſhame
Don to his Father, heard this heavie curſe,
Servant of Servants, on his vitious Race.
Thus will this latter, as the former World,
Still tend from bad to worſe, till God at laſt
Wearied with their iniquities, withdraw
His preſence from among them, and avert
His holy Eyes; reſolving from thenceforth
To leave them to thir own polluted wayes;
And one peculiar Nation to ſelect
From all the reſt, of whom to be invok'd,
A Nation from one faithful man to ſpring:
Him on this ſide *Euphrates* yet reſiding,
Bred up in Idol-worſhip; O that men
(Canſt thou believe?) ſhould be ſo ſtupid grown,
While yet the Patriark liv'd, who ſcap'd the Flood,
As to forſake the living God, and fall

To worſhip thir own work in Wood and Stone
For Gods! yet him God the moſt High voutſafes
To call by Viſion from his Fathers houſe,
His kindred and falſe Gods, into a Land
Which he will ſhew him, and from him will raiſe
A mightie Nation, and upon him ſhowre
His benediction ſo, that in his Seed
All Nations ſhall be bleſt; hee ſtraight obeys,
Not knowing to what Land, yet firm believes:
I ſee him, but thou canſt not, with what Faith
He leaves his Gods, his Friends, and native Soile
Ur of *Chaldea*, paſſing now the Ford
To *Haran*, after him a cumbrous Train
Of Herds and Flocks, and numerous ſervitude;
Not wandring poor, but truſting all his wealth
With God, who call'd him, in a land unknown.
Canaan he now attains, I ſee his Tents
Pitcht about *Sechem*, and the neighbouring Plaine
Of *Moreh*; there by promiſe he receaves
Gift to his Progenie of all that Land;
From *Hamath* Northward to the Deſert South
(Things by thir names I call, though yet unnam'd)
From *Hermon* Eaſt to the great Weſtern Sea,
Mount *Hermon*, yonder Sea, each place behold
In proſpect, as I point them; on the ſhoare
Mount *Carmel*; here the double-founted ſtream
Jordan, true limit Eaſtward; but his Sons
Shall dwell to *Senir*, that long ridge of Hills.
This ponder, that all Nations of the Earth
Shall in his Seed be bleſſed; by that Seed
Is meant thy great deliverer, who ſhall bruiſe
The Serpents head; whereof to thee anon

Plainlier ſhall be reveald. This Patriarch bleſt,
Whom *faithful Abraham* due time ſhall call,
A Son, and of his Son a Grand-childe leaves,
Like him in faith, in wiſdom, and renown;
The Grandchilde with twelve Sons increaſt, departs
From *Canaan*, to a Land hereafter call'd
Egypt, divided by the River *Nile*;
See where it flows, diſgorging at ſeaven mouthes
Into the Sea: to ſojourn in that Land
He comes invited by a yonger Son
In time of dearth, a Son whoſe worthy deeds
Raiſe him to be the ſecond in that Realme
Of *Pharao*: there he dies, and leaves his Race
Growing into a Nation, and now grown
Suſpected to a ſequent King, who ſeeks
To ſtop thir overgrowth, as inmate gueſts
Too numerous; whence of gueſts he makes them
Inhoſpitably, and kills thir infant Males: [ſlaves
Till by two brethren (thoſe two brethren call
Moſes and *Aaron*) ſent from God to claime
His people from enthralment, they return
With glory and ſpoile back to thir promis'd Land.
But firſt the lawleſs Tyrant, who denies
To know thir God, or meſſage to regard,
Muſt be compelld by Signes and Judgements dire;
To blood unſhed the Rivers muſt be turnd,
Frogs, Lice and Flies muſt all his Palace fill
With loath'd intruſion, and fill all the land;
His Cattel muſt of Rot and Murren die,
Botches and blaines muſt all his fleſh imboſs,
And all his people; Thunder mixt with Haile,
Haile mixt with fire muſt rend th' *Egyptian* Skie

And wheel on th' Earth, devouring where it rouls;
What it devours not, Herb, or Fruit, or Graine,
A darkſom Cloud of Locuſts ſwarming down
Muſt eat, and on the ground leave nothing green:
Darkneſs muſt overſhadow all his bounds,
Palpable darkneſs, and blot out three dayes;
Laſt with one midnight ſtroke all the firſt-born
Of *Egypt* muſt lie dead. Thus with ten wounds
This River-dragon tam'd at length ſubmits
To let his ſojourners depart, and oft
Humbles his ſtubborn heart, but ſtill as Ice
More hard'nd after thaw, till in his rage
Purſuing whom he late diſmiſsd, the Sea
Swallows him with his Hoſt, but them lets paſs
As on drie land between two chriſtal walls,
Aw'd by the rod of *Moſes* ſo to ſtand
Divided, till his reſcu'd gain thir ſhoar:
Such wondrous power God to his Saint will lend,
Though preſent in his Angel, who ſhall goe
Before them in a Cloud, and Pillar of Fire,
By day a Cloud, by night a pillar of Fire,
To guide them in thir journey, and remove
Behinde them, while th' obdurat King purſues:
All night he will purſue, but his approach
Darkneſs defends between till morning Watch;
Then through the Firey Pillar and the Cloud
God looking forth will trouble all his Hoſt
And craze thir Chariot wheels: when by command
Moſes once more his potent Rod extends
Over the Sea; the Sea his Rod obeys;
On thir imbattelld ranks the Waves return,
And overwhelm thir Warr: the Race elect

Safe towards *Canaan* from the ſhoar advance
Through the wilde Deſert, not the readieſt way,
Leaſt entring on the *Canaanite* allarmd
Warr terrifie them inexpert, and feare
Return them back to *Egypt*, chooſing rather
Inglorious life with ſervitude; for life
To noble and ignoble is more ſweet
Untraind in Armes, where raſhneſs leads not on.
This alſo ſhall they gain by thir delay
In the wide Wilderneſs, there they ſhall found
Thir government, and thir great Senate chooſe
Through the twelve Tribes, to rule by Laws ordaind:
God from the Mount of *Sinai*, whoſe gray top
Shall tremble, he deſcending, will himſelf
In Thunder-Lightning and loud Trumpets ſound
Ordaine them Lawes; part ſuch as appertaine
To civil Juſtice, part religious Rites
Of ſacrifice, informing them, by types
And ſhadowes, of that deſtind Seed to bruiſe
The Serpent, by what meanes he ſhall achieve
Mankinds deliverance. But the voice of God
To mortal eare is dreadful; they beſeech
That *Moſes* might report to them his will,
And terror ceaſe; he grants them thir deſire,
Inſtructed that to God is no acceſs
Without Mediator, whoſe high Office now
Moſes in figure beares, to introduce
One greater, of whoſe day he ſhall foretell,
And all the Prophets in thir Age the times
Of great *Meſſiah* ſhall ſing. Thus Laws and Rites
Eſtabliſht, ſuch delight hath God in Men
Obedient to his will, that he voutſafes

Among them to ſet up his Tabernacle,
The holy One with mortal Men to dwell:
By his preſcript a Sanctuary is fram'd
Of Cedar, overlaid with Gold, therein
An Ark, and in the Ark his Teſtimony,
The Records of his Cov'nant, over theſe
A Mercie-ſeat of Gold between the wings
Of two bright Cherubim, before him burn
Seaven Lamps as in a Zodiac repreſenting
The Heav'nly fires; over the Tent a Cloud
Shall reſt by Day, a fierie gleame by Night,
Save when they journie, and at length they come,
Conducted by his Angel to the Land
Promisd to *Abraham* and his Seed: the reſt
Were long to tell, how many Battels fought,
How many Kings deſtroyd, and Kingdoms won,
Or how the Sun ſhall in mid Heav'n ſtand ſtill
A day entire, and Nights due courſe adjourne,
Mans voice commanding, Sun in *Gibeon* ſtand,
And thou Moon in the vale of *Aialon*,
Till *Iſrael* overcome; ſo call the third
From *Abraham*, Son of *Iſaac*, and from him
His whole deſcent, who thus ſhall *Canaan* win.
  Here *Adam* interpos'd. O ſent from Heav'n,
Enlightner of my darkneſs, gracious things
Thou haſt reveald, thoſe chiefly which concerne
Juſt *Abraham* and his Seed: now firſt I finde
Mine eyes true op'ning, and my heart much eas'd,
Erwhile perplext with thoughts what would becom
Of mee and all Mankind; but now I ſee
His day, in whom all Nations ſhall be bleſt,
Favour unmerited by me, who ſought

Forbidd'n knowledge by forbidd'n means.
This yet I apprehend not, why to thoſe
Among whom God will deigne to dwell on Earth
So many and ſo various Laws are giv'n;
So many Laws argue ſo many ſins
Among them; how can God with ſuch reſide?
To whom thus *Michael.* Doubt not but that ſin
Will reign among them, as of thee begot;
And therefore was Law given them to evince
Thir natural pravitie, by ſtirring up
Sin againſt Law to fight; that when they ſee
Law can diſcover ſin, but not remove,
Save by thoſe ſhadowie expiations weak,
The bloud of Bulls and Goats, they may conclude
Some bloud more precious muſt be paid for Man,
Juſt for unjuſt, that in ſuch righteouſneſs
To them by Faith imputed, they may finde
Juſtification towards God, and peace
Of Conſcience, which the Law by Ceremonies
Cannot appeaſe, nor Man the moral part
Perform, and not performing cannot live.
So Law appears imperfet, and but giv'n
With purpoſe to reſign them in full time
Up to a better Cov'nant, diſciplin'd
From ſhadowie Types to Truth, from Fleſh to Spirit,
From impoſition of ſtrict Laws, to free
Acceptance of large Grace, from ſervil fear
To filial, works of Law to works of Faith.
And therefore ſhall not *Moſes*, though of God
Highly belov'd, being but the Miniſter
Of Law, his people into *Canaan* lead;
But *Joſhua* whom the Gentiles *Jeſus* call,

His Name and Office bearing, who ſhall quell
The adverſarie Serpent, and bring back
Through the worlds wilderneſs long wanderd man
Safe to eternal Paradiſe of reſt.
Meanwhile they in thir earthly *Canaan* plac't
Long time ſhall dwell and proſper, but when ſins
National interrupt thir public peace,
Provoking God to raiſe them enemies:
From whom as oft he ſaves them penitent
By Judges firſt, then under Kings; of whom
The ſecond, both for pietie renownd
And puiſſant deeds, a promiſe ſhall receive
Irrevocable, that his Regal Throne
For ever ſhall endure; the like ſhall ſing
All Prophecie, That of the Royal Stock
Of *David* (ſo I name this King) ſhall riſe
A Son, the Womans Seed to thee foretold,
Foretold to *Abraham*, as in whom ſhall truſt
All Nations, and to Kings foretold, of Kings
The laſt, for of his Reign ſhall be no end.
But firſt a long ſucceſſion muſt enſue,
And his next Son for Wealth and Wiſdom fam'd,
The clouded Ark of God till then in Tents
Wandring, ſhall in a glorious Temple enſhrine.
Such follow him, as ſhall be regiſterd
Part good, part bad, of bad the longer ſcrowle,
Whoſe foul Idolatries, and other faults
Heapt to the popular ſumme, will ſo incenſe
God, as to leave them, and expoſe thir Land,
Thir Citie, his Temple, and his holy Ark
With all his ſacred things, a ſcorn and prey
To that proud Citie, whoſe high Walls thou ſaw'ſt

Left in confuſion, *Babylon* thence call'd.
There in captivitie he lets them dwell
The ſpace of ſeventie years, then brings them back,
Remembring mercie, and his Cov'nant ſworn
To *David*, ſtabliſht as the dayes of Heav'n.
Returnd from *Babylon* by leave of Kings
Thir Lords, whom God diſpos'd, the houſe of God
They firſt re-edifie, and for a while
In mean eſtate live moderate, till grown
In wealth and multitude, factious they grow;
But firſt among the Prieſts diſſenſion ſprings,
Men who attend the Altar, and ſhould moſt
Endeavour Peace: thir ſtrife pollution brings
Upon the Temple it ſelf: at laſt they ſeiſe
The Scepter, and regard not *Davids* Sons,
Then looſe it to a ſtranger, that the true
Anointed King *Meſſiah* might be born
Barr'd of his right; yet at his Birth a Starr
Unſeen before in Heav'n proclaims him com,
And guides the Eaſtern Sages, who enquire
His place, to offer Incenſe, Myrrh, and Gold;
His place of birth a ſolemn Angel tells
To ſimple Shepherds, keeping watch by night;
They gladly thither haſte, and by a Quire
Of ſquadrond Angels hear his Carol ſung.
A Virgin is his Mother, but his Sire
The Power of the moſt High; he ſhall aſcend
The Throne hereditarie, and bound his Reign
With earths wide bounds, his glory with the Heav'ns.

He ceas'd, diſcerning *Adam* with ſuch joy
Surcharg'd, as had like grief bin dew'd in tears,
Without the vent of words, which theſe he breathd.

O Prophet of glad tidings, finiſher
Of utmoſt hope! now clear I underſtand
What oft my ſteddieſt thoughts have ſearcht in vain,
Why our great expectation ſhould be call'd
The ſeed of Woman: Virgin Mother, Haile,
High in the love of Heav'n, yet from my Loynes
Thou ſhalt proceed, and from thy Womb the Son
Of God moſt High; So God with man unites.
Needs muſt the Serpent now his capital bruiſe
Expect with mortal paine: ſay where and when
Thir fight, what ſtroke ſhall bruiſe the Victors heel.
To whom thus *Michael.* Dream not of thir fight,
As of a Duel, or the local wounds
Of head or heel: not therefore joynes the Son
Manhood to God-head, with more ſtrength to foil
Thy enemie; nor ſo is overcome
Satan, whoſe fall from Heav'n, a deadlier bruiſe,
Diſabl'd not to give thee thy deaths wound:
Which hee, who comes thy Saviour, ſhall recure,
Not by deſtroying *Satan,* but his works
In thee and in thy Seed: nor can this be,
But by fulfilling that which thou didſt want,
Obedience to the Law of God, impos'd
On penaltie of death, and ſuffering death,
The penaltie to thy tranſgreſſion due,
And due to theirs which out of thine will grow:
So onely can high Juſtice reſt appaid.
The Law of God exact he ſhall fulfill
Both by obedience and by love, though love
Alone fulfill the Law; thy puniſhment
He ſhall endure by coming in the Fleſh
To a reproachful life and curſed death,

Proclaming Life to all who ſhall believe
In his redemption, and that his obedience
Imputed becomes theirs by Faith, his merits
To ſave them, not thir own, though legal works.
For this he ſhall live hated, be blaſphem'd,
Seis'd on by force, judg'd, and to death condemnd
A ſhameful and accurſt, naild to the Croſs
By his own Nation, ſlaine for bringing Life;
But to the Croſs he nailes thy Enemies,
The Law that is againſt thee, and the ſins
Of all mankinde, with him there crucifi'd,
Never to hurt them more who rightly truſt
In this his ſatisfaction; ſo he dies,
But ſoon revives, Death over him no power
Shall long uſurp; ere the third dawning light
Returne, the Starres of Morn ſhall ſee him riſe
Out of his grave, freſh as the dawning light,
Thy ranſom paid, which Man from death redeems,
His death for Man, as many as offerd Life
Neglect not, and the benefit imbrace
By Faith not void of workes: this God-like act
Annuls thy doom, the death thou ſhouldſt have dy'd,
In ſin for ever loſt from life; this act
Shall bruiſe the head of *Satan*, cruſh his ſtrength
Defeating Sin and Death, his two maine armes,
And fix farr deeper in his head thir ſtings
Then temporal death ſhall bruiſe the Victors heel,
Or theirs whom he redeems, a death like ſleep,
A gentle wafting to immortal Life.
Nor after reſurrection ſhall he ſtay
Longer on Earth then certaine times to appeer
To his Diſciples, Men who in his Life

Still follow'd him; to them ſhall leave in charge
To teach all nations what of him they learn'd
And his Salvation, them who ſhall beleeve
Baptizing in the profluent ſtreame, the ſigne
Of waſhing them from guilt of ſin to Life
Pure, and in mind prepar'd, if ſo befall,
For death, like that which the redeemer dy'd.
All Nations they ſhall teach; for from that day
Not onely to the Sons of *Abrahams* Loines
Salvation ſhall be Preacht, but to the Sons
Of *Abrahams* Faith wherever through the world;
So in his ſeed all Nations ſhall be bleſt.
Then to the Heav'n of Heav'ns he ſhall aſcend
With victory, triumphing through the aire
Over his foes and thine; there ſhall ſurpriſe
The Serpent, Prince of aire, and drag in Chaines
Through all his realme, & there confounded leave;
Then enter into glory, and reſume
His Seat at Gods right hand, exalted high
Above all names in Heav'n; and thence ſhall come,
When this worlds diſſolution ſhall be ripe,
With glory and power to judge both quick & dead,
To judge th' unfaithful dead, but to reward
His faithful, and receave them into bliſs,
Whether in Heav'n or Earth, for then the Earth
Shall all be Paradiſe, far happier place
Then this of *Eden*, and far happier daies.

So ſpake th' Archangel *Michael*, then paus'd,
As at the Worlds great period; and our Sire
Replete with joy and wonder thus repli'd.

O goodneſs infinite, goodneſs immenſe!
That all this good of evil ſhall produce,

And evil turn to good; more wonderful
Then that which by creation firſt brought forth
Light out of darkneſs! full of doubt I ſtand,
Whether I ſhould repent me now of ſin
By mee done and occaſiond, or rejoyce [ſpring,
Much more, that much more good thereof ſhall
To God more glory, more good will to Men
From God, and over wrauth grace ſhall abound.
But ſay, if our deliverer up to Heav'n
Muſt reaſcend, what will betide the few
His faithful, left among th' unfaithful herd,
The enemies of truth; who then ſhall guide
His people, who defend? will they not deale
Wors with his followers then with him they dealt?
Be ſure they will, ſaid th' Angel; but from Heav'n
Hee to his own a Comforter will ſend,
The promiſe of the Father, who ſhall dwell
His Spirit within them, and the Law of Faith
Working through love, upon thir hearts ſhall write,
To guide them in all truth, and alſo arme
With ſpiritual Armour, able to reſiſt
Satans aſſaults, and quench his fierie darts,
What Man can do againſt them, not affraid,
Though to the death, againſt ſuch cruelties
With inward conſolations recompenc't,
And oft ſupported ſo as ſhall amaze
Thir proudeſt perſecuters: for the Spirit
Powrd firſt on his Apoſtles, whom he ſends
To evangelize the Nations, then on all
Baptiz'd, ſhall them with wondrous gifts endue
To ſpeak all Tongues, and do all Miracles,
As did thir Lord before them. Thus they win

Great numbers of each Nation to receave
With joy the tidings brought from Heav'n: at length
Thir Miniſtry perform'd, and race well run,
Thir doctrine and thir ſtory written left,
They die; but in thir room, as they forewarne,
Wolves ſhall ſucceed for teachers, grievous Wolves,
Who all the ſacred myſteries of Heav'n
To thir own vile advantages ſhall turne
Of lucre and ambition, and the truth
With ſuperſtitions and traditions taint,
Left onely in thoſe written Records pure,
Though not but by the Spirit underſtood.
Then ſhall they ſeek to avail themſelves of names,
Places and titles, and with theſe to joine
Secular power, though feigning ſtill to act
By ſpiritual, to themſelves appropriating
The Spirit of God, promisd alike and giv'n
To all Beleevers; and from that pretenſe,
Spiritual Lawes by carnal power ſhall force
On every conſcience; Laws which none ſhall finde
Left them inrould, or what the Spirit within
Shall on the heart engrave. What will they then
But force the Spirit of Grace it ſelf, and binde
His conſort Libertie; what, but unbuild
His living Temples, built by Faith to ſtand,
Thir own Faith not anothers: for on Earth
Who againſt Faith and Conſcience can be heard
Infallible? yet many will preſume:
Whence heavie perſecution ſhall ariſe
On all who in the worſhip perſevere
Of Spirit and Truth; the reſt, farr greater part,
Will deem in outward Rites and ſpecious formes

Religion ſatisfi'd; Truth ſhall retire
Beſtuck with ſlandrous darts, and works of Faith
Rarely be found: ſo ſhall the World goe on,
To good malignant, to bad men benigne,
Under her own waight groaning, till the day
Appeer of reſpiration to the juſt,
And vengeance to the wicked, at return
Of him ſo lately promiſs'd to thy aid,
The Womans ſeed, obſcurely then foretold,
Now amplier known thy Saviour and thy Lord,
Laſt in the Clouds from Heav'n to be reveald
In glory of the Father, to diſſolve
Satan with his perverted World, then raiſe
From the conflagrant maſs, purg'd and refin'd,
New Heav'ns, new Earth, Ages of endleſs date
Founded in righteouſneſs and peace and love,
To bring forth fruits Joy and eternal Bliſs.

He ended; and thus *Adam* laſt reply'd.
How ſoon hath thy prediction, Seer bleſt,
Meaſur'd this tranſient World, the Race of time,
Till time ſtand fixt: beyond is all abyſs,
Eternitie, whoſe end no eye can reach.
Greatly inſtructed I ſhall hence depart,
Greatly in peace of thought, and have my fill
Of knowledge, what this veſſel can containe;
Beyond which was my folly to aſpire.
Henceforth I learne, that to obey is beſt,
And love with feare the onely God, to walk
As in his preſence, ever to obſerve
His providence, and on him ſole depend,
Merciful over all his works, with good
Still overcoming evil, and by ſmall

Accompliſhing great things, by things deemd weak
Subverting worldly ſtrong, and worldly wiſe
By ſimply meek; that ſuffering for Truths ſake
Is fortitude to higheſt victorie,
And to the faithful Death the Gate of Life;
Taught this by his example whom I now
Acknowledge my Redeemer ever bleſt.
To whom thus alſo th' Angel laſt repli'd:
This having learnt, thou haſt attaind the ſumme
Of wiſdom; hope no higher, though all the Starrs
Thou knewſt by name, and all th' ethereal Powers,
All ſecrets of the deep, all Natures works,
Or works of God in Heav'n, Air, Earth, or Sea,
And all the riches of this World enjoydſt,
And all the rule, one Empire; onely add
Deeds to thy knowledge anſwerable, add Faith,
Add Vertue, Patience, Temperance, add Love,
By name to come call'd Charitie, the ſoul
Of all the reſt: then wilt thou not be loath
To leave this Paradiſe, but ſhalt poſſeſs
A Paradiſe within thee, happier farr.
Let us deſcend now therefore from this top
Of Speculation; for the hour preciſe
Exacts our parting hence; and ſee the Guards,
By mee encampt on yonder Hill, expect
Thir motion, at whoſe Front a flaming Sword,
In ſignal of remove, waves fiercely round;
We may no longer ſtay: go, waken *Eve*;
Her alſo I with gentle Dreams have calm'd
Portending good, and all her ſpirits compos'd
To meek ſubmiſſion: thou at ſeaſon fit
Let her with thee partake what thou haſt heard,

Chiefly what may concern her Faith to know,
The great deliverance by her Seed to come
(For by the Womans Seed) on all Mankind.
That ye may live, which will be many dayes,
Both in one Faith unanimous though ſad,
With cauſe for evils paſt, yet much more cheer'd
With meditation on the happie end.
He ended, and they both deſcend the Hill;
Deſcended, *Adam* to the Bowre where *Eve*
Lay ſleeping ran before, but found her wak't;
And thus with words not ſad ſhe him receav'd.
Whence thou returnſt, & whither went ſt, I know;
For God is alſo in ſleep, and Dreams adviſe,
Which he hath ſent propitious, ſome great good
Preſaging, ſince with ſorrow and hearts diſtreſs
Wearied I fell aſleep: but now lead on;
In mee is no delay; with thee to goe,
Is to ſtay here; without thee here to ſtay,
Is to go hence unwilling; thou to mee
Art all things under Heav'n, all places thou,
Who for my wilful crime art baniſht hence.
This further conſolation yet ſecure
I carry hence; though all by mee is loſt,
Such favour I unworthie am voutſaft,
By mee the Promis'd Seed ſhall all reſtore.
So ſpake our Mother *Eve*, and *Adam* heard
Well pleas'd, but anſwer'd not; for now too nigh
Th' Archangel ſtood, and from the other Hill
To thir fixt Station, all in bright array
The Cherubim deſcended; on the ground
Gliding meteorous, as Ev'ning Miſt
Ris'n from a River o're the mariſh glides,

And gathers ground faſt at the Labourers heel
Homeward returning. High in Front advanc't,
The brandiſht Sword of God before them blaz'd
Fierce as a Comet; which with torrid heat,
And vapour as the *Libyan* Air aduſt,
Began to parch that temperate Clime; whereat
In either hand the haſtning Angel caught
Our lingring Parents, and to th' Eaſtern Gate
Led them direct, and down the Cliff as faſt
To the ſubjected Plaine; then diſappeer'd.
They looking back, all th' Eaſtern ſide beheld
Of Paradiſe, ſo late thir happie ſeat,
Wav'd over by that flaming Brand, the Gate
With dreadful Faces throng'd and fierie Armes:
Som natural tears they drop'd, but wip'd them ſoon;
The World was all before them, where to chooſe
Thir place of reſt, and Providence thir guide:
They hand in hand with wandring ſteps and ſlow,
Through *Eden* took thir ſolitarie way.

The End.

PARADISE REGAIN'D.

A POEM

IN FOUR BOOKS.

Paradiſe Regain'd.

BOOK I.

I WHO e're while the happy Garden
ſung,
By one mans diſobedience loſt, now ſing
Recover'd Paradiſe to all mankind,
By one mans firm obedience fully tri'd
Through all temptation, and the Tempter foil'd
In all his wiles, defeated and repuls't,
And *Eden* rais'd in the waſt Wilderneſs.
Thou Spirit who ledſt this glorious Eremite
Into the Deſert, his Victorious Field
Againſt the Spiritual Foe, and broughtſt him thence
By proof the undoubted Son of God, inſpire,
As thou art wont, my prompted Song elſe mute,
And bear through highth or depth of natures bounds
With proſperous wing full ſumm'd to tell of deeds
Above Heroic, though in ſecret done,
And unrecorded left through many an Age,
Worthy t' have not remain'd ſo long unſung.
Now had the great Proclaimer with a voice
More awful then the ſound of Trumpet, cri'd

Repentance, and Heavens Kingdom nigh at hand
To all Baptiz'd: to his great Baptiſm flock'd
With aw the Regions round, and with them came
From *Nazareth* the Son of *Joſeph* deem'd
To the flood *Jordan*, came as then obſcure,
Unmarkt, unknown; but him the Baptiſt ſoon
Deſcri'd, divinely warn'd, and witneſs bore
As to his worthier, and would have reſign'd
To him his Heavenly Office, nor was long
His witneſs unconfirm'd: on him baptiz'd
Heaven open'd, and in likeneſs of a Dove
The Spirit deſcended, while the Fathers voice
From Heav'n pronounc'd him his beloved Son.
That heard the Adverſary, who roving ſtill
About the world, at that aſſembly fam'd
Would not be laſt, and with the voice divine
Nigh Thunder-ſtruck, th' exalted man, to whom
Such high atteſt was giv'n, a while ſurvey'd
With wonder, then with envy fraught and rage
Flies to his place, nor reſts, but in mid air
To Councel ſummons all his mighty Peers,
Within thick Clouds and dark ten-fold involv'd,
A gloomy Conſiſtory; and them amidſt
With looks againſt and ſad he thus beſpake.

O ancient Powers of Air and this wide world,
For much more willingly I mention Air,
This our old Conqueſt, then remember Hell
Our hated habitation; well ye know
How many Ages, as the years of men,
This Univerſe we have poſſeſt, and rul'd
In manner at our will th' affairs of Earth,
Since *Adam* and his facil conſort *Eve*

Loſt Paradiſe deceiv'd by me, though ſince
With dread attending when that fatal wound
Shall be inflicted by the Seed of *Eve*
Upon my head, long the decrees of Heav'n
Delay, for longeſt time to him is ſhort;
And now too ſoon for us the circling hours
This dreaded time have compaſt, wherein we
Muſt bide the ſtroak of that long threatn'd wound,
At leaſt if ſo we can, and by the head
Broken be not intended all our power
To be infring'd, our freedom and our being
In this fair Empire won of Earth and Air;
For this ill news I bring, the Womans ſeed
Deſtin'd to this, is late of woman born,
His birth to our juſt fear gave no ſmall cauſe,
But his growth now to youths full flowr, diſplaying
All vertue, grace and wiſdom to atchieve
Things higheſt, greateſt, multiplies my fear.
Before him a great Prophet, to proclaim
His coming, is ſent Harbinger, who all
Invites, and in the Conſecrated ſtream
Pretends to waſh off ſin, and fit them ſo
Purified to receive him pure, or rather
To do him honour as their King; all come,
And he himſelf among them was baptiz'd,
Not thence to be more pure, but to receive
The teſtimony of Heaven, that who he is
Thenceforth the Nations may not doubt; I ſaw
The Prophet do him reverence, on him riſing
Out of the water, Heav'n above the Clouds
Unfold her Cryſtal Dores, thence on his head
A perfect Dove deſcend, what e're it meant,

And out of Heav'n the Sov'raign voice I heard,
This is my Son belov'd, in him am pleas'd.
His Mother then is mortal, but his Sire,
He who obtains the Monarchy of Heav'n,
And what will he not do to advance his Son?
His firſt-begot we know, and ſore have felt,
When his fierce thunder drove us to the deep;
Who this is we muſt learn, for man he ſeems
In all his lineaments, though in his face
The glimpſes of his Fathers glory ſhine.
Ye ſee our danger on the utmoſt edge
Of hazard, which admits no long debate,
But muſt with ſomething ſudden be oppos'd,
Not force, but well couch't fraud, well woven ſnares,
E're in the head of Nations he appear
Their King, their Leader, and Supream on Earth.
I, when no other durſt, ſole undertook
The diſmal expedition to find out
And ruine *Adam*, and the exploit perform'd
Succeſsfully; a calmer voyage now
Will waft me; and the way found proſperous once
Induces beſt to hope of like ſucceſs.
He ended, and his words impreſſion left
Of much amazement to th' infernal Crew,
Diſtracted and ſurpriz'd with deep diſmay
At theſe ſad tidings; but no time was then
For long indulgence to their fears or grief:
Unanimous they all commit the care
And management of this main enterprize
To him their great Dictator, whoſe attempt
At firſt againſt mankind ſo well had thriv'd
In *Adam's* overthrow, and led thir march

From Hell's deep-vaulted Den to dwell in light,
Regents and Potentates, and Kings, yea gods
Of many a pleaſant Realm and Province wide.
So to the Coaſt of *Jordan* he directs
His eaſie ſteps; girded with ſnaky wiles,
Where he might likelieſt find this new-declar'd,
This man of men, atteſted Son of God,
Temptation and all guile on him to try;
So to ſubvert whom he ſuſpected rais'd
To end his Raign on Earth ſo long enjoy'd:
But contrary unweeting he fulfill'd
The purpos'd Counſel pre-ordain'd and fixt
Of the moſt High, who in full frequence bright
Of Angels, thus to *Gabriel* ſmiling ſpake.
Gabriel this day by proof thou ſhalt behold,
Thou and all Angels converſant on Earth
With man or mens affairs, how I begin
To verifie that ſolemn meſſage late,
On which I ſent thee to the Virgin pure
In *Galilee*, that ſhe ſhould bear a Son
Great in Renown, and call'd the Son of God;
Then toldſt her doubting how theſe things could be
To her a Virgin, that on her ſhould come
The Holy Ghoſt, and the power of the higheſt
O're-ſhadow her: this man born and now up-grown,
To ſhew him worthy of his birth divine
And high prediction, henceforth I expoſe
To Satan; let him tempt and now aſſay
His utmoſt ſubtilty, becauſe he boaſts
And vaunts of his great cunning to the throng
Of his Apoſtaſie; he might have learnt
Leſs over-weening, ſince he fail'd in *Job*,

Whoſe conſtant perſeverance overcame
Whate're his cruel malice could invent.
He now ſhall know I can produce a man
Of female Seed, far abler to reſiſt
All his ſollicitations, and at length
All his vaſt force, and drive him back to Hell,
Winning by Conqueſt what the firſt man loſt
By fallacy ſurpriz'd. But firſt I mean
To exerciſe him in the Wilderneſs,
There he ſhall firſt lay down the rudiments
Of his great warfare, e're I ſend him forth
To conquer Sin and Death the two grand foes,
By Humiliation and ſtrong Sufferance:
His weakneſs ſhall o'recome Satanic ſtrength
And all the world, and maſs of ſinful fleſh;
That all the Angels and Ætherial Powers,
They now, and men hereafter may diſcern,
From what conſummate vertue I have choſe
This perfect Man, by merit call'd my Son,
To earn Salvation for the Sons of men.

So ſpake the Eternal Father, and all Heaven
Admiring ſtood a ſpace, then into Hymns
Burſt forth, and in Celeſtial meaſures mov'd,
Circling the Throne and Singing, while the hand
Sung with the voice, and this the argument.

Victory and Triumph to the Son of God
Now entring his great duel, not of arms,
But to vanquiſh by wiſdom helliſh wiles.
The Father knows the Son; therefore ſecure
Ventures his filial Vertue, though untri'd,
Againſt whate're may tempt, whate're ſeduce,
Allure, or terrifie, or undermine.

Be fruſtrate all ye ſtratagems of Hell,
And deviliſh machinations come to nought.
So they in Heav'n their Odes and Vigils tun'd:
Mean while the Son of God, who yet ſome days
Lodg'd in *Bethabara* where *John* baptiz'd,
Muſing and much revolving in his breſt,
How beſt the mighty work he might begin
Of Saviour to mankind, and which way firſt
Publiſh his God-like office now mature,
One day forth walk'd alone, the Spirit leading;
And his deep thoughts, the better to converſe
With ſolitude, till far from track of men,
Thought following thought, and ſtep by ſtep led on,
He entred now the bordering Deſert wild,
And with dark ſhades and rocks environ'd round,
His holy Meditations thus perſu'd.
O what a multitude of thoughts at once
Awakn'd in me ſwarm, while I conſider
What from within I feel my ſelf, and hear
What from without comes often to my ears,
Ill ſorting with my preſent ſtate compar'd.
When I was yet a child, no childiſh play
To me was pleaſing, all my mind was ſet
Serious to learn and know, and thence to do
What might be publick good; my ſelf I thought
Born to that end, born to promote all truth,
All righteous things: therefore above my years,
The Law of God I read, and found it ſweet,
Made it my whole delight, and in it grew
To ſuch perfection, that e're yet my age
Had meaſur'd twice ſix years, at our great Feaſt
I went into the Temple, there to hear

The Teachers of our Law, and to propoſe
What might improve my knowledge or their own;
And was admir'd by all, yet this not all
To which my Spirit aſpir'd, victorious deeds
Flam'd in my heart, heroic acts, one while
To reſcue *Iſrael* from the *Roman* yoke,
Then to ſubdue and quell o're all the earth
Brute violence and proud Tyrannick pow'r,
Till truth were freed, and equity reſtor'd:
Yet held it more humane, more heavenly firſt
By winning words to conquer willing hearts,
And make perſwaſion do the work of fear;
At leaſt to try, and teach the erring Soul
Not wilfully miſ-doing, but unware
Miſled; the ſtubborn only to ſubdue.
Theſe growing thoughts my Mother ſoon perceiving
By words at times caſt forth inly rejoyc'd,
And ſaid to me apart, high are thy thoughts
O Son, but nouriſh them and let them ſoar
To what highth ſacred vertue and true worth
Can raiſe them, though above example high;
By matchleſs Deeds expreſs thy matchleſs Sire.
For know, thou art no Son of mortal man,
Though men eſteem thee low of Parentage,
Thy Father is the Eternal King, who rules
All Heaven and Earth, Angels and Sons of men,
A meſſenger from God fore-told thy birth
Conceiv'd in me a Virgin, he fore-told
Thou ſhouldſt be great and ſit on *David's* Throne,
And of thy Kingdom there ſhould be no end.
At thy Nativity a glorious Quire
Of Angels in the fields of *Bethlehem* ſung

To Shepherds watching at their folds by night,
And told them the Meſſiah now was born,
Where they might ſee him, and to thee they came;
Directed to the Manger where thou lais't,
For in the Inn was left no better room:
A Star, not ſeen before in Heaven appearing
Guided the Wiſe Men thither from the Eaſt,
To honour thee with Incenſe, Myrrh, and Gold,
By whoſe bright courſe led on they found the place,
Affirming it thy Star new grav'n in Heaven,
By which they knew thee King of *Iſrael* born.
Juſt *Simeon* and Prophetic *Anna*, warn'd
By Viſion, found thee in the Temple, and ſpake
Before the Altar and the veſted Prieſt,
Like things of thee to all that preſent ſtood.
This having heard, ſtrait I again revolv'd
The Law and Prophets, ſearching what was writ
Concerning the Meſſiah, to our Scribes
Known partly, and ſoon found of whom they ſpake
I am; this chiefly, that my way muſt lie
Through many a hard aſſay even to the death,
E're I the promis'd Kingdom can attain,
Or work Redemption for mankind, whoſe ſins
Full weight muſt be transferr'd upon my head.
Yet neither thus diſheartn'd or diſmay'd,
The time prefixt I waited, when behold
The Baptiſt, (of whoſe birth I oft had heard,
Not knew by ſight) now come, who was to come
Before Meſſiah and his way prepare.
I as all others to his Baptiſm came,
Which I believ'd was from above; but he
Strait knew me, and with loudeſt voice proclaim'd

Me him (for it was ſhew'n him ſo from Heaven)
Me him whoſe Harbinger he was; and firſt
Refus'd on me his Baptiſm to confer,
As much his greater, and was hardly won;
But as I roſe out of the laving ſtream,
Heaven open'd her eternal doors, from whence
The Spirit deſcended on me like a Dove,
And laſt the ſum of all, my Father's voice,
Audibly heard from Heav'n, pronounc'd me his,
Me his beloved Son, in whom alone
He was well pleas'd; by which I knew the time
Now full, that I no more ſhould live obſcure,
But openly begin, as beſt becomes
The Authority which I deriv'd from Heaven.
And now by ſome ſtrong motion I am led
Into this wilderneſs, to what intent
I learn not yet, perhaps I need not know;
For what concerns my knowledge God reveals.
So ſpake our Morning Star then in his riſe,
And looking round on every ſide beheld
A pathleſs Deſert, duſk with horrid ſhades;
The way he came not having mark'd, return
Was difficult, by humane ſteps untrod;
And he ſtill on was led, but with ſuch thoughts
Accompanied of things paſt and to come
Lodg'd in his breſt, as well might recommend
Such Solitude before choiceſt Society.
Full forty days he paſs'd, whether on hill
Sometimes, anon in ſhady vale, each night
Under the covert of ſome ancient Oak,
Or Cedar, to defend him from the dew,
Or harbour'd in one Cave, is not reveal'd;

Nor taſted humane food, nor hunger felt
Till thoſe days ended, hunger'd then at laſt
Among wild Beaſts: they at his ſight grew mild,
Nor ſleeping him nor waking harm'd, his walk
The fiery Serpent fled, and noxious Worm,
The Lion and fierce Tiger glar'd aloof.
But now an aged man in Rural weeds,
Following, as ſeem'd, the queſt of ſome ſtray Ewe,
Or wither'd ſticks to gather; which might ſerve
Againſt a Winters day when winds blow keen,
To warm him wet return'd from field at Eve,
He ſaw approach, who firſt with curious eye
Perus'd him, then with words thus utt'red ſpake.
Sir, what ill chance hath brought thee to this place
So far from path or road of men, who paſs
In Troop or Caravan, for ſingle none
Durſt ever, who return'd, and dropt not here
His Carcaſs, pin'd with hunger and with droughth?
I aſk the rather, and the more admire,
For that to me thou ſeem'ſt the man, whom late
Our new baptizing Prophet at the Ford
Of *Jordan* honour'd ſo, and call'd thee Son
Of God; I ſaw and heard, for we ſometimes
Who dwell this wild, conſtrain'd by want, come forth
To Town or Village nigh (nigheſt is far)
Where ought we hear, and curious are to hear,
What happ'ns new; Fame alſo finds us out.
To whom the Son of God. Who brought me hither
Will bring me hence, no other Guide I ſeek.
By Miracle he may, reply'd the Swain,
What other way I ſee not, for we here
Live on tough roots and ſtubs, to thirſt inur'd

More then the Camel, and to drink go far,
Men to much miſery and hardſhip born;
But if thou be the Son of God, Command
That out of theſe hard ſtones be made thee bread;
So ſhalt thou ſave thy ſelf and us relieve
With Food, whereof we wretched ſeldom taſte.
He ended, and the Son of God reply'd.
Think'ſt thou ſuch force in Bread? is it not written
(For I diſcern thee other then thou ſeem'ſt)
Man lives not by Bread only, but each Word
Proceeding from the mouth of God; who fed
Our Fathers here with Manna; in the Mount
Moſes was forty days, nor eat nor drank,
And forty days *Eliah* without food
Wandred this barren waſte, the ſame I now:
Why doſt thou then ſuggeſt to me diſtruſt,
Knowing who I am, as I know who thou art?
Whom thus anſwer'd th' Arch Fiend now undiſ-
'Tis true, I am that Spirit unfortunate, [guis'd.
Who leagu'd with millions more in raſh revolt
Kept not my happy Station, but was driv'n
With them from bliſs to the bottomleſs deep,
Yet to that hideous place not ſo confin'd
By rigour unconniving, but that oft
Leaving my dolorous Priſon I enjoy
Large liberty to round this Globe of Earth,
Or range in th' Air, nor from the Heav'n of Heav'ns
Hath he excluded my reſort ſometimes.
I came among the Sons of God, when he
Gave up into my hands *Uzzean Job*
To prove him, and illuſtrate his high worth;
And when to all his Angels he propos'd
To draw the proud King *Ahab* into fraud

That he might fall in *Ramoth*, they demurring,
I undertook that office, and the tongues
Of all his flattering Prophets glibb'd with lyes
To his deſtruction, as I had in charge.
For what he bids I do; though I have loſt
Much luſtre of my native brightneſs, loſt
To be belov'd of God, I have not loſt
To love, at leaſt contemplate and admire
What I ſee excellent in good, or fair,
Or vertuous, I ſhould ſo have loſt all ſenſe.
What can be then leſs in me then deſire
To ſee thee and approach thee, whom I know
Declar'd the Son of God, to hear attent
Thy wiſdom, and behold thy God-like deeds?
Men generally think me much a foe
To all mankind: why ſhould I? they to me
Never did wrong or violence, by them
I loſt not what I loſt, rather by them
I gain'd what I have gain'd, and with them dwell
Copartner in theſe Regions of the World,
If not diſpoſer; lend them oft my aid,
Oft my advice by preſages and ſigns,
And anſwers, oracles, portents and dreams,
Whereby they may direct their future life.
Envy they ſay excites me, thus to gain
Companions of my miſery and wo.
At firſt it may be; but long ſince with wo
Neare acquainted, now I feel by proof,
That fellowſhip in pain divides not ſmart,
Nor lightens aught each mans peculiar load.
Small conſolation then, were Man adjoyn'd:
This wounds me moſt (what can it leſs) that Man,
Man fall'n ſhall be reſtor'd, I never more.

To whom our Saviour ſternly thus reply'd.
Deſervedly thou griev'ſt, compos'd of lyes
From the beginning, and in lies wilt end;
Who boaſt'ſt releaſe from Hell, and leave to come
Into the Heav'n of Heavens; thou com'ſt indeed,
As a poor miſerable captive thrall,
Comes to the place where he before had ſat
Among the Prime in Splendour, now depos'd,
Ejected, emptyed, gaz'd, unpityed, ſhun'd,
A ſpectacle of ruin or of ſcorn
To all the Hoſt of Heaven; the happy place
Imparts to thee no happineſs, no joy,
Rather inflames thy torment, repreſenting
Loſt bliſs, to thee no more communicable,
So never more in Hell then when in Heaven.
But thou art ſerviceable to Heaven's King.
Wilt thou impute to obedience what thy fear
Extorts, or pleaſure to do ill excites?
What but thy malice mov'd thee to miſdeem
Of righteous *Job*, then cruelly to afflict him
With all inflictions, but his patience won?
The other ſervice was thy choſen taſk,
To be a lyer in four hundred mouths;
For lying is thy ſuſtenance, thy food.
Yet thou pretend'ſt to truth; all Oracles
By thee are giv'n, and what confeſt more true
Among the Nations? that hath been thy craft,
By mixing ſomewhat true to vent more lyes.
But what have been thy anſwers, what but dark
Ambiguous and with double ſenſe deluding,
Which they who aſk'd have ſeldom underſtood,
And not well underſtood as good not known?
Who ever by conſulting at thy ſhrine

Return'd the wiſer, or the more inſtruct
To flye or follow what concern'd him moſt,
And run not ſooner to his fatal ſnare?
For God hath juſtly giv'n the Nations up
To thy Deluſions; juſtly, ſince they fell
Idolatrous, but when his purpoſe is
Among them to declare his Providence
To thee not known, whence haſt thou then thy truth,
But from him or his Angels Preſident
In every Province, who themſelves diſdaining
To approach thy Temples, give thee in command
What to the ſmalleſt tittle thou ſhalt ſay
To thy Adorers; thou with trembling fear,
Or like a Fawning Paraſite obey'ſt;
Then to thy ſelf aſcrib'ſt the truth fore-told.
But this thy glory ſhall be ſoon retrench'd;
No more ſhalt thou by oracling abuſe
The Gentiles; henceforth Oracles are ceaſt,
And thou no more with Pomp and Sacrifice
Shalt be enquir'd at *Delphos* or elſewhere,
At leaſt in vain, for they ſhall find thee mute.
God hath now ſent his living Oracle
Into the World, to teach his final will,
And ſends his Spirit of Truth henceforth to dwell
In pious Hearts, an inward Oracle
To all truth requiſite for men to know.
So ſpake our Saviour; but the ſubtle Fiend,
Though inly ſtung with anger and diſdain,
Diſſembl'd, and this Anſwer ſmooth return'd.
Sharply thou haſt inſiſted on rebuke,
And urg'd me hard with doings, which not will
But miſery hath reſted from me; where
Eaſily canſt thou find one miſerable,

And not inforc'd oft-times to part from truth;
If it may ſtand him more in ſtead to lye,
Say and unſay, feign, flatter, or abjure?
But thou art plac't above me, thou art Lord;
From thee I can and muſt ſubmiſs endure
Check or reproof, and glad to ſcape ſo quit.
Hard are the ways of truth, and rough to walk,
Smooth on the tongue diſcourſt, pleaſing to th' ear,
And tuneable as Silvan Pipe or Song;
What wonder then if I delight to hear
Her dictates from thy mouth? moſt men admire
Vertue, who follow not her lore: permit me
To hear thee when I come (ſince no man comes)
And talk at leaſt, though I deſpair to attain.
Thy Father, who is holy, wiſe and pure,
Suffers the Hypocrite or Atheous Prieſt
To tread his Sacred Courts, and miniſter
About his Altar, handling holy things,
Praying or vowing, and vouchſaf'd his voice
To *Balaam* Reprobate, a Prophet yet
Inſpir'd; diſdain not ſuch acceſs to me.
To whom our Saviour with unalter'd brow.
Thy coming hither, though I know thy ſcope,
I bid not or forbid; do as thou find'ſt
Permiſſion from above; thou canſt not more.
He added not; and Satan bowing low
His gray diſſimulation, diſappear'd
Into thin Air diffus'd: for now began
Night with her ſullen wing to double-ſhade
The Deſert, Fowls in thir clay neſts were couch't;
And now wild Beaſts came forth the woods to roam.

The End of the Firſt Book.

Paradiſe Regain'd.

BOOK II.

MEAN while the new-baptiz'd, who yet remain'd
At *Jordan* with the Baptiſt, and had ſeen
Him whom they heard ſo late expreſly call'd
Jeſus Meſſiah Son of God declar'd,
And on that high Authority had believ'd,
And with him talkt, and with him lodg'd, I mean
Andrew and *Simon*, famous after known
With others though in Holy Writ not nam'd,
Now miſſing him thir joy ſo lately found,
So lately found, and ſo abruptly gone,
Began to doubt, and doubted many days,
And as the days increas'd, increas'd thir doubt:
Sometimes they thought he might be only ſhewn,
And for a time caught up to God, as once
Moſes was in the Mount, and miſſing long;
And the great *Thiſbite* who on fiery wheels
Rode up to Heaven, yet once again to come.
Therefore as thoſe young Prophets then with care
Sought loſt *Eliah*, ſo in each place theſe
Nigh to *Bethabara*; in *Jerico*
The City of Palms, *Ænon*, and *Salem* Old,
Machærus and each Town or City wall'd

But trouble, as old *Simeon* plain fore-told,
That to the fall and riſing he ſhould be
Of many in *Iſrael*, and to a ſign
Spoken againſt, that through my very Soul
A ſword ſhall pierce, this is my favour'd lot,
My Exaltation to Afflictions high;
Afflicted I may be, it ſeems, and bleſt;
I will not argue that, nor will repine.
But where delays he now? ſome great intent
Conceals him: when twelve years he ſcarce had ſeen,
I loſt him, but ſo found, as well I ſaw
He could not loſe himſelf; but went about
His Father's buſineſs; what he meant I mus'd,
Since underſtand; much more his abſence now
Thus long to ſome great purpoſe he obſcures.
But I to wait with patience am inur'd;
My heart hath been a ſtore-houſe long of things
And ſayings laid up, portending ſtrange events.
Thus *Mary* pondering oft, and oft to mind
Recalling what remarkably had paſs'd
Since firſt her Salutation heard, with thoughts
Meekly compos'd awaited the fulfilling:
The while her Son tracing the Deſert wild,
Sole but with holieſt Meditations fed,
Into himſelf deſcended, and at once
All his great work to come before him ſet;
How to begin, how to accompliſh beſt
His end of being on Earth, and miſſion high:
For Satan with ſlye preface to return
Had left him vacant, and with ſpeed was gon
Up to the middle Region of thick Air,
Where all his Potentates in Council ſate;

There without ſign of boaſt, or ſign of joy,
Sollicitous and blank he thus began.
  Princes, Heavens antient Sons, Æthereal Thrones,
Demonian Spirits now, from the Element
Each of his reign allotted, rightlier call'd,
Powers of Fire, Air, Water, and Earth beneath,
So may we hold our place and theſe mild ſeats
Without new trouble; ſuch an Enemy
Is ris'n to invade us, who no leſs
Threat'ns then our expulſion down to Hell;
I, as I undertook, and with the vote
Conſenting in full frequence was impowr'd,
Have found him, view'd him, taſted him, but find
Far other labour to be undergon
Then when I dealt with *Adam* firſt of Men,
Though *Adam* by his Wives allurement fell,
However to this Man inferior far,
If he be Man by Mothers ſide at leaſt,
With more then humane gifts from Heav'n adorn'd,
Perfections abſolute, Graces divine,
And amplitude of mind to greateſt Deeds.
Therefore I am return'd, leſt confidence
Of my ſucceſs with *Eve* in Paradiſe
Deceive ye to perſwaſion over-ſure
Of like ſucceeding here; I ſummon all
Rather to be in readineſs, with hand
Or counſel to aſſiſt; leſt I who erſt
Thought none my equal, now be over-match'd.
  So ſpake the old Serpent doubting, and from all
With clamour was aſſur'd thir utmoſt aid
At his command; when from amidſt them roſe
Belial the diſſoluteſt Spirit that fell

The ſenſualleſt, and after *Aſmodai*
The fleſhlieſt Incubus, and thus advis'd.
Set women in his eye and in his walk,
Among daughters of men the faireſt found;
Many are in each Region paſſing fair
As the noon Skie; more like to Goddeſſes
Then Mortal Creatures, graceful and diſcreet,
Expert in amorous Arts, enchanting tongues
Perſwaſive, Virgin-majeſty with mild
And ſweet allay'd, yet terrible to approach,
Skill'd to retire, and in retiring draw
Hearts after them tangl'd in Amorous Nets.
Such object hath the power to ſoft'n and tame
Severeſt temper, ſmooth the rugged'ſt brow,
Enerve, and with voluptuous hope diſſolve,
Draw out with credulous deſire, and lead
At will the manlieſt, reſoluteſt breſt,
As the Magnetic hardeſt Iron draws.
Women, when nothing elſe, beguil'd the heart
Of wiſeſt *Solomon*, and made him build,
And made him bow to the Gods of his Wives.
To whom quick anſwer Satan thus return'd.
Belial, in much uneven ſcale thou weigh'ſt
All others by thy ſelf; becauſe of old
Thou thy ſelf doat'ſt on womankind, admiring
Thir ſhape, thir colour, and attractive grace,
None are, thou think'ſt, but taken with ſuch toys.
Before the Flood thou with thy luſty Crew,
Falſe titl'd Sons of God, roaming the Earth
Caſt wanton eyes on the daughters of men,
And coupl'd with them, and begot a race.
Have we not ſeen, or by relation heard,

In Courts and Regal Chambers how thou lurk'ſt,
In Wood or Grove by moſſie Fountain ſide,
In Valley or Green Meadow to way-lay
Some beauty rare, *Caliſto*, *Clymene*,
Daphne, or *Semele*, *Antiopa*,
Or *Amymone*, *Syrinx*, many more
Too long, then lay'ſt thy ſcapes on names ador'd,
Apollo, *Neptune*, *Jupiter*, or *Pan*,
Satyr, or Fawn, or Silvan? But theſe haunts
Delight not all; among the Sons of Men,
How many have with a ſmile made ſmall account
Of beauty and her lures, eaſily ſcorn'd
All her aſſaults, on worthier things intent?
Remember that *Pellean* Conquerour,
A youth, how all the beauties of the Eaſt
He ſlightly view'd, and ſlightly over-paſs'd;
How hee ſirnam'd of *Africa* diſmiſs'd
In his prime youth the fair *Iberian* maid.
For *Solomon* he liv'd at eaſe, and full
Of honour, wealth, high fare, aim'd not beyond
Higher deſign then to enjoy his State;
Thence to the bait of Women lay expos'd;
But he whom we attempt is wiſer far
Then *Solomon*, of more exalted mind,
Made and ſet wholly on the accompliſhment
Of greateſt things; what woman will you find,
Though of this Age the wonder and the fame,
On whom his leiſure will vouchſafe an eye
Of fond deſire? or ſhould ſhe confident,
As ſitting Queen ador'd on Beauties Throne,
Deſcend with all her winning charms begirt
To enamour, as the Zone of *Venus* once

Wrought that effect on *Jove*, ſo Fables tell;
How would one look from his Majeſtick brow
Seated as on the top of Vertues hill,
Diſcount'nance her deſpis'd, and put to rout
All her array; her female pride deject,
Or turn to reverent awe? for Beauty ſtands
In the admiration only of weak minds
Led captive; ceaſe to admire, and all her Plumes
Fall flat and ſhrink into a trivial toy,
At every ſudden ſlighting quite abaſht:
Therefore with manlier objects we muſt try
His conſtancy, with ſuch as have more ſhew
Of worth, of honour, glory, and popular praiſe;
Rocks whereon greateſt men have oftеſt wreck'd;
Or that which only ſeems to ſatisfie
Lawful deſires of Nature, not beyond;
And now I know he hungers where no food
Is to be found, in the wide Wilderneſs;
The reſt commit to me, I ſhall let paſs
No advantage, and his ſtrength as oft aſſay.
He ceas'd, and heard thir grant in loud acclaim;
Then forthwith to him takes a choſen band
Of Spirits likeſt to himſelf in guile
To be at hand, and at his beck appear,
If cauſe were to unfold ſome active Scene
Of various perſons each to know his part;
Then to the Deſert takes with theſe his flight;
Where ſtill from ſhade to ſhade the Son of God
After forty days faſting had remain'd,
Now hungring firſt, and to himſelf thus ſaid.
Where will this end? four times ten days I have
paſs'd

Wandring this woody maze, and humane food
Nor taſted, nor had appetite: that Faſt
To Vertue I impute not, or count part
Of what I ſuffer here; if Nature need not,
Or God ſupport Nature without repaſt
Though needing, what praiſe is it to endure?
But now I feel I hunger, which declares,
Nature hath need of what ſhe aſks; yet God
Can ſatisfie that need ſome other way,
Though hunger ſtill remain: ſo it remain
Without this bodies waſting, I content me,
And from the ſting of Famine fear no harm,
Nor mind it, fed with better thoughts that feed
Mee hungring more to do my Fathers will.

It was the hour of night, when thus the Son
Commun'd in ſilent walk, then laid him down
Under the hoſpitable covert nigh
Of Trees thick interwoven; there he ſlept,
And dream'd, as appetite is wont to dream,
Of meats and drinks, Natures refreſhment ſweet;
Him thought, he by the Brook of *Cherith* ſtood
And ſaw the Ravens with their horny beaks
Food to *Elijah* bringing Even and Morn,
Though ravenous, taught to abſtain from what they brought:
He ſaw the Prophet alſo how he fled
Into the Deſert, and how there he ſlept
Under a Juniper; then how awakt,
He found his Supper on the coals prepar'd,
And by the Angel was bid riſe and eat,
And eat the ſecond time after repoſe,
The ſtrength whereof ſuffic'd him forty days;
Sometimes that with *Elijah* he partook,

Or as a gueſt with *Daniel* at his pulſe.
Thus wore out night, and now the Herald Lark
Left his ground-neſt, high towring to deſcry
The morns approach, and greet her with his Song:
As lightly from his graſſy Couch up roſe
Our Saviour, and found all was but a dream,
Faſting he went to ſleep, and faſting wak'd.
Up to a hill anon his ſteps he rear'd,
From whoſe high top to ken the proſpect round,
If Cottage were in view, Sheep-cote or Herd;
But Cottage, Herd or Sheep-cote none he ſaw,
Only in a bottom ſaw a pleaſant Grove,
With chaunt of tuneful Birds reſounding loud;
Thither he bent his way, determin'd there
To reſt at noon, and entr'd ſoon the ſhade
High rooft and walks beneath, and alleys brown
That open'd in the midſt a woody Scene,
Natures own work it ſeem'd (Nature taught Art)
And to a Superſtitious eye the haunt
Of Wood-Gods and Wood-Nymphs; he view'd it
When ſuddenly a man before him ſtood, [round,
Not ruſtic as before, but ſeemlier clad,
As one in City, or Court, or Palace bred,
And with fair ſpeech theſe words to him addreſs'd.
With granted leave officious I return,
But much more wonder that the Son of God
In this wild ſolitude ſo long ſhould bide
Of all things deſtitute, and well I know,
Not without hunger. Others of ſome note,
As ſtory tells, have trod this Wilderneſs;
The Fugitive Bond-woman with her Son
Out caſt *Nebaioth*, yet found he relief

By a providing Angel; all the race
Of *Iſrael* here had famiſh'd, had not God
Rain'd from Heaven Manna, and that Prophet bold
Native of *Thebez* wandring here was fed
Twice by a voice inviting him to eat.
Of thee theſe forty days none hath regard,
Forty and more deſerted here indeed.
To whom thus Jeſus; what conclud'ſt thou hence?
They all had need, I as thou ſeeſt have none.
How haſt thou hunger then? Satan reply'd,
Tell me if Food were now before thee ſet,
Would'ſt thou not eat? Thereafter as I like
The giver, anſwer'd Jeſus. Why ſhould that
Cauſe thy refuſal, ſaid the ſubtle Fiend,
Haſt thou not right to all Created things,
Owe not all Creatures by juſt right to thee
Duty and Service, nor to ſtay till bid,
But tender all their power? nor mention I
Meats by the Law unclean, or offer'd firſt
To Idols, thoſe young *Daniel* could refuſe;
Nor proffer'd by an Enemy, though who
Would ſcruple that, with want oppreſt? behold
Nature aſham'd, or better to expreſs,
Troubl'd that thou ſhould'ſt hunger, hath purvey'd
From all the Elements her choiceſt ſtore
To treat thee as beſeems, and as her Lord
With honour, only deign to ſit and eat.
He ſpake no dream, for as his words had end,
Our Saviour lifting up his eyes beheld
In ample ſpace under the broadeſt ſhade
A Table richly ſpred, in regal mode,
With diſhes pil'd, and meats of nobleſt ſort

And ſavour, Beaſts of chaſe, or Fowl of game,
In paſtry built, or from the ſpit, or boyl'd,
Gris-amber-ſteam'd; all Fiſh from Sea or Shore,
Freſhet, or purling Brook, of ſhell or fin,
And exquiſiteſt name, for which was drain'd
Pontus and *Lucrine* Bay, and *Afric* Coaſt
Alas how ſimple, to theſe Cates compar'd,
Was that crude Apple that diverted *Eve!*
And at a ſtately ſide-board by the wine
That fragrant ſmell diffus'd, in order ſtood
Tall ſtripling youths rich clad, of fairer hew
Then *Ganymed* or *Hylas*, diſtant more
Under the Trees now trip'd, now ſolemn ſtood
Nymphs of *Diana's* train, and *Naiades*
With fruits and flowers from *Amalthea's* horn,
And Ladies of th' *Heſperides*, that ſeem'd
Fairer then feign'd of old, or fabl'd ſince
Of Fairy Damſels met in Foreſt wide
By Knights of *Logres*, or of *Lyones*,
Lancelot or *Pelleas*, or *Pellenore*,
And all the while Harmonious Airs were heard
Of chiming ſtrings, or charming pipes and winds
Of gentleſt gale *Arabian* odors fann'd
From their ſoft wings, and *Flora's* earlieſt ſmells.
Such was the Splendour, and the Tempter now
His invitation earneſtly renew'd.

What doubts the Son of God to ſit and eat?
Theſe are not Fruits forbidden, no interdict
Defends the touching of theſe viands pure,
Thir taſte no knowledge works, at leaſt of evil,
But life preſerves, deſtroys life's enemy,
Hunger with ſweet reſtorative delight.

All theſe are Spirits of Air, and Woods, and Springs,
Thy gentle Miniſters, who come to pay
Thee homage, and acknowledge thee thir Lord:
What doubt'ſt thou Son of God? ſit down and eat.
To whom thus Jeſus temperately reply'd:
Said'ſt thou not that to all things I had right?
And who withholds my pow'r that right to uſe?
Shall I receive by gift what of my own,
When and where likes me beſt, I can command?
I can at will, doubt not, aſſoon as thou,
Command a Table in this Wilderneſs,
And call ſwift flights of Angels miniſtrant
Array'd in Glory on my cup to attend:
Why ſhouldſt thou then obtrude this diligence,
In vain, where no acceptance it can find,
And with my hunger what haſt thou to do?
Thy pompous Delicacies I contemn,
And count thy ſpecious gifts no gifts but guiles.
To whom thus anſwer'd Satan malecontent:
That I have alſo power to give thou ſeeſt,
If of that pow'r I bring thee voluntary
What I might have beſtow'd on whom I pleas'd,
And rather opportunely in this place
Choſe to impart to thy apparent need,
Why ſhouldſt thou not accept it? but I ſee
What I can do or offer is ſuſpect;
Of theſe things others quickly will diſpoſe
Whoſe pains have earn'd the farfet ſpoil. With that
Both Table and Proviſion vaniſh'd quite
With ſound of Harpies wings, and Talons heard;
Only the importune Tempter ſtill remain'd,
And with theſe words his temptation purſu'd.

By hunger, that each other Creature tames,
Thou art not to be harm'd, therefore not mov'd;
Thy temperance invincible beſides,
For no allurement yields to appetite,
And all thy heart is ſet on high deſigns,
High actions: but wherewith to be atchiev'd?
Great acts require great means of enterpriſe,
Thou art unknown, unfriended, low of birth,
A Carpenter thy Father known, thy ſelf
Bred up in poverty and ſtreights at home;
Loſt in a Deſert here and hunger-bit:
Which way or from what hope doſt thou aſpire
To greatneſs? whence Authority deriv'ſt,
What Followers, what Retinue canſt thou gain,
Or at thy heels the dizzy Multitude,
Longer then thou canſt feed them on thy coſt?
Money brings Honour, Friends, Conqueſt, and
What rais'd *Antipater* the *Edomite*, [Realms;
And his Son *Herod* plac'd on *Juda's* Throne;
(Thy throne) but gold that got him puiſſant friends?
Therefore, if at great things thou wouldſt arrive,
Get Riches firſt, get Wealth, and Treaſure heap,
Not difficult, if thou hearken to me,
Riches are mine, Fortune is in my hand;
They whom I favour thrive in wealth amain,
While Virtue, Valour, Wiſdom ſit in want.

To whom thus Jeſus patiently reply'd;
Yet Wealth without theſe three is impotent,
To gain dominion or to keep it gain'd.
Witneſs thoſe antient Empires of the Earth,
In highth of all thir flowing wealth diſſolv'd:
But men endu'd with theſe have oft attain'd

In loweſt poverty to higheſt deeds;
Gideon and *Jephtha*, and the Shepherd lad,
Whoſe off-ſpring on the Throne of *Juda* ſat
So many Ages, and ſhall yet regain
That ſeat, and reign in *Iſrael* without end.
Among the Heathen, (for throughout the World
To me is not unknown what hath been done
Worthy of Memorial) canſt thou not remember
Quintius, *Fabricius*, *Curius*, *Regulus*?
For I eſteem thoſe names of men ſo poor
Who could do mighty things, and could contemn
Riches though offer'd from the hand of Kings.
And what in me ſeems wanting, but that I
May alſo in this poverty as ſoon
Accompliſh what they did, perhaps and more?
Extol not Riches then, the toyl of Fools,
The wiſe mans cumbrance if not ſnare, more apt
To ſlacken Virtue, and abate her edge,
Then prompt her to do aught may merit praiſe.
What if with like averſion I reject
Riches and Realms; yet not for that a Crown,
Golden in ſhew, is but a wreath of thorns,
Brings dangers, troubles, cares, and ſleepleſs nights
To him who wears the Regal Diadem,
When on his ſhoulders each mans burden lies;
For therein ſtands the office of a King,
His Honour, Vertue, Merit and chief Praiſe,
That for the Publick all this weight he bears.
Yet he who reigns within himſelf, and rules
Paſſions, Deſires, and Fears, is more a King;
Which every wiſe and vertuous man attains:
And who attains not, ill aſpires to rule

Cities of men, or head-ſtrong Multitudes,
Subject himſelf to Anarchy within,
Or lawleſs paſſions in him which he ſerves.
But to guide Nations in the way of truth
By ſaving Doctrine, and from errour lead
To know, and knowing worſhip God aright,
Is yet more Kingly, this attracts the Soul,
Governs the inner man, the nobler part,
That other o're the body only reigns,
And oft by force, which to a generous mind
So reigning can be no ſincere delight.
Beſides to give a Kingdom hath been thought
Greater and nobler done, and to lay down
Far more magnanimous, then to aſſume.
Riches are needleſs then, both for themſelves,
And for thy reaſon why they ſhould be ſought,
To gain a Scepter, oftеſt better miſs't.

The End of the Second Book.

Paradiſe Regain'd.

BOOK III.

SO ſpake the Son of God, and Satan ſtood
A while as mute confounded what to ſay,
What to reply, confuted and convinc't
Of his weak arguing, and fallacious drift;
At length collecting all his Serpent wiles,
With ſoothing words renew'd, him thus accoſts.
I ſee thou know'ſt what is of uſe to know,
What beſt to ſay canſt ſay, to do canſt do;
Thy actions to thy words accord, thy words
To thy large heart give utterance due, thy heart
Conteins of good, wiſe, juſt, the perfect ſhape.
Should Kings and Nations from thy mouth conſult,
Thy Counſel would be as the Oracle
Urim and *Thummim*, thoſe oraculous gems
On *Aaron's* breaſt: or tongue of Seers old
Infallible; or wert thou ſought to deeds
That might require th' array of war, thy ſkill
Of conduct would be ſuch, that all the world
Could not ſuſtain thy Proweſs, or ſubſiſt
In battel, though againſt thy few in arms.
Theſe God-like Vertues wherefore doſt thou hide?
Affecting private life, or more obſcure
In ſavage Wilderneſs, wherefore deprive

All Earth her wonder at thy acts, thy ſelf
The fame and glory, glory the reward
That ſole excites to high attempts the flame
Of moſt erected Spirits, moſt temper'd pure
Ætherial, who all pleaſures elſe deſpiſe,
All treaſures and all gain eſteem as droſs,
And dignities and powers all but the higheſt?
Thy years are ripe, and over-ripe, the Son,
Of *Macedonian Philip* had e're theſe
Won *Aſia* and the Throne of *Cyrus* held
At his diſpoſe, young *Scipio* had brought down
The *Carthaginian* pride, young *Pompey* quell'd
The *Pontic* King and in triumph had rode.
Yet years, and to ripe years judgment mature,
Quench not the thirſt of glory, but augment.
Great *Julius*, whom now all the world admires
The more he grew in years, the more inflam'd
With glory, wept that he had liv'd ſo long
Inglorious: but thou yet art not too late.
To whom our Saviour calmly thus reply'd.
Thou neither doſt perſwade me to ſeek wealth
For Empires ſake, nor Empire to affect
For glories ſake by all thy argument.
For what is glory but the blaze of fame,
The peoples praiſe, if always praiſe unmixt?
And what the people but a herd confus'd,
A miſcellaneous rabble, who extol [praiſe,
Things vulgar, & well weigh'd, ſcarce worth the
They praiſe and they admire they know not what;
And know not whom, but as one leads the other;
And what delight to be by ſuch extoll'd,
To live upon thir tongues and be thir talk,

Of whom to be diſprais'd were no ſmall praiſe?
His lot who dares be ſingularly good.
Th' intelligent among them and the wiſe
Are few, and glory ſcarce of few is rais'd.
This is true glory and renown, when God
Looking on the Earth, with approbation marks
The juſt man, and divulges him through Heaven
To all his Angels, who with true applauſe
Recount his praiſes; thus he did to *Job*,
When to extend his fame through Heaven & Earth,
As thou to thy reproach mayſt well remember,
He aſk'd thee, haſt thou ſeen my ſervant *Job?*
Famous he was in Heaven, on Earth leſs known;
Where glory is falſe glory, attributed
To things not glorious, men not worthy of fame.
They err who count it glorious to ſubdue
By Conqueſt far and wide, to over-run
Large Countries, and in field great Battels win,
Great Cities by aſſault: what do theſe Worthies,
But rob and ſpoil, burn, ſlaughter, and enſlave
Peaceable Nations, neighbouring, or remote,
Made Captive, yet deſerving freedom more
Then thoſe thir Conquerours, who leave behind
Nothing but ruin whereſoe're they rove,
And all the flouriſhing works of peace deſtroy,
Then ſwell with pride, and muſt be titl'd Gods,
Great Benefactors of mankind, Deliverers,
Worſhip't with Temple, Prieſt and Sacrifice;
One is the Son of *Jove*, of *Mars* the other,
Till Conquerour Death diſcover them ſcarce men,
Rowling in brutiſh vices, and deform'd,
Violent or ſhameful death thir due reward.

But if there be in glory aught of good,
It may by means far different be attain'd
Without ambition, war, or violence;
By deeds of peace, by wiſdom eminent,
By patience, temperance; I mention ſtill
Him whom thy wrongs with Saintly patience born,
Made famous in a Land and times obſcure;
Who names not now with honour patient *Job?*
Poor *Socrates* (who next more memorable?)
By what he taught and ſuffer'd for ſo doing,
For truths ſake ſuffering death unjuſt, lives now
Equal in fame to proudeſt Conquerours.
Yet if for fame and glory aught be done,
Aught ſuffer'd; if young *African* for fame
His waſted Country freed from *Punic* rage,
The deed becomes unprais'd, the man at leaſt,
And loſes, though but verbal, his reward.
Shall I ſeek glory then, as vain men ſeek
Oft not deſerv'd? I ſeek not mine, but his
Who ſent me, and thereby witneſs whence I am.
To whom the Tempter murmuring thus reply'd.
Think not ſo ſlight of glory; therein leaſt
Reſembling thy great Father: he ſeeks glory,
And for his glory all things made, all things
Orders and governs, nor content in Heaven
By all his Angels glorifi'd, requires
Glory from men, from all men good or bad,
Wiſe or unwiſe, no difference, no exemption;
Above all Sacrifice, or hallow'd gift
Glory he requires, and glory he receives
Promiſcuous from all Nations, Jew, or Greek,
Or Barbarous, nor exception hath declar'd;

From us his foes pronounc't glory he exacts.
To whom our Saviour fervently reply'd.
And reaſon; ſince his word all things produc'd,
Though chiefly not for glory as prime end,
But to ſhew forth his goodneſs, and impart
His good communicable to every ſoul
Freely; of whom what could he leſs expect
Then glory and benediction, that is thanks,
The ſlighteſt, eaſieſt, readieſt recompence
From them who could return him nothing elſe,
And not returning that would likelieſt render
Contempt inſtead, diſhonour, obloquy?
Hard recompence, unſutable return
For ſo much good, ſo much beneficence.
But why ſhould man ſeek glory? who of his own
Hath nothing, and to whom nothing belongs
But condemnation, ignominy, and ſhame?
Who for ſo many benefits receiv'd
Turn'd recreant to God, ingrate and falſe,
And ſo of all true good himſelf deſpoil'd,
Yet, ſacrilegious, to himſelf would take
That which to God alone of right belongs;
Yet ſo much bounty is in God, ſuch grace,
That who advance his glory, not thir own,
Them he himſelf to glory will advance.
So ſpake the Son of God; and here again
Satan had not to anſwer, but ſtood ſtruck
With guilt of his own ſin, for he himſelf
Inſatiable of glory had loſt all,
Yet of another Plea bethought him ſoon.
Of glory as thou wilt, ſaid he, ſo deem,
Worth or not worth the ſeeking, let it paſs:

But to a Kingdom thou art born, ordain'd
To ſit upon thy Father *David's* Throne;
By Mothers ſide thy Father, though thy right
Be now in powerful hands, that will not part
Eaſily from poſſeſſion won with arms;
Judæa now and all the promis'd land
Reduc't a Province under Roman yoke,
Obeys *Tiberius*; nor is always rul'd
With temperate ſway; oft have they violated
The Temple, oft the Law with foul affronts,
Abominations rather, as did once
Antiochus: and think'ſt thou to regain
Thy right by ſitting ſtill or thus retiring?
So did not *Machabeus:* he indeed
Retir'd unto the Deſert, but with arms;
And o're a mighty King ſo oft prevail'd,
That by ſtrong hand his Family obtain'd, [uſurp'd,
Though Prieſts, the Crown, and *David's* Throne
With *Modin* and her Suburbs once content.
If Kingdom move thee not, let move thee Zeal,
And Duty; Zeal and Duty are not ſlow;
But on Occaſions forelock watchful wait.
They themſelves rather are occaſion beſt,
Zeal of thy Fathers houſe, Duty to free
Thy Country from her Heathen ſervitude;
So ſhalt thou beſt fullfil, beſt verifie
The Prophets old, who ſung thy endleſs raign,
The happier raign the ſooner it begins,
Raign then; what canſt thou better do the while?
To whom our Saviour anſwer thus return'd.
All things are beſt fullfil'd in their due time,
And time there is for all things, Truth hath ſaid:

If of my raign Prophetic Writ hath told
That it ſhall never end, ſo when begin
The Father in his purpoſe hath decreed,
He in whoſe hand all times and ſeaſons roul.
What if he hath decreed that I ſhall firſt
Be try'd in humble ſtate, and things adverſe,
By tribulations, injuries, inſults,
Contempts, and ſcorns, and ſnares, and violence,
Suffering, abſtaining, quietly expecting
Without diſtruſt or doubt, that he may know
What I can ſuffer, how obey? who beſt
Can ſuffer, beſt can do; beſt reign, who firſt
Well hath obey'd; juſt tryal e're I merit
My exaltation without change or end.
But what concerns it thee when I begin
My everlaſting Kingdom, why art thou
Sollicitous, what moves thy inquiſition?
Know'ſt thou not that my riſing is thy fall,
And my promotion will be thy deſtruction?
To whom the Tempter inly rackt reply'd.
Let that come when it comes; all hope is loſt
Of my reception into grace; what worſe?
For where no hope is left, is left no fear;
If there be worſe, the expectation more
Of worſe torments me then the feeling can.
I would be at the worſt; worſt is my Port,
My harbour and my ultimate repoſe,
The end I would attain, my final good.
My error was my error, and my crime
My crime; whatever for it ſelf condemn'd,
And will alike be puniſh'd; whether thou
Raign or raign not; though to that gentle brow

Willingly I could flye, and hope thy raign,
From that placid aſpect and meek regard,
Rather then aggravate my evil ſtate,
Would ſtand between me and thy Fathers ire,
(Whoſe ire I dread more then the fire of Hell)
A ſhelter and a kind of ſhading cool
Interpoſition, as a ſummers cloud.
If I then to the worſt that can be haſt,
Why move thy feet ſo ſlow to what is beſt,
Happieſt both to thy ſelf and all the world,
That thou who worthieſt art ſhould'ſt be thir King?
Perhaps thou linger'ſt in deep thoughts detain'd
Of the enterprize ſo hazardous and high;
No wonder, for though in thee be united
What of perfection can in man be found,
Or human nature can receive, conſider
Thy life hath yet been private, moſt part ſpent
At home, ſcarce view'd the *Gallilean* Towns,
And once a year *Jeruſalem*, few days
Short ſojourn; and what thence could'ſt thou obſerve?
The world thou haſt not ſeen, much leſs her glory,
Empires, and Monarchs, and thir radiant Courts,
Beſt ſchool of beſt experience, quickeſt in ſight
In all things that to greateſt actions lead.
The wiſeſt, unexperienc't, will be ever
Timorous and loath, with novice modeſty,
(As he who ſeeking Aſſes found a Kingdom)
Irreſolute, unhardy, unadventrous:
But I will bring thee where thou ſoon ſhalt quit
Thoſe rudiments, and ſee before thine eyes
The Monarchies of the Earth, thir pomp and ſtate,
Sufficient introduction to inform
Thee, of thy ſelf ſo apt, in regal Arts,

And regal Myſteries; that thou may'ſt know
How beſt their oppoſition to withſtand.
With that (ſuch power was giv'n him then) he took
The Son of God up to a Mountain high.
It was a Mountain at whoſe verdant feet
A ſpatious plain out ſtretch't in circuit wide
Lay pleaſant; from his ſide two rivers flow'd,
Th' one winding, the other ſtrait and left between
Fair Champain with leſs rivers interveind,
Then meeting joyn'd thir tribute to the Sea:
Fertil of corn the glebe, of oyl and wine, [hills,
With herds the paſtures throng'd, with flocks the
Huge Cities and high towr'd, that well might ſeem
The ſeats of mightieſt Monarchs, and ſo large
The Proſpect was, that here and there was room
For barren deſert fountainleſs and dry.
To this high mountain top the Tempter brought
Our Saviour, and new train of words began.

Well have we ſpeeded, and o're hill and dale,
Foreſt and field, and flood, Temples and Towers
Cut ſhorter many a league; here thou behold'ſt
Aſſyria and her Empires antient bounds,
Araxes and the *Caſpian* lake, thence on
As far as *Indus* Eaſt, *Euphrates* Weſt,
And oft beyond; to South the *Perſian* Bay,
And inacceſſible the *Arabian* drouth:
Here *Nineveé*, of length within her wall
Several days journey, built by *Ninus* old,
Of that firſt golden Monarchy the ſeat,
And ſeat of *Salmanaſſar*, whoſe ſucceſs
Iſrael in long captivity ſtill mourns;
There *Babylon* the wonder of all tongues,
As antient, but rebuilt by him who twice

Judah and all thy Father *David's* houſe
Led captive, and *Jeruſalem* laid waſte,
Till *Cyrus* ſet them free; *Perſepolis*
His City there thou ſeeſt, and *Bactra* there;
Ecbatana her ſtructure vaſt there ſhews,
And *Hecatompylos* her hunderd gates,
There *Suſa* by *Choaſpes*, amber ſtream,
The drink of none but Kings; of later fame
Built by *Emathian*, or by *Parthian* hands,
The great *Seleucia*, *Niſibis*, and there
Artaxata, *Teredon*, *Teſiphon*,
Turning with eaſie eye thou may'ſt behold.
All theſe the *Parthian*, now ſome Ages paſt,
By great *Arſaces* led, who founded firſt
That Empire, under his dominion holds
From the luxurious Kings of *Antioch* won.
And juſt in time thou com'ſt to have a view
Of his great power; for now the *Parthian* King
In *Cteſiphon* hath gather'd all his Hoſt
Againſt the *Scythian*, whoſe incurſions wild
Have waſted *Sogdiana*; to her aid
He marches now in haſt; ſee, though from far,
His thouſands, in what martial equipage
They iſſue forth, Steel Bows, and Shafts their arms
Of equal dread in flight, or in purſuit;
All Horſemen, in which fight they moſt excel;
See how in warlike muſter they appear,
In Rhombs and wedges, and half moons, and wings.
He look't and ſaw what numbers numberleſs
The City gates out powr'd, light armed Troops
In coats of Mail and military pride;
In Mail thir horſes clad, yet fleet and ſtrong,
Prauncing their riders bore, the flower and choice

Of many Provinces from bound to bound;
From *Aracħoſia*, from *Candaor* Eaſt,
And *Margiana* to the *Hyrcanian* cliffs
Of *Caucaſus*, and dark *Iberian* dales,
From *Atropatia* and the neighbouring plains
Of *Adiabene*, *Media*, and the South
Of *Suſiana* to *Balſara's* hav'n.
He ſaw them in thir forms of battell rang'd,
How quick they wheel'd, and flying behind them ſhot
Sharp ſleet of arrowie ſhowers againſt the face
Of thir purſuers, and overcame by flight;
The field all iron caſt a gleaming brown,
Nor wanted clouds of foot, nor on each horn,
Cuiraſſiers all in ſteel for ſtanding fight;
Chariots or Elephants endorſt with Towers
Of Archers, nor of labouring Pioners
A multitude with Spades and Axes arm'd
To lay hills plain, fell woods, or valleys fill,
Or where plain was raiſe hill, or over-lay
With bridges rivers proud, as with a yoke;
Mules after theſe, Camels and Dromedaries,
And Waggons fraught with Utenſils of war.
Such forces met not, nor ſo wide a camp,
When *Agrican* with all his Northern powers
Beſieg'd *Albracca*, as Romances tell;
The City of *Gallaphrone*, from thence to win
The faireſt of her Sex *Angelica*
His daughter, ſought by many Proweſt Knights,
Both *Paynim*, and the Peers of *Charlemane*.
Such and ſo numerous was thir Chivalrie;
At ſight whereof the Fiend yet more preſum'd,
And to our Saviour thus his words renew'd.

That thou may'ſt know I ſeek not to engage

Thy Vertue, and not every way ſecure
On no ſlight grounds thy ſafety; hear, and mark
To what end I have brought thee hither and ſhew
All this fair ſight; thy Kingdom though foretold
By Prophet or by Angel, unleſs thou
Endeavour, as thy Father *David* did,
Thou never ſhalt obtain; prediction ſtill
In all things, and all men, ſuppoſes means,
Without means us'd, what it predicts revokes.
But ſay thou wer't poſſeſs'd of *David's* Throne
By free conſent of all, none oppoſite,
Samaritan or *Jew*; how could'ſt thou hope
Long to enjoy it quiet and ſecure,
Between two ſuch encloſing enemies
Roman and *Parthian?* therefore one of theſe
Thou muſt make ſure thy own, the *Parthian* firſt
By my advice, as nearer and of late
Found able by invaſion to annoy
Thy country, and captive lead away her Kings
Antigonus, and old *Hyrcanus* bound,
Maugre the *Roman*: it ſhall be my taſk
To render thee the *Parthian* at diſpoſe;
Chuſe which thou wilt by conqueſt or by leag
By him thou ſhalt regain, without him not,
That which alone can truly reinſtall thee
In *David's* royal ſeat, his true Succeſſour,
Deliverance of thy brethren, thoſe ten Tribes
Whoſe off-ſpring in his Territory yet ſerve
In *Habor*, and among the *Medes* diſpers't,
Ten Sons of *Jacob*, two of *Joſeph* loſt
Thus long from *Iſrael*; ſerving as of old
Thir Fathers in the land of *Egypt* ſerv'd,
This offer ſets before thee to deliver.

Theſe if from ſervitude thou ſhalt reſtore
To thir inheritance, then, nor till then,
Thou on the Throne of *David* in full glory,
From *Egypt* to *Euphrates* and beyond
Shalt raign, and *Rome* or *Cæſar* not need fear.
To whom our Saviour anſwer'd thus unmov'd,
Much oſtentation vain of fleſhly arm,
And fragile arms, much inſtrument of war
Long in preparing, ſoon to nothing brought,
Before mine eyes thou haſt ſet; and in my ear
Vented much policy, and projects deep
Of enemies, of aids, battels and leagues,
Plauſible to the world, to me worth naught.
Means I muſt uſe thou ſay'ſt, prediction elſe
Will unpredict and fail me of the Throne:
My time I told thee, (and that time for thee
Were better fartheſt off) is not yet come;
When that comes think not thou to find me ſlack
On my part aught endeavouring, or to need
Thy politic maxims, or that cumberſome
Luggage of war there ſhewn me, argument
Of human weakneſs rather then of ſtrength.
My brethren, as thou call'ſt them; thoſe Ten Tribes
I muſt deliver, if I mean to raign
David's true heir, and his full Scepter ſway
To juſt extent over all *Iſrael's* Sons;
But whence to thee this zeal, where was it then
For *Iſrael*, or for *David*, or his Throne,
When thou ſtood'ſt up his Tempter to the pride
Of numbring *Iſrael*, which coſt the lives
Of threeſcore and ten thouſand *Iſraelites*
By three days Peſtilence? ſuch was thy zeal
To *Iſrael* then, the ſame that now to me.

As for thoſe captive Tribes, themſelves were they
Who wrought their own captivity, fell off
From God to worſhip Calves, the Deities
Of *Egypt*, *Baal* next and *Aſhtaroth*,
And all the Idolatries of Heathen round,
Beſides thir other worſe then heatheniſh crimes;
Nor in the land of their captivity
Humbled themſelves, or penitent beſought
The God of their fore-fathers; but ſo dy'd
Impenitent, and left a race behind
Like to themſelves, diſtinguiſhable ſcarce
From Gentils, but by Circumciſion vain,
And God with Idols in their worſhip joyn'd.
Should I of theſe the liberty regard,
Who freed, as to their antient Patrimony,
Unhumbl'd, unrepentant, unreform'd,
Headlong would follow; and to thir Gods perhaps
Of *Bethel* and of *Dan?* no, let them ſerve
Thir enemies, who ſerve Idols with God.
Yet he at length, time to himſelf beſt known,
Remembring *Abraham* by ſome wond'rous call
May bring them back repentant and ſincere,
And at their paſſing cleave the *Aſſyrian* flood,
While to their native land with joy they haſt,
As the Red Sea and *Jordan* once he cleft,
When to the promis'd land thir Fathers paſs'd;
To his due time and providence I leave them.

So ſpake *Iſrael's* true King, and to the Fiend
Made anſwer meet, that made void all his wiles.
So fares it when with truth falſhood contends.

The End of the Third Book.

Paradiſe Regain'd.

BOOK IV.

PERPLEX'D and troubl'd at his bad ſucceſs
The Tempter ſtood, nor had what to reply,
Diſcover'd in his fraud, thrown from his hope,
So oft, and the perſwaſive Rhetoric
That ſleek't his tongue, and won ſo much on *Eve*,
So little here, nay loſt; but *Eve* was *Eve*,
This far his over-match, who ſelf deceiv'd
And raſh, before-hand had no better weigh'd
The ſtrength he was to cope with, or his own:
But as a man who had been matchleſs held
In cunning, over-reach't where leaſt he thought,
To ſalve his credit, and for very ſpight
Still will be tempting him who foyls him ſtill,
And never ceaſe, though to his ſhame the more;
Or as a ſwarm of flies in vintage time,
About the wine-preſs where ſweet mouſt is powr'd,
Beat off, returns as oft with humming ſound;
Or ſurging waves againſt a ſolid rock,
Though all to ſhivers daſh't, the aſſault renew,
Vain battry, and in froth or bubbles end;
So Satan, whom repulſe upon repulſe
Met ever; and to ſhameful ſilence brought,

Yet gives not o're though deſperate of ſucceſs,
And his vain importunity purſues.
He brought our Saviour to the weſtern ſide
Of that high mountain, whence he might behold
Another plain, long but in bredth not wide;
Waſh'd by the Southern Sea, and on the North
To equal length back'd with a ridge of hills
That ſcreen'd the fruits of the earth and ſeats of men
From cold *Septentrion* blaſts, thence in the midſt
Divided by a river, of whoſe banks
On each ſide an Imperial City ſtood,
With Towers and Temples proudly elevate
On ſeven ſmall Hills, with Palaces adorn'd,
Porches and Theatres, Baths, Aqueducts,
Statues and Trophees, and Triumphal Arcs,
Gardens and Groves preſented to his eyes,
Above the highth of Mountains interpos'd.
By what ſtrange Parallax or Optic ſkill
Of viſion multiplyed through air, or glaſs
Of Teleſcope, were curious to enquire:
And now the Tempter thus his ſilence broke.

The City which thou ſeeſt no other deem
Then great and glorious *Rome*, Queen of the Earth
So far renown'd, and with the ſpoils enricht
Of Nations; there the Capitol thou ſeeſt
Above the reſt lifting his ſtately head
On the *Tarpeian* rock, her Cittadel
Impregnable, and there Mount *Palatine*
The Imperial Palace, compaſs huge, and high
The Structure, ſkill of nobleſt Architects,
With gilded battlements, conſpicuous far,
Turrets and Terraſes, and glittering Spires.

Many a fair Edifice beſides, more like
Houſes of Gods (ſo well I have diſpos'd
My Aerie Microſcope) thou may'ſt behold
Outſide and inſide both, pillars and roofs
Carv'd work, the hand of fam'd Artificers
In Cedar, Marble, Ivory or Gold.
Thence to the gates caſt round thine eye, and ſee
What conflux iſſuing forth, or entring in,
Pretors, Proconſuls to thir Provinces
Haſting or on return, in robes of State;
Lictors and rods the enſigns of thir power,
Legions and Cohorts, turmes of horſe and wings:
Or Embaſſies from Regions far remote
In various habits on the *Appian* road,
Or on the *Æmilian*, ſome from fartheſt South,
Syene, and where the ſhadow both way falls,
Meroe Nilotic Iſle, and more to Weſt,
The Realm of *Bocchus* to the Black-moor Sea;
From the *Aſian* Kings and *Parthian* among theſe,
From *India* and the golden *Cherſoneſs*,
And utmoſt *Indian* Iſle *Taprobane*,
Duſk faces with white ſilken Turbants wreath'd:
From *Gallia*, *Gades*, and the *Britiſh* Weſt,
Germans and *Scythians*, and *Sarmatians* North
Beyond *Danubius* to the *Tauric* Pool.
All Nations now to *Rome* obedience pay,
To *Rome's* great Emperour, whoſe wide domain
In ample Territory, wealth and power,
Civility of Manners, Arts, and Arms,
And long Renown thou juſtly may'ſt prefer
Before the *Parthian*; theſe two Thrones except,
The reſt are barbarous, and ſcarce worth the ſight,

Shar'd among petty Kings too far remov'd;
Theſe having ſhewn thee, I have ſhewn thee all
The Kingdoms of the world, and all thir glory.
This Emperour hath no Son, and now is old,
Old, and laſcivious, and from *Rome* retir'd
To *Capreæ* an Iſland ſmall but ſtrong
On the *Campanian* ſhore, with purpoſe there
His horrid luſts in private to enjoy,
Committing to a wicked Favourite
All publick cares, and yet of him ſuſpicious,
Hated of all, and hating; with what eaſe
Indu'd with Regal Vertues as thou art,
Appearing, and beginning noble deeds,
Might'ſt thou expel this monſter from his Throne
Now made a ſtye, and in his place aſcending
A victor people free from ſervile yoke?
And with my help thou may'ſt; to me the power
Is given, and by that right I give it thee.
Aim therefore at no leſs then all the world,
Aim at the higheſt, without the higheſt attain'd
Will be for thee no ſitting, or not long
On *David's* Throne, be propheci'd what will.
To whom the Son of God unmov'd reply'd.
Nor doth this grandeur and majeſtic ſhow
Of luxury, though call'd magnificence,
More then of arms before, allure mine eye,
Much leſs my mind; though thou ſhould'ſt add to tell
Thir ſumptuous gluttonies, and gorgeous feaſts
On *Cittron* tables or *Atlantic* ſtone;
(For I have alſo heard, perhaps have read)
Their wines of *Setia*, *Cales*, and *Falerne*,
Chios and *Creet*, and how they quaff in Gold,

Cryſtal and Myrrhine cups imboſs'd with Gems
And ſtuds of Pearl, to me ſhould'ſt tell who thirſt
And hunger ſtill: then Embaſſies thou ſhew'ſt
From Nations far and nigh; what honour that,
But tedious waſt of time to ſit and hear
So many hollow complements and lies,
Outlandiſh flatteries? then proceed'ſt to talk
Of the Emperour, how eaſily ſubdu'd,
How glorioufly; I ſhall, thou ſay'ſt, expel
A brutiſh monſter: what if I withal
Expel a Devil who firſt made him ſuch?
Let his tormenter Conſcience find him out,
For him I was not ſent, nor yet to free
That people victor once, now vile and baſe,
Deſervedly made vaſſal, who once juſt,
Frugal, and mild, and temperate, conquer'd well,
But govern ill the Nations under yoke,
Peeling thir Provinces, exhauſted all
By luſt and rapine; firſt ambitious grown
Of triumph that inſulting vanity;
Then cruel, by thir ſports to blood enur'd
Of fighting beaſts, and men to beaſts expos'd,
Luxurious by thir wealth, and greedier ſtill,
And from the daily Scene effeminate.
What wiſe and valiant man would ſeek to free
Theſe thus degenerate, by themſelves enſlav'd,
Or could of inward ſlaves make outward free?
Know therefore when my ſeaſon comes to ſit
On *David's* Throne, it ſhall be like a tree
Spreading and over-ſhadowing all the Earth,
Or as a ſtone that ſhall to pieces daſh
All Monarchies beſides throughout the world,

And of my Kingdom there ſhall be no end:
Means there ſhall be to this, but what the means,
Is not for thee to know, nor me to tell.
To whom the Tempter impudent repli'd.
I ſee all offers made by me how ſlight
Thou valu'ſt, becauſe offer'd, and reject'ſt:
Nothing will pleaſe the difficult and nice,
Or nothing more then ſtill to contradict:
On the other ſide know alſo thou, that I
On what I offer ſet as high eſteem,
Nor what I part with mean to give for naught;
All theſe which in a moment thou behold'ſt,
The Kingdoms of the world to thee I give;
For giv'n to me, I give to whom I pleaſe,
No trifle; yet with this reſerve, not elſe,
On this condition, if thou wilt fall down,
And worſhip me as thy ſuperior Lord,
Eaſily done, and hold them all of me;
For what can leſs ſo great a gift deſerve?
Whom thus our Saviour anſwer'd with diſdain.
I never lik'd thy talk, thy offers leſs,
Now both abhor, ſince thou haſt dar'd to utter
The abominable terms, impious condition;
But I endure the time, till which expir'd,
Thou haſt permiſſion on me. It is written
The firſt of all Commandments, Thou ſhalt worſhip
The Lord thy God, and only him ſhalt ſerve;
And dar'ſt thou to the Son of God propound
To worſhip thee accurſt, now more accurſt
For this attempt bolder then that on *Eve*,
And more blaſphemous? which expect to rue.
The Kingdoms of the world to thee were giv'n,

Permitted rather, and by thee uſurp't,
Other donation none thou canſt produce:
If given, by whom but by the King of Kings,
God over all ſupreme? if giv'n to thee,
By thee how fairly is the Giver now
Repaid? But gratitude in thee is loſt
Long ſince. Wert thou ſo void of fear or ſhame,
As offer them to me the Son of God,
To me my own, on ſuch abhorred pact,
That I fall down and worſhip thee as God?
Get thee behind me; plain thou now appear'ſt
That Evil one, Satan for ever damn'd.
To whom the Fiend with fear abaſht reply'd.
Be not ſo ſore offended, Son of God;
Though Sons of God both Angels are and Men,
If I to try whether in higher ſort
Then theſe thou bear'ſt that title, have propos'd
What both from Men and Angels I receive,
Tetrarchs of fire, air, flood, and on the earth
Nations beſides from all the quarter'd winds,
God of this world invok't and world beneath;
Who then thou art, whoſe coming is foretold
To me ſo fatal, me it moſt concerns.
The tryal hath indamag'd thee no way,
Rather more honour left and more eſteem;
Me naught advantag'd, miſſing what I aim'd.
Therefore let paſs, as they are tranſitory,
The Kingdoms of this world; I ſhall no more
Adviſe thee, gain them as thou canſt, or not.
And thou thy ſelf ſeem'ſt otherwiſe inclin'd
Then to a worldly Crown, addicted more
To contemplation and profound diſpute,

As by that early action may be judg'd,
When ſlipping from thy Mothers eye thou went'ſt
Alone into the Temple; there was found
Among the graveſt Rabbies diſputant
On points and queſtions fitting *Moſes* Chair,
Teaching not taught; the childhood ſhews the man,
As morning ſhews the day. Be famous then
By wiſdom; as thy Empire muſt extend,
So let extend thy mind o're all the world,
In knowledge, all things in it comprehend,
All knowledge is not couch't in *Moſes* Law,
The *Pentateuch* or what the Prophets wrote,
The *Gentiles* alſo know, and write, and teach
To admiration, led by Natures light;
And with the *Gentiles* much thou muſt converſe,
Ruling them by perſwaſion as thou mean'ſt,
Without thir learning how wilt thou with them,
Or they with thee hold converſation meet?
How wilt thou reaſon with them, how refute
Thir Idoliſms, Traditions, Paradoxes?
Error by his own arms is beſt evinc't.
Look once more e're we leave this ſpecular Mount
Weſtward, much nearer by Southweſt, behold
Where on the *Ægean* ſhore a City ſtands
Built nobly, pure the air, and light the ſoil,
Athens the eye of *Greece*, Mother of Arts
And Eloquence, native to famous wits
Or hoſpitable, in her ſweet receſs,
City or Suburban, ſtudious walks and ſhades;
See there the Olive Grove of *Academe*,
Plato's retirement, where the *Attic* Bird
Trills her thick-warbl'd notes the ſummer long,

There flowrie hill *Hymettus* with the ſound
Of Bees induſtrious murmur oft invites
To ſtudious muſing; there *Iliſſus* rouls
His whiſpering ſtream; within the walls then view
The ſchools of antient Sages; his who bred
Great *Alexander* to ſubdue the world,
Lyceum there, and painted *Stoa* next:
There thou ſhalt hear and learn the ſecret power
Of harmony in tones and numbers hit
By voice or hand, and various-meaſur'd verſe,
Æolian charms and *Dorian Lyric* Odes,
And his who gave them breath, but higher ſung,
Blind *Meleſigenes* thence *Homer* call'd,
Whoſe Poem *Phœbus* challeng'd for his own.
Thence what the lofty grave Tragœdians taught
In *Chorus* or *Iambic*, teachers beſt
Of moral prudence, with delight receiv'd
In brief ſententious precepts, while they treat
Of fate, and chance, and change in human life;
High actions, and high paſſions beſt deſcribing:
Thence to the famous Orators repair,
Thoſe antient, whoſe reſiſtleſs eloquence
Wielded at will that fierce Democratie,
Shook the Arſenal and fulmin'd over *Greece*,
To *Macedon*, and *Artaxerxes* Throne;
To ſage Philoſophy next lend thine ear,
From Heaven deſcended to the low-rooft houſe
Of *Socrates*, ſee there his Tenement,
Whom well inſpir'd the Oracle pronounc'd
Wiſeſt of men; from whoſe mouth iſſu'd forth
Mellifluous ſtreams that water'd all the ſchools
Of Academics old and new, with thoſe

Sirnam'd *Peripatetics*, and the Sect
Epicurean, and the *Stoic* ſevere;
Theſe here revolve, or, as thou lik'ſt, at home,
Till time mature thee to a Kingdom's waight;
Theſe rules will render thee a King compleat
Within thy ſelf, much more with Empire joyn'd.
To whom our Saviour ſagely thus repli'd.
Think not but that I know theſe things, or think
I know them not; not therefore am I ſhort
Of knowing what I aught: he who receives
Light from above, from the fountain of light,
No other doctrine needs, though granted true;
But theſe are falſe, or little elſe but dreams,
Conjectures, fancies, built on nothing firm.
The firſt and wiſeſt of them all profeſs'd
To know this only, that he nothing knew;
The next to fabling fell and ſmooth conceits,
A third ſort doubted all things, though plain ſence;
Others in vertue plac'd felicity,
But vertue joyn'd with riches and long life,
In corporal pleaſure he, and careleſs eaſe,
The Stoic laſt in Philoſophic pride,
By him call'd vertue; and his vertuous man,
Wiſe, perfect in himſelf, and all poſſeſſing
Equal to God, oft ſhames not to prefer,
As fearing God nor man, contemning all
Wealth, pleaſure, pain or torment, death and life,
Which when he liſts, he leaves, or boaſts he can,
For all his tedious talk is but vain boaſt,
Or ſubtle ſhifts conviction to evade.
Alas what can they teach, and not miſlead;
Ignorant of themſelves, of God much more,

And how the world began, and how man fell
Degraded by himſelf, on grace depending?
Much of the Soul they talk, but all awrie,
And in themſelves ſeek vertue, and to themſelves
All glory arrogate, to God give none,
Rather accuſe him under uſual names,
Fortune and Fate, as one regardleſs quite
Of mortal things. Who therefore ſeeks in theſe
True wiſdom, finds her not, or by deluſion
Far worſe, her falſe reſemblance only meets,
An empty cloud. However many books
Wiſe men have ſaid are weariſom; who reads
Inceſſantly, and to his reading brings not
A ſpirit and judgment equal or ſuperior,
(And what he brings, what needs he elſewhere ſeek)
Uncertain and unſettl'd ſtill remains,
Deep verſt in books and ſhallow in himſelf,
Crude or intoxicate, collecting toys,
And trifles for choice matters, worth a ſpunge;
As Children gathering pibles on the ſhore.
Or if I would delight my private hours
With Muſic or with Poem, where ſo ſoon
As in our native Language can I find
That ſolace? All our Law and Story ſtrew'd
With Hymns, our Pſalms with artful terms inſcrib'd,
Our Hebrew Songs and Harps in *Babylon*,
That pleas'd ſo well our Victors ear, declare
That rather *Greece* from us theſe Arts deriv'd;
Ill imitated, while they loudeſt ſing
The vices of thir Deities, and thir own
In Fable, Hymn, or Song, ſo perſonating
Thir Gods ridiculous, and themſelves paſt ſhame.

Remove their ſwelling Epithetes thick laid
As varniſh on a Harlots cheek, the reſt,
Thin ſown with aught of profit or delight,
Will far be found unworthy to compare
With *Sion's* ſongs, to all true taſts excelling,
Where God is prais'd aright, and Godlike men,
The Holieſt of Holies, and his Saints;
Such are from God inſpir'd, not ſuch from thee;
Unleſs where mortal vertue is expreſs't
By light of Nature not in all quite loſt.
Thir Orators thou then extoll'ſt, as thoſe
The top of Eloquence, Statiſts indeed,
And lovers of thir Country, as may ſeem;
But herein to our Prophets far beneath,
As men divinely taught, and better teaching
The ſolid rules of Civil Government
In thir majeſtic unaffected ſtile
Then all the Oratory of *Greece* and *Rome*.
In them is plaineſt taught, and eaſieſt learnt,
What makes a Nation happy, and keeps it ſo,
What ruins Kingdoms, and lays Cities flat;
Theſe only with our Law beſt form a King.
So ſpake the Son of God; but Satan now
Quite at a loſs, for all his darts were ſpent,
Thus to our Saviour with ſtern brow reply'd.
Since neither wealth, nor honour, arms nor arts,
Kingdom nor Empire pleaſes thee, nor aught
By me propos'd in life contemplative,
Or active, tended on by glory, or fame,
What doſt thou in this World? the Wilderneſs
For thee is fitteſt place, I found thee there,
And thither will return thee, yet remember

What I foretell thee, ſoon thou ſhalt have cauſe
To wiſh thou never hadſt rejected thus
Nicely or cautiouſly my offer'd aid,
Which would have ſet thee in ſhort time with eaſe
On *David's* Throne; or Throne of all the world,
Now at full age, fulneſs of time, thy ſeaſon,
When Prophecies of thee are beſt fullfill'd.
Now contrary, if I read aught in Heaven,
Or Heav'n write aught of Fate, by what the Stars
Voluminous, or ſingle characters,
In their conjunction met, give me to ſpell,
Sorrows, and labours, oppoſition, hate,
Attends thee, ſcorns, reproaches, injuries,
Violence and ſtripes, and laſtly cruel death,
A Kingdom they portend thee, but what Kingdom,
Real or Allegoric I diſcern not,
Nor when, eternal ſure, as without end,
Without beginning; for no date prefixt
Directs me in the Starry Rubric ſet.
So ſaying he took (for ſtill he knew his power
Not yet expir'd) and to the Wilderneſs
Brought back the Son of God, and left him there,
Feigning to diſappear. Darkneſs now roſe,
As day-light ſunk, and brought in lowring night
Her ſhadowy off-ſpring unſubſtantial both,
Privation meer of light and abſent day.
Our Saviour meek and with untroubl'd mind
After his aerie jaunt, though hurried ſore,
Hungry and cold betook him to his reſt,
Wherever, under ſome concourſe of ſhades
Whoſe branching arms thick intertwind might ſhield
From dews and damps of night his ſhelter'd head,

But ſhelter'd ſlept in vain, for at his head
The Tempter watch'd, and ſoon with ugly dreams
Diſturb'd his ſleep; and either Tropic now
'Gan thunder, and both ends of Heav'n, the Clouds
From many a horrid rift abortive pour'd
Fierce rain with lightning mixt, water with fire
In ruine reconcil'd: nor ſlept the winds
Within thir ſtony caves, but ruſh'd abroad
From the four hinges of the world, and fell
On the vext Wilderneſs, whoſe talleſt Pines,
Though rooted deep as high, and ſturdieſt Oaks
Bow'd their Stiff necks, loaden with ſtormy blaſts,
Or torn up ſheer: ill waſt thou ſhrouded then,
O patient Son of God, yet only ſtoodſt
Unſhaken; nor yet ſtaid the terror there,
Infernal Ghoſts, and Helliſh Furies, round
Environ'd thee, ſome howl'd, ſome yell'd, ſome ſhriek'd,
Some bent at thee thir fiery darts, while thou
Sat'ſt unappall'd in calm and ſinleſs peace.
Thus paſs'd the night ſo foul till morning fair
Came forth with Pilgrim ſteps in amice gray;
Who with her radiant finger ſtill'd the roar
Of thunder, chas'd the clouds, and laid the winds,
And griſly Spectres, which the Fiend had rais'd
To tempt the Son of God with terrors dire.
And now the Sun with more effectual beams
Had chear'd the face of Earth, and dry'd the wet
From drooping plant, or dropping tree; the birds
Who all things now behold more freſh and green,
After a night of ſtorm ſo ruinous,
Clear'd up their choiceſt notes in buſh and ſpray

To gratulate the ſweet return of morn;
Nor yet amidſt this joy and brighteſt morn
Was abſent, after all his miſchief done,
The Prince of darkneſs, glad would alſo ſeem
Of this fair change, and to our Saviour came,
Yet with no new device, they all were ſpent,
Rather by this his laſt affront reſolv'd,
Deſperate of better courſe, to vent his rage,
And mad deſpight to be ſo oft repell'd.
Him walking on a Sunny hill he found,
Back'd on the North and Weſt by a thick wood,
Out of the wood he ſtarts in wonted ſhape;
And in a careleſs mood thus to him ſaid.
  Fair morning yet betides thee Son of God,
After a diſmal night; I heard the rack
As Earth and Skie would mingle; but my ſelf
Was diſtant; and theſe flaws, though mortals fear
As dangerous to the pillard frame of Heaven, [them
Or to the Earths dark baſis underneath,
Are to the main as inconſiderable,
And harmleſs, if not wholſom, as a ſneeze
To mans leſs univerſe, and ſoon are gone;
Yet as being oft times noxious where they light
On man, beaſt, plant, waſtful and turbulent,
Like turbulencies in the affairs of men,
Over whoſe heads they rore, and ſeem to point,
They oft fore-ſignifie and threaten ill:
This Tempeſt at this Deſert moſt was bent;
Of men at thee, for only thou here dwell'ſt.
Did I not tell thee, if thou didſt reject
The perfet ſeaſon offer'd with my aid
To win thy deſtin'd ſeat, but wilt prolong

All to the puſh of Fate, perſue thy way
Of gaining *David's* Throne no man knows when,
For both the when and how is no where told,
Thou ſhalt be what thou art ordain'd, no doubt;
For Angels have proclaim'd it, but concealing
The time and means: each act is rightlieſt done,
Not when it muſt, but when it may be beſt.
If thou obſerve not this, be ſure to find,
What I foretold thee, many a hard aſſay
Of dangers, and adverſities and pains,
E're thou of *Iſrael's* Scepter get faſt hold;
Whereof this ominous night that clos'd thee round,
So many terrors, voices, prodigies
May warn thee, as a ſure fore-going ſign.
So talk'd he, while the Son of God went on
And ſtaid not, but in brief him anſwer'd thus.
Mee worſe then wet thou find'ſt not; other harm
Thoſe terrors which thou ſpeak'ſt of, did me none
I never fear'd they could, though noiſing loud
And threatning nigh; what they can do as ſigns
Betok'ning, or ill boding, I contemn
As falſe portents, not ſent from God, but thee;
Who knowing I ſhall raign paſt thy preventing,
Obtrud'ſt thy offer'd aid, that I accepting
At leaſt might ſeem to hold all power of thee,
Ambitious ſpirit, and wouldſt be thought my God,
And ſtorm'ſt refus'd, thinking to terrifie
Mee to thy will; deſiſt, thou art diſcern'd
And toil'ſt in vain, nor me in vain moleſt.
To whom the Fiend now ſwoln with rage reply'd:
Then hear, O Son of *David*, Virgin-born;
For Son of God to me is yet in doubt,

Of the Meſſiah I have heard foretold
By all the Prophets; of thy birth at length
Announc't by *Gabriel* with the firſt I knew,
And of the Angelic Song in *Bethlehem* field,
On thy birth-night, that ſung thee Saviour born.
From that time ſeldom have I ceas'd to eye
Thy infancy, thy childhood, and thy youth,
Thy manhood laſt, though yet in private bred;
Till at the Ford of *Jordan* whither all
Flock'd to the Baptiſt, I among the reſt,
Though not to be Baptiz'd, by voice from Heav'n
Heard thee pronounc'd the Son of God belov'd.
Thenceforth I thought thee worth my nearer view
And narrower Scrutiny, that I might learn
In what degree or meaning thou art call'd
The Son of God, which bears no ſingle ſence;
The Son of God I alſo am, or was,
And if I was, I am; relation ſtands;
All men are Sons of God; yet thee I thought
In ſome reſpect far higher ſo declar'd.
Therefore I watch'd thy footſteps from that hour,
And follow'd thee ſtill on to this waſt wild;
Where by all beſt conjectures I collect
Thou art to be my fatal enemy.
Good reaſon then, if I before-hand ſeek
To underſtand my Adverſary, who
And what he is; his wiſdom, power, intent,
By parl, or compoſition, truce, or league
To win him, or win from him what I can.
And opportunity I here have had
To try thee, ſift thee, and confeſs have found thee
Proof againſt all temptation as a rock

Of Adamant, and as a Center, firm
To the utmoſt of meer man both wiſe and good,
Not more; for Honours, Riches, Kingdoms, Glory
Have been before contemn'd, and may agen:
Therefore to know what more thou art then man,
Worth naming Son of God by voice from Heav'n,
Another method I muſt now begin.

So ſaying he caught him up, and without wing
Of *Hippogrif* bore through the Air ſublime
Over the Wilderneſs and o're the Plain;
Till underneath them fair *Jeruſalem*,
The holy City lifted high her Towers,
And higher yet the glorious Temple rear'd
Her pile, far off appearing like a Mount
Of Alabaſter, top't with golden Spires:
There on the higheſt Pinacle he ſet
The Son of God; and added thus in ſcorn:

There ſtand, if thou wilt ſtand; to ſtand upright
Will aſk thee ſkill; I to thy Fathers houſe
Have brought thee, and higheſt plac't, higheſt is beſt,
Now ſhew thy Progeny; if not to ſtand,
Caſt thy ſelf down; ſafely if Son of God:
For it is written, He will give command
Concerning thee to his Angels, in thir hands
They ſhall up lift thee, leſt at any time
Thou chance to daſh thy foot againſt a ſtone.

To whom thus Jeſus: alſo it is written,
Tempt not the Lord thy God, he ſaid and ſtood.
But Satan ſmitten with amazement fell
As when Earths Son *Antæus* (to compare
Small things with greateſt) in *Iraſſa* ſtrove
With *Joves Alcides*, and oft foil'd ſtill roſe,

Receiving from his mother Earth new ſtrength,
Freſh from his fall, and fiercer grapple joyn'd,
Throttl'd at length in the Air, expir'd and fell;
So after many a foil the Tempter proud,
Renewing freſh aſſaults, amidſt his pride
Fell whence he ſtood to ſee his Victor fall.
And as that *Theban* Monſter that propos'd
Her riddle, and him, who ſolv'd it not, devour'd;
That once found out and ſolv'd, for grief and ſpight
Caſt her ſelf headlong from th' *Iſmenian* ſteep,
So ſtrook with dread and anguiſh fell the Fiend,
And to his crew, that ſat conſulting, brought
Joyleſs triumphals of his hop't ſucceſs,
Ruin, and deſperation, and diſmay,
Who durſt ſo proudly tempt the Son of God.
So Satan fell and ſtrait a fiery Globe
Of Angels on full ſail of wing flew nigh,
Who on their plumy Vans receiv'd him ſoft
From his uneaſie ſtation, and upbore
As on a floating couch through the blithe Air,
Then in a flowry valley ſet him down
On a green bank, and ſet before him ſpred
A table of Celeſtial Food, Divine,
Ambroſial, Fruits fetcht from the tree of life,
And from the fount of life Ambroſial drink,
That ſoon refreſh'd him wearied, and repair'd
What hunger, if aught hunger had impair'd,
Or thirſt, and as he fed, Angelic Quires
Sung Heavenly Anthems of his victory
Over temptation, and the Tempter proud.

True Image of the Father whether thron'd
In the boſom of bliſs, and light of light

Conceiving, or remote from Heaven, enſhrin'd
In fleſhly Tabernacle, and human form,
Wandring the Wilderneſs, whatever place,
Habit, or ſtate, or motion, ſtill expreſſing
The Son of God, with Godlike force indu'd
Againſt th' Attempter of thy Fathers Throne,
And Thief of Paradiſe; him long of old
Thou didſt rebel, and down from Heav'n caſt
With all his Army, now thou haſt aveng'd
Supplanted *Adam*, and by vanquiſhing
Temptation, haſt regain'd loſt Paradiſe,
And fruſtrated the conqueſt fraudulent:
He never more henceforth will dare ſet foot
In Paradiſe to tempt; his ſnares are broke:
For though that ſeat of earthly bliſs be fail'd,
A fairer Paradiſe is founded now
For *Adam* and his choſen Sons, whom thou
A Saviour art come down to re-inſtall.
Where they ſhall dwell ſecure, when time ſhall be
Of Tempter and Temptation without fear.
But thou, Infernal Serpent, ſhalt not long
Rule in the Clouds; like an Autumnal Star
Or Lightning thou ſhalt fall from Heav'n trod down
Under his feet: for proof, e're this thou feel'ſt
Thy wound, yet not thy laſt and deadlieſt wound
By this repulſe receiv'd, and hold'ſt in Hell
No triumph; in all her gates *Abaddon* rues
Thy bold attempt; hereafter learn with awe
To dread the Son of God: he all unarm'd
Shall chaſe thee with the terror of his voice
From thy Demoniac holds, poſſeſſion foul,
Thee and thy Legions, yelling they ſhall flye,

And beg to hide them in a herd of Swine,
Leſt he command them down into the deep
Bound, and to torment ſent before thir time.
Hail Son of the moſt High, heir of both worlds,
Queller of Satan, on thy glorious work
Now enter, and begin to ſave mankind.

Thus they the Son of God our Saviour meek
Sung Victor, and from Heavenly Feaſt refreſht
Brought on his way with joy; hee unobſerv'd
Home to his Mothers houſe private return'd.

The End.

C. WHITTINGHAM, CHISWICK.

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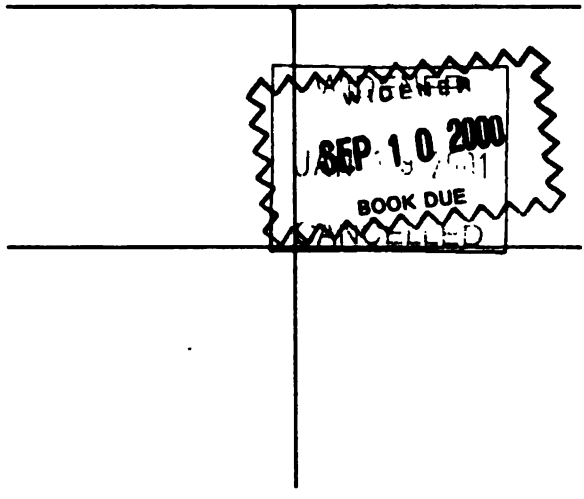

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